PHOTOPLAY

SEPTEMBER

25¢



Beginning: **THE CASE OF THE HOLLYWOOD SCANDAL**

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HOW I SAVED MY MARRIAGE By Dorothy Lamour

WHO IS HOLLYWOOD'S SMARTEST HOSTESS? By Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.

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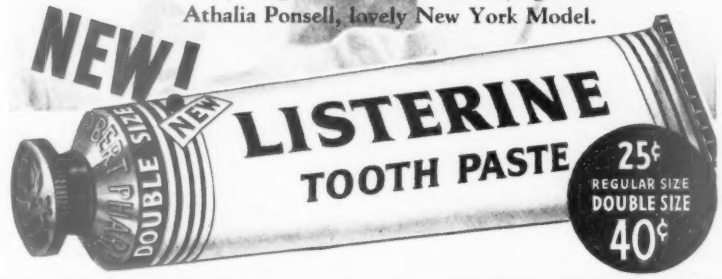
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PHOTOPLAY

THE PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE-MEDAL
THE ARISTOCRAT OF MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINES

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On the Cover—Jeanette MacDonald, Natural Color Photograph by George Larkin of the Macfadden Studio

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Shirley, as Recession's poor little rich girl, resorts to practical methods to fill the family pocketbook—and proves, for 20th Century-Fox, that good times are "Just around the Corner"

FIRST PRIZE—$25.00

THE WINNER!

IF you'd walk down a certain street in Seattle you'd see a legless man seated on a corner selling his pencils and needles. He's always there, no matter how fierce the sun blazes down, no matter how cold the wind blows. People don't always buy the pencils, but they stop to chat and to leave a coin in the cup, with the comment: "It's a pleasure to talk with you. I don't see how you keep so cheerful, just sitting there hour after hour. . . ."

And I laugh: "It's the movies!" and then tell them about the neighbor who sees that I go to the movies twice a week.

Which is the truth. You see, I go to the movies for something real, not just make-believe. And I get it. I'm admitted into a land of youth and romantic adventure, a land where the memory of happier days is jogged. Days when I was young and whole and dashing like Fredric March, when I had a wife like Norma Shearer and a son like Freddie Bartholomew. And there, in the darkness of the theater, I feel a human warmth and sympathy, the world is brimming over with kindness and sparkle and interest. Perhaps today wasn't a good day; tomorrow will be better. Perhaps I want to grouch about my troubles. Well, there's Donald Duck and Charlie McCarthy who come right out and air their grievances to the world for me—with no comeback! Perhaps I'm tired of "just sitting"; I want to move, to feel free. But there in a Western I see myself making a mad scramble for my broad-brimmed hat and my favorite mustang, and I'm off to the far green hills and wide plains.

The movies have given me not only consolation, laughter, romance and knowledge, but they have taught me to be brave, to have faith and courage, that with courage all things are possible. "Seventh Heaven" brought me my favorite philosophy: "Never look down, always look up. . . ."

And so, when I leave the theater, it's with a stirring of ambition, a yearning to do something yet, and a feeling that I *can* if I *will*. The movies —God bless 'em!

M. MATTHEWS,
Seattle, Wash.

SECOND PRIZE—$10.00

WHAT? MONEY DOESN'T TALK?

I ran, not walked, to see "Holiday" as soon as ever it came out, just to see what Hollywood had done to my favorite play, and, my friends, I'm glad to report it's a wow!

I'm again convinced that it uncovers one of the evils of American living, the insane desire for more and more money. *Johnny Case* is more than a part an actor can get his teeth into. Feet firmly planted on the ground (except when he's doing somersaults to dispel his woe) he views jobs and the pulling in of shekels as a means to an end, not the essence of living. Then, there is *Mr. Seton*, the other side of the picture, a middle-aged businessman who started to make money and never knew when to stop and enjoy it. The *Mr. Setons* of this world seem to be legion. I'm afraid it's only the *Lindas* and *Johnnys* who are scarce, for intelligence, honesty and a yen to live every moment, instead of doing a life term behind a desk, are not given in excess to many.

Hepburn was never more magnificent, and that overworked adjective has suited her talents before. And Cary Grant brought *Johnny Case* to life again, making blood tingle with his gayety and his final dash to freedom and the pursuit of happiness. It's great to see that a highly gifted cast, given fine story material and direction, can do to make a hauntingly beautiful motion picture.

MISS PAT SLOAN,
Chicago, Illinois.

THIRD PRIZE—$5.00

DEANNA—YOU DARLING!

Maybe Deanna Durbin is growing up. We're told that she wore her very first pair of long silk stockings the other day and felt quite the young lady. Well, we can take it. Growing up is something that simply can't be avoided. But the sympathetic and understanding way in which Deanna's sponsors have handled her to date is a matter for which we are all infinitely grateful, because it would have been only too easy to allow her to be exposed to the current epidemic of "torch" tonsils and to make of her a sophisticated little brat who rolled her eyes, wiggled her hips and moaned blues songs.

Keeping Deanna demure is worth money in anybody's language. Blues singers come a dime a dozen, but a Deanna Durbin occurs only once

in a lifetime, and it is well that Hollywood realizes this fact. If and when the sad day ever comes that Deanna is allowed to go Hollywood and turn into a hard-eyed, wisecracking blonde doll with a sexy voice, her charm for the great mass of the public dies. We feel sure that she won't have to suffer this perversion of her talents because time has brought wisdom to Hollywood's hierarchy. So go right on growing up, Deanna! We're not afraid!

E. A. Loucks,
Vancouver, Canada.

$1.00 PRIZE

BOB CAN TAKE A "WIGGING"

Who in the heck is responsible for the chest wig that was stuck on MY BIG MOMENT in "Three Comrades"? It certainly is causing lots of noise! I suppose it was stuck there at Mr. Borzage's direction? And I would like to stick it on the aforesaid person's pan (if he's the guilty party).

Every time I turn on the radio someone who thinks he's cute must mention Robert Taylor's hairless chest! It's disgusting, that's what it is! I'll bet a Nant against a gum-chewing director that all those smarties don't have nary a hair on their sissy chests.

(But don't you care a hang, Robert Taylor, because you know these atom-brained people must have their topic of conversation changed about every six months and maybe it will be something about the originator of the chest wig next time. Goody, Goody!)

Some folks are debating whether it will harm R. T.'s career, but personally I say it will not. Hair or no hair, we're stickin' to you, Robert Taylor, as tight as the wig did to your manly chest. So!

Justine Case,
Sciotoville, Ohio.

$1.00 PRIZE

SIMONE SIMON SINGS SINGS

I have been on the verge of writing a "Boo" letter for a long time, but when I recently endured another Hollywood attempt to make a "prima donna" out of an otherwise good actress, I took up my pen. I refer to the current musical, "Josette." Who ever told Simone Simon she could sing? And as for Eleanor Powell's vocal catastrophe in "Broadway Melody of 1938," she has about as much charm in that semimasculine voice of hers as a bullfrog.

How long has the law stated that every actress must be able to sing, anyway? I am a music lover myself, but too much is too much. I fail to see the sense of killing an expert actress with her own singing. (Or is it her own?) I refer here to those two tantalizing ear "tortureuses," Barbara Stanwyck (in "This Is My Affair") and Kay Francis (in "Confession"). There are plenty of good singers in movieland, including Alice Faye, Dorothy Lamour, Frances Langford, Martha Raye and countless others—so why not let an actress act, and a dancer dance, and a singer sing, instead of trying to make a canary out of a crow?

H. Rupp, Jr.,
North Collins, N. Y.

$1.00 PRIZE

SERVICE—THAT'S OUR MOTTO

Hurrah for Joseph Henry Steele! At last we have an author who gives us fans the kind of an article we really want. His "Portrait With a French Accent" on Charles Boyer in the July issue is one of the most interesting I've ever read. He's written it very simply, but, what is more important, he has told us everything about the man.

I feel as if I had met Boyer personally because I now know his likes and dislikes, though I knew nothing about this distinguished French star until I read Mr. Steele's article.

I would like to make a suggestion to you, Photoplay. Why not have a different star in each issue and make this a monthly feature such as "Close Ups and Long Shots," "We Cover the Studios," etc. Personally I think it's a great idea.

Marjorie Beard,
Salt Lake City, Utah.

We don't guarantee to make this a monthly affair, but Author Steele's first article made such a hit, we are pleased to present another opus from the same pen, "Portrait in Bordeaux Red" —introducing that lovely new French star, Danielle Darrieux, to Photoplay's *readers. Catch it on page 32.*

$1.00 PRIZE

THE VERITABLE CAT'S MEOW

A little fellow with a turned-up nose, a head of unruly hair, the face of an elf, a boisterous gait—and there you have Mickey Rooney.

This Rooney lad, with his growing pains and his keen eye for the younger belles, is fast throwing America into hysterics. Did you see him in "You're Only Young Once"? Did you see him in "Judge Hardy's Children"? Wasn't he the veritable cats's meow with his arrogance and his way with the lassies?

It seems Mickey is destined to cut himself a niche in the Hall of Movie Fame a yard wide. He's been entertaining us for years with his funny face and vivid expressions and the older he grows the more he endears himself to his public. Many another child star has flared and then disappeared on the movie horizon, but the longer Mickey shines, the brighter he becomes.

Thelma Louise Smith,
Memphis, Tenn.





He's arrived; she's getting there fast—Don Ameche and Arleen Whelan, who make a promising new combine in "Gateway"

PICTURES REVIEWED IN

SHADOW STAGE

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BRIEF REVIEWS

Consult This Movie Shopping Guide and Save Your Time, Money and Disposition

★ INDICATES PICTURE WAS ONE OF THE BEST OF THE MONTH WHEN REVIEWED

★ ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD, THE—Warners

The universal appeal of the reckless courage and chivalry of the philosopher-bandit of Sherwood Forest brought to the screen again (in Technicolor this time) by Errol (what a man) Flynn. You will happily enjoy Olivia de Havilland as *Maid Marian*, Alan Hale as *Little John*, Eugene Pallette as *Friar Tuck*, Claude Rains as *Prince John* and a host of others. Magnificent entertainment. (*June*)

★ ALEXANDER'S RAGTIME BAND—20th Century-Fox

Mr. Zanuck calls this an American Cavalcade told in music. That's what it is—and perfectly swell, too! The story back-tracks thirty years to bring Tyrone Power, a rich renegade to ragtime, Alice Faye, a honky-tonk singer, and Don Ameche, a song writer, through love, war and success. Irving Berlin's old and new songs will delight you. (*Aug.*)

BATTLE OF BROADWAY, THE—20th Century-Fox

A new team of gusty enemies, Victor McLaglen and Brian Donlevy, take over where *Quirt* and *Flagg* of yesteryear left off. The boys are Legionnaires attending the convention in New York City. Anything can happen, and does. Raymond Walburn aids in the comedy and Louise Hovick adds some snap, too. (*June*)

★ BIG BROADCAST OF 1938, THE—Paramount

Offering a diversity of entertainment, this elaborate vaudeville brings back W. C. Fields to the screen after a two years' absence. Kirsten Flagstad, the famous Wagnerian, sings Brünnhilde's "Battle Cry," Tito Guizar warbles Spanish ballads, Martha Raye and Ben Blue clown, Bob Hope and Shirley Ross duet, but the whole show belongs to Fields! (*May*)

BLIND ALIBI—RKO-Radio

Into this emaciated yarn, Richard Dix manages to inject a wholesome atmosphere. Posing as a blind sculptor, he outwits a gang of museum thieves with the help of *Ace*, the Wonder Dog, and blonde Whitney Bourne. Eduardo Ciannelli grimmer than grim. (*Aug.*)

★ BLOCKADE—Wanger-United Artists

One of the most forceful pictures in the present Spanish Civil War cycle, this is a velvety mixture of romance and high adventure superbly produced, superbly directed byWilliam Dieterle (of "Zola"). Madeleine Carroll and Henry Fonda are the lovers. (*July*)

BULLDOG DRUMMOND'S PERIL—Paramount

This time it's diamonds that lead to a killing and subsequently to John Howard's rushing off from his wedding to Louise Campbell to trail Porter Hall. John Barrymore is the unco-operative inspector; Reginald Denny is Howard's man Friday. The players have had the same rôles so long they're perfect. (*June*)

CALL OF THE YUKON—Republic

Love and adventure in the far North with doggies and humans sharing in the drama. Richard Arlen is the rough and ready trapper; Beverly Roberts, the novelist in search of local Arctic color. Waiter, pass the aspirin! (*July*)

★ COCOANUT GROVE—Paramount

This is a sort of musical comedy depicting the trials of a band leader (Fred MacMurray) who is down and thinks he's out. Of course he isn't—the members of Harry Owen's Royal Hawaiian Orchestra see to that, also Harriet Hilliard. (*July*)

COLLEGE SWING—Paramount

Those combustible comedians, Burns and Allen, Martha Raye, E. E. Horton and Ben Blue get together in this rah rah goulash which has some snatches of humor and some good loud hummable tunes but doesn't quite jell into a top-notch picture. (*July*)

CONDEMNED WOMEN—RKO-Radio

Though grim and pretty dreary, there's much interest and excitement in this picture which tells of the plight of women convicts who need help rather than punishment. Sally Eilers is the outstanding prisoner; Louis Hayward the forward-looking psychiatrist in love with her. A new slant on a social problem. (*June*)

COWBOY FROM BROOKLYN—Warners

A rib-tickling take-off on the lads from Brooklyn who croon a mean lullaby, but can't ride a horse. Dick Powell is the hobo musician who stops off at a Wyoming dude ranch, lands in Hollywood with the help of Pat O'Brien, a theatrical producer. The laughs roll in like tumbleweed in a wind storm. Priscilla Lane is Powell's heart's delight. (*Aug.*)

★ CRIME SCHOOL—Warners

Those "Dead End" boys are here again, and you'd better go to see them, as they lift a somewhat grim social-problem picture to fascinating entertainment. From slums to reformatory is the theme, with Humphrey Bogart as the understanding Police Commissioner. Very important. (*July*)

★ DOCTOR RHYTHM—Paramount

Bing Crosby, Bea Lillie (funnier than ever), Mary Carlisle, Andy Devine, Rufe Davis and Fred Keating give you their best in this picturization of O. Henry's "The Badge of Policeman O'Roon," and it's all mirth and a yard wide. Bing, a surgeon mistaken for a cop, thereupon turns guardian to a goofy heiress. A success. (*July*)

FIRST HUNDRED YEARS, THE—M-G-M

This frothy domestic comedy revolves around a quarrel between newlyweds Bob Montgomery and Virginia Bruce over the question of their respective careers. Their attempts to bluff each other are confused by Binnie Barnes, who makes a run for Bob, and Warren William, who tries to play catch with Virginia. Very gay. (*June*)

FOOLS FOR SCANDAL—Warners

Only the bright presence of Carole Lombard saves this witless comedy from disaster. The action shuffles a cinema queen into a situation with a penniless Frenchman (Fernand Gravet), who then becomes a chef in her household. Ralph Bellamy is her wooden headed lover, Allen Jenkins and Marie Wilson stooge. Just charge it up to the California flood! (*June*)

★ FOUR MEN AND A PRAYER—20th Century-Fox

A striking drama directed with skill by John ("The Hurricane") Ford, this tells of four brothers who set out to clear the name of their father, an English general in India. They uncover plenty of chicanery among the munitioneers. Loretta Young is the heroine, and newcomer Richard Greene, David Niven, George Saunders, Bill Henry and Alan Hale contribute to your enjoyment. (*July*)

★ GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST, THE—M-G-M

In a vague version of David Belasco's old-time favorite, Nelson Eddy emerges as a Wild West Robin Hood, Jeanette MacDonald as the owner of a saloon (yes indeedy). Walter Pidgeon is the sheriff out after Nelson for hate, Jeanette for love. The lusty days of padres and Indians are beautifully photographed and the duets of the two principals offer you a prize package. (*June*)

GO CHASE YOURSELF—RKO-Radio

It's Joe Penner again—sans duck, getting himself into tremendous trouble by winning a trailer and being mistaken for a bank robber. Lucille Ball, as Joe's wife, does nicely. (*July*)

GOLD DIGGERS IN PARIS—Warners

The latest of the "Gold Digger" musicals deserves your attention by having Rudy Vallee and the Snickelfritz Band in it. The slim story is built around a Frenchman's mistake in thinking the Club Bali swingsters are the American Ballet Group, but it all works out in gay Paree, Rosemary Lane makes eyes at Rudy. (*Aug.*)

GOODBYE BROADWAY—Universal

Everybody is very nice and performs excellently, but this is a tired, slow story of a pair of outmoded vaudevillians who buy a small-town hotel. Alice Brady and Charles Winninger are bright spots in a desert of dullness. (*June*)

★ HOLD THAT KISS—M-G-M

Maureen O'Sullivan, dress model, and Dennis O'Keefe, clerk in a travel agency, meet at a swank wedding. Both pretend to be something they're not until one awful day—but go see this charming picture for yourself. Mickey Rooney, as Maureen's brother, swipes every scene he's in. (*Aug.*)

★ HOLIDAY—Columbia

Cary Grant and Katie Hepburn top their best efforts in this remake of Philip Barry's play. Cary is the idealistic businessman in love with Doris Nolan, daughter of millions; Katie is the rebellious older sister who helps him to escape too much money. (Imagine!) Lew Ayres is miraculous as the drunken young brother. (*Aug.*)

HUNTED MEN—Paramount

The story of a killer racketeer (Lloyd Nolan) who finds regeneration and a new life through the influence of a kindly family consisting of Lynne Overman (father), Dorothy Peterson (mother), Mary Carlisle (daughter), and Delmar Watson (son). Pleasant and entertaining. (*Aug.*)

ISLAND IN THE SKY—20th Century-Fox

A night club atop a skyscraper is the locale for this murder mystery. Michael Whalen, prosecuting attorney, and Gloria Stuart, his fiancee, do the snooping with earnestness and charm. Robert Kellard is the accused youth; Paul Kelly, his convict father. (*June*)

(*Continued on page 11*)

IT ROCKED BROADWAY FOR 82 WEEKS!
NOW IT'S THE LOUDEST LAUGH ON THE SCREEN!

Boy meets girl! . . . Cagney meets O'Brien! . . . And the great stage triumph that panicked New York and swept the whole nation from coast to coast, becomes the love-and-laughter picture of a decade!



Bella & Samuel Spewack's

BOY MEETS GIRL

FROM THE STAGE PLAY PRODUCED BY GEORGE ABBOTT

Starring

JAMES CAGNEY
PAT O'BRIEN

MARIE WILSON • RALPH BELLAMY

FRANK McHUGH • DICK FORAN

Directed by LLOYD BACON

SCREEN PLAY BY BELLA AND SAMUEL SPEWACK

Presented by WARNER BROS.



CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS

BY RUTH WATERBURY

Ruth Waterbury by Lazlo Willinger

Do the movie youngsters of today need stock? Miss Waterbury has her own theory on this subject, as well as one on why we have remained loyal to Warner Baxter (left) for so many years

HOLLYWOOD is beginning to find its way out of its picture slump and, like many people who have been in low, it seems to have learned a lesson thereby . . . the great and glittering "Marie Antoinette" is the exception to the rule for small, good pictures . . . never before have I seen in such succession so many "little" pictures that have been so entertaining . . . "Woman Against Woman" in my opinion contains some of the truest, most accurate dialogue I have ever heard, with Virginia Bruce and Mary Astor giving superb performances as the two women battling over one man . . . "Josette" is a lightsome frolic with Robert Young being enchantingly funny in it . . . "Three Blind Mice" is a very cute affair . . . "Shopworn Angel" is as tender and compelling a film as you'll find in a month of movie shopping. . . .

What interests me most is that no one of these films boasts high-powered stars . . . nor big expenditures . . . but their stories have authentic structure to them . . . they are neither too goofy nor too serious . . . in other words, they are dedicated purely to amusement and there's hope for us ticket-buyers. . . .

SPEAKING of which, the accuracy with which the cash customers at the box-office continue to understand stars better than any critic or producer was further proven to me one day this month . . . it all came about through my talking to Warner Baxter . . . for some reason, despite all my wandering around Hollywood, I have never met Mr. Baxter except most casually . . . never talked to him more than a social "hello" until a week or so ago when I wandered on the set of "I'll Give A Million" where they were doing retakes. . . .

It was by no means the ideal day in which to visit the star of this picture for only that morning he had read the worst notices he had ever sustained in some nineteen years of an acting career . . . those adverse, unflattering notices on "Kidnapped" . . . Baxter it was, though, who told me about them. . . .

He never felt that "Kidnapped" was right for him . . . in his own phrase, ". . . every time Arleen Whelan came into the scene it seemed only sensible, in view of her age, for her to make love to Freddie Bartholomew rather than to me" . . . he also knew that the man he was playing was at once too young and too brash for an actor of his character . . . on the other hand, he had turned down the last few scripts that his studio had sent him . . . he was getting into the position of seeming quarrelsome and difficult and he didn't feel that way at all . . . so he let himself be talked into playing *Alan Breck* even though he was sure that it was all wrong for him to do so . . . the subsequent violently bad notices merely confirmed his original opinion. . . .

BUT there, that day he talked with me he had taken a lambasting in the press, but he was still being courteous to me, a member of it . . . I had merely wandered in and he might very well have refused to talk to me at all . . . it certainly would have been forgivable enough if he had . . . instead, he went out of his way to make me comfortable . . . he wandered over between takes to light my cigarettes . . . he talked, absolutely without grievance, about "Kidnapped" . . . expressed his hope that "I'll Give a Million" would be a success . . . only grinned when a bit player caused the scene they were shooting to be reshot several times, though he as the star had to go through it again and again because of the other player's failure . . . chatted casually about why he loved Hollywood and hadn't the faintest wish to get away from it ever . . . he was, in sum, a charming and contented gentleman, at peace with himself and the world . . . and because such gentlemen are so rare I realized, for the first time, why we have stayed loyal to Warner Baxter for so many years . . . he represents in his own person an ideal toward which many of us aspire . . . or, to be more exact, instinctively we have all recognized him as a superior, admirable man. . . .

LATER, that same day, walking about the Twentieth Century-Fox lot, it occurred to me how rare a phenomenon professional jealousy, such as used to exist in the theater and which still exists in the opera, is in movies . . . the stellar gang at Twentieth Century is, quite literally,

(Continued on page 10)



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Left, Style 84 — autumn leaf monotone print — designed to take off pounds and years. Zipper plaquet. Navy, black, wine. Sizes 14 to 44.

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(Continued from page 8)

like one big family . . . Tyrone Power is the closest pal of Don Ameche . . . Sonja Henie, lunching with Cesar Romero, waves gaily at Ty, who admires them both. . . .

Recently I stood talking to Clark Gable before the building in which all the male M-G-M stars have their dressing rooms . . . it was late afternoon and most of the companies had quit working . . . as we stood there chatting, Spencer Tracy came out. . . .

"Good-night, sweetheart," he said to Mr. Gable.

Mr. Gable looked at him. "Oh, good-night, honey," he murmured.

"See you soon, dear?" asked Mr. Tracy, twisting about like all the coy young maidens in the world.

"Sugar, you know I couldn't let the day pass without seeing your lovely face," replied the great god Gable.

And with that burlesque, two of the finest actors in all Hollywood separated and let the world know that the kidding feud of theirs is still on . . . but it is just another evidence on another lot of the lack of jealousy . . . only people who like each other enormously can kid one another like that. . . .

I think it is just as wise that stars are standing together, particularly the older crowd, since for the first time in movie history there is a definite, organized younger generation . . . not girls of fourteen playing . . . as Loretta Young once did . . . at being leading women . . . but just talented, attractive kids acting their own age . . . but also learning the art of acting thereby. . . .

The more mature stars, like Bill Powell, say, often legitimately bemoan the lack of stock companies in the country today or of road companies in which youngsters can learn the art of acting . . . because that was the school in which Bill and Gable and Edward Arnold and Walter Connolly and others too numerous to list learned their lessons they want it to be available to the newcomers, too. . . .

What I believe they have overlooked is that movies, purely by accident, may have solved their own problem . . . with the rise of the adolescent generation in pictures . . . the Deanna Durbins, the Freddie Bartholomews, the Mickey Rooneys, the Judy Garlands, the Marcia Mae Jones, the Ann Rutherfords, the Lana Turners, and all the other talented young crowd, acting and being between the ages of twelve and eighteen . . . a natural school of acting has arisen . . . through smart production these kids are being carried past the awkward age without losing employment . . . but when they reach the twenties they will know the tricks of their profession . . . as witness, the orchidaceous Miss Young today and the return of that very fine actor, Jackie Cooper, aged fifteen. . . .

From all of which you may gather that I think almost everything in Hollywood is all right this month and that no matter what happens the most beautiful sight the movie village has to offer is Norma Shearer's profile. . . .



HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW YOUR HOLLYWOOD?

Mary Astor

GRADE yourself five points for every one you guess right. If you get sixty or less, you don't keep up with Hollywood. If your score is eighty or over, you're doing quite well—in fact, you know as much as Photoplay. Check up on page 84.

1. When he went to school in Milwaukee, this actor was known as "Dimples," and is still trying to live it down:

Fred MacMurray **Spencer Tracy**
Pat O'Brien **Tyrone Power**

2. The highest salaried film star during the 1937 tax year was:

Mae West **Gary Cooper**
Joan Crawford **Ronald Colman**

3. One of the biggest hoaxes ever played on Hollywood was pulled by this star who was born in the Middle West, came to Hollywood and landed one of the best parts in a big picture that called for English players on the basis of her phony English accent:

Margaret Lindsay **Doris Nolan**
Claire Trevor **Gail Patrick**

4. This actor used to be a life guard and has the record of saving twenty-eight lives before he turned to motion pictures:

Robert Young **Jack Oakie**
Ronald Reagan **Randolph Scott**

5. He's famous now, but this actor once solicited ads for a hair restorer:

Fredric March **Rudy Vallee**
H. B. Warner **John Barrymore**

6. Fanny Zilverstitch is the real name of this glamorous actress:

Franciska Gaal **Annabella**
Andrea Leeds **Ilona Massey**

7. According to Sardi, the famous restaurateur, there are only two people in Hollywood who know how to order a perfect dinner. One of them is:

James Gleason **Arthur Treacher**
Don Ameche **Leo Carrillo**

8. You'd better go to see his pictures now, because this actor is going to leave the screen this fall to devote all his time to the stage:

Walter Huston **Warren William**
Franchot Tone **Herbert Marshall**

9. One of the following stars does not come from a theatrical family:

Tyrone Power **Bing Crosby**
Ida Lupino **Dolores Costello**

10. This famous comedian was co-author of the first 100% talking picture to be filmed. The title of it was "Lights of New York":

Hugh Herbert **Bert Lahr**
Edgar Kennedy **Groucho Marx**

11. When she went to high school, her claim to fame was that she won seven medals as a track sprinter:

Kay Francis **Norma Shearer**
Betty Grable **Carole Lombard**

12. The Speech Arts Association of California gave this actor their annual medal for perfect diction and enunciation:

Spencer Tracy **C. Aubrey Smith**
Lionel Barrymore **Cary Grant**

13. Dorothy Gish and Maude Adams were sought for this part in "The Young in Heart," but this actress finally got it:

May Robson **Helen Westley**
Alice Brady **Minnie Dupree**

14. He was on the stage for twelve years, but now he says he'll never again return to the theater:

Clark Gable **William Powell**
Warner Baxter **Edward Arnold**

15. She once waited on tables in a girls' boarding school in order to get her education:

Loretta Young **Maureen O'Sullivan**
Mary Astor **Bette Davis**

16. As well as being a well-known comedian, this actor is a playwright and had one of his plays, "Dinner is Served," produced on the New York stage:

Eric Blore **Ed. Everett Horton**
Alan Mowbray **Stuart Erwin**

17. The rôle of Jesse James in the forthcoming production of the life of this famous bandit will be played by:

Humphrey Bogart **Errol Flynn**
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. **Tyrone Power**

18. He's one of the greatest living authorities on Hans Christian Andersen and has just unearthed eight unpublished fairy tales of this author:

Paul Muni **Melvyn Douglas**
Jean Hersholt **Henry Fonda**

19. One of these stars has the unique distinction of not being the Mayor of a Hollywood suburb:

Joel McCrea **Al Jolson**
Andy Devine **Hugh Herbert**

20. Three of these four players were once chorus boys together in a Broadway musical:

James Cagney **Allen Jenkins**
Pat O'Brien **Bruce Cabot**

Brief Reviews

(Continued from page 6)

★ JOSETTE—20th Century-Fox

Don Ameche and Robert Young attempt to free their papa from the clutches of a gold-digging night-club singer whom they think is Simone Simon. When Simone turns out to be all sweetness and light, both boys fall flat on their faces. Nutty but very nice. (*July*)

★ JOY OF LIVING, The—RKO-Radio

Well dressed, well written, with Jerome Kern's pleasing score, this will be a favorite if you like nincompoop comedies. Irene Dunne is a rich actress with a family of leeches who suck her bank balance. Doug Fairbanks, Jr., is a poetic soul with an addiction to beer and a hut in the South Seas. Doug wins! (*June*)

JUDGE HARDY'S CHILDREN—M-G-M

Here is *Judge Hardy* again, this time in Washington with spies in the offing. Cecilia Parker plays the daughter, Lewis Stone the crusty judge; Mickey Rooney (still one of the finest actors in Hollywood) is the adolescent son. Take all the folks. (*June*)

★ KENTUCKY MOONSHINE—20th Century-Fox

Those crack-pot Ritz Brothers riding the crest of their newest laugh wave pretending to be shootin', feudin' hill-billies, to win a radio contract. Tony Martin is in fine voice and Marjorie Weaver looks her prettiest. Three thumping cheers. (*July*)

★ KIDNAPPED—20th Century-Fox

Robert Louis Stevenson's classic story with Freddie Bartholomew matchlessly playing the Scotch laddie whose kidnapping is the climax of a political feud between Warner Baxter and C. Aubrey Smith. Arleen Whelan justifies her stardom ballyhoo by turning out to be accomplished as well as beautiful. Honorable mention. (*July*)

LADY IN THE MORGUE, THE—Universal

Despite the gruesome title, this is a breezy small-scale mystery with Preston Foster again proving himself a Sherlock Holmes by identifying the unknown murderer of an unknown woman. Patricia Ellis and Frank Jenks are two capable performers. (*Aug.*)

★ LIFE DANCES ON (UN CARNET DE BAL)—A. F. E. Corp.

Here is fascinating adult entertainment—a French picture with English subtitles. The splendid cast headed by Harry Baur (remember him in "I Stand Condemned"?) depicts the story of a young widow in her sentimental search for the lost loves of her youth. See it if you can possibly manage. (*June*)

LITTLE MISS THOROUGHBRED—Warners

A laugh, a tear, a bit of suspense are the ingredients of this trim story of race-track lore. Little Janet Chapman (Warners' wonder chile) adopts gamblers John Litel and Frank McHugh, later brings them love and lucre. Ann Sheridan is the femininity. (*July*)

★ LORD JEFF—M-G-M

An appealing story of young regeneration and the growth of friendship between two lads in a British marine training school, with Freddie Bartholomew and Mickey Rooney battling each other for acting honors the whole way. Take the whole family. (*Aug.*)

MAID'S NIGHT OUT—RKO-Radio

Unpretentious but good. You'll enjoy Allan Lane as the millionaire's son who drives a milk truck, Joan Fontaine as the society damsel he thinks is a servant. Complications to their romance are brought about by Joan's dopey mother, Hedda Hopper. There's a fight and a police chase to liven things up. (*June*)

MR. MOTO'S GAMBLE—20th Century-Fox

Our genial Jap detective this time turns his myopic eyes onto a murder in the prize ring, and, after the usual hunt for expert double-crossers, succeeds in bringing the murderer to justice. Maxie Rosenbloom is the comedy; Dick Baldwin and Lynn Bari the S. A. (*June*)

MYSTERIOUS MR. MOTO—20th Century-Fox

Beginning with an escape from Devil's Island and concluding with an attempted assassination of steel king Henry Wilcoxon, this mystery is handled by suave Peter Lorre, Oriental detective, in top style. Mary Maguire is the love angle. If you like *Moto* films. (*Aug.*)

NURSE FROM BROOKLYN—Universal

A meekly diverting variation of the old theme of virtue triumphant. Bad boy Larry Blake and good boy (New York policeman) Paul Kelly vie for the hand of pretty nursie Sally Eilers. Kelly convinces Sally that Larry is a murderer and the fade-out is what you expected all the time. (*July*)

ONE WILD NIGHT—20th Century-Fox

This will bore you with its Grade B-ish antics. June Lang is the society reporter who solves the mystery of the disappearance of the town's leading citizens. Dick Baldwin, son of the police chief, helps in the fracas. J. Edward Bromberg is villainish. (*Aug.*)

OVER THE WALL—Warners

Based on a story by Warden Lawes of Sing Sing, this is solid entertainment if you like social themes with your after-dinner coffee. Dick Foran is the bully who lands in the hoosegow; John Litel the patient chaplain; June Travis, Veda Ann Borg and Dick Purcell help in supporting rôles. (*July*)

PENROD'S DOUBLE TROUBLE—Warners

Give Junior his dime and send him off to the Saturday matinee if this is around. It's the Mauch Twins again playing Junior G-men. A new twist marks the climax of their adventure. Gene and Kathleen Lockhart are *Penrod's* new parents (*June*)

★ PORT OF SEVEN SEAS—M-G-M

An appealing and honest picture beautifully directed by James Whale (of "The Road Back"). Maureen O'Sullivan, daughter of a French grocer, has a child by John Beal without benefit of clergy. When he attempts to break up her happiness with Frank Morgan, Beal's father, Wallace Beery, takes charge of the situation. Morgan and Beery have never been better. (*June*)

ROMANCE ON THE RUN—Republic

Here's another of those $100,000 diamond necklaces that float around in the movies. It's stolen, believe it or not, and Donald Woods keeps trying to get it back. Pat Ellis manages to get Donald's mind off his work. Turn your head the other way. (*July*)

ROSE OF THE RIO GRANDE—Monogram

Movita (remember her as Franchot Tone's native love in "Mutiny on the Bounty?") is lovely looking enough to go to see, even though this is a juvenile arrangement about brigandage in Mexico years ago. Antonio Moreno is too kindly to be effective as a villain, but Lina Basquette, as a jealous dancer, makes up for it. John Carroll is excellent. (*June*)

SAILING ALONG—GB

Jessie Matthews' dancing is as graceful as ever, Roland Young's wit as sly as usual and Jack Whiting's singing of the tuneful music is a joy, but, despite these things, this English yarn about a barge girl who becomes an actress is not up to the usual Matthews' standards. Maybe it's spring in London or something. (*June*)



"C'est la vie" ("This is the life") sings Charles Boyer in one of his gay moments in "Algiers," when he's thinking of Hedy Lamarr

PRISON NURSE—Republic

Another Big House story dealing with a convict doctor (Henry Wilcoxon) who wins a pardon for stemming an epidemic, only to become involved in a prison break and get popped back in the hoosegow. Marian Marsh and John Arledge are around. Pointless. (*Aug.*)

PRIVATE LIFE OF MUSSOLINI, THE—Hullinger Prod.

A highly interesting pictorial summary of the life of Mussolini. Whether you are for or against Fascism, you will like Edwin Ware Hullinger's unusual shots of the dictator at home with his family, at work and at play. Good current history. (*Aug.*)

★ RAGE OF PARIS, THE—Universal

To introduce Danielle Darrieux, their new French star, Universal has chosen a gay modern comedy of mistaken identity. Doug Fairbanks, Jr. and Louis Hayward are the protagonists for Danielle's favor, and Helen Broderick the friend in need who sets out to get her protegé a rich husband. Mlle. Darrieux' charm surpasses the ballyhoo. See for yourself. (*Aug.*)

RASCALS—20th Century-Fox

This is Jane Withers' picnic, and Jane comes through dancing, singing and clowning with flying colors. The plot has to do with Rochelle Hudson's amnesia and her kidnapping by gypsies. Robert Wilcox is her beau. Borrah Minnevitch furnishes the music with his harmonica band. (*July*)

★ SAINT IN NEW YORK, THE—RKO-Radio

The hero of Leslie Charteris' popular mystery thriller comes to life in the person of Louis Hayward, and a fine job he does too—wiping out a major crime wave with the help of Kay Sutton. Calculated to set your spine tingling. (*July*)

SINNERS IN PARADISE—Universal

Now John Boles is a fugitive living on a tropical isle. A planeful of passengers descends on him—Bruce Cabot, Madge Evans and others, and there is a Grand Hotel type of sequence cluttered with racketeers. Dopey and dull. (*July*)

★ STOLEN HEAVEN—Paramount

A very enjoyable musical crook drama. Olympe Bradna fully justifies the promise of her debut in "Souls at Sea," and Gene Raymond, Lewis Stone, Glenda Farrell and Douglas Dumbrille do well in a yarn of a band of thieves in Middle Europe who hide from the police in the house of a famous pianist. Go and hear your special Liszt and Mozart melodies played beautifully (*June*)

SWISS MISS—Hal Roach-M-G-M

Laurel and Hardy return to the screen in a picture very reminiscent of ye old Mack Sennett days. The boys are mousetrap salesmen who journey to Switzerland, meet Della Lind who is in love with composer Walter Woolf King. The singing is pleasant but doesn't save you from the doldrums. (*Aug.*)

★ TEST PILOT—M-G-M

Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy, Myrna Loy and Lionel Barrymore (try and top that combination!) in *the* most thrilling picture of the month. Gable is a pilot addicted to stunts and the bottle; Myrna is his wife; Spencer, his sacrificial pal. The shrieking whine of the motors will hum in your ears for a long time, but don't even consider missing this. (*June*)

★ THERE'S ALWAYS A WOMAN—Columbia

Built along the streamlines of "The Thin Man," this is a delightfully digestible dish. Melvyn Douglas, a private detective, and his frau, Joan Blondell, are both hired by opposite sides in a murder case. There are two fine assassinations and a lot of naughty but screamingly funny scenes of married life. Good work! (*June*)

★ THREE BLIND MICE—20th Century-Fox

Loretta Young, Joel McCrea, David Niven, Stuart Erwin and Marjorie Weaver in the prize package of all the recent stories of modern maidens' efforts to bag a rich husband. Maybe you don't admire the type, but you'll find the way they reconcile wealth and love highly amusing. (*Aug.*)

★ THREE COMRADES—M-G-M

Robert Taylor, Franchot Tone, Robert Young and Maggie Sullavan have plenty of dramatics and tragedy to contend with here, but it doesn't faze any of them. With unusual social implications, the picture tells of three youngsters banded together in business and friendship in a wasted country after the War. Orchids to this one. (*June*)

★ TOY WIFE, THE—M-G-M

Another picture in the "Gone With the Wind" trend, having Academy Winner Luise Rainer playing beautifully one of those frivolous pre-Civil War maidens who brings out the dueling instinct among Southern swains. Melvyn Douglas is her husband, Bob Young, her lover, Barbara O'Neil her sister. Well done, as M-G-M's things usually are. (*July*)

TRIP TO PARIS, A—20th Century-Fox

All the things that can happen to an average family in Paris including being gypped by a phoney count, happen to the Joneses, and it's all fun. Jed Prouty is *Pa*, Spring Byington is *Ma*, and both offer splendid characterizations as usual. (*June*)

★ TROPIC HOLIDAY—Paramount

Musical Mexico—with not a gun-toting revolutionary in sight. Ray Milland is the screwy Hollywood writer looking for a screen romance; love comes in real life through Dorothy Lamour. Tito Guizar's songs, the Ensenada Singers, the comedy of Bob Burns and Martha Raye—all are elegant. (*Aug.*)

UNDER WESTERN STARS—Republic

A smash-bang Western introducing a new cowboy star, Roy Rogers, who sings delightfully. As the son of a Congressman, he goes to Washington, wangles a Federal Water project for ranches in the Dust Bowl. Barrels of fun. (*July*)

★ VIVACIOUS LADY—RKO-Radio

Splendidly written, well directed, romantic and humorous without being sentimental or slapstick, this is a picture worth seeing twice! Ginger Rogers, lovelier than ever, is a Broadway singer who marries a small-town botany professor (Jimmie Stewart) from an ultra Puritanical family. The cast is perfection and so is the picture! (*July*)

WHEN WERE YOU BORN?—Warners

Anna May Wong manages to solve the murder of James Stephenson by analysing the horoscopes of the suspects. At this point the action in the picture lies down and dies—but if you want to check on your own astrological character (who doesn't?) you might like this novelty. (*Aug.*)

★ WHITE BANNERS—Warners

Lloyd Douglas' story of renunciation, stuffed with preachments, but the fine acting of Fay Bainter and Jackie Cooper will enthrall you. Fay is the good Samaritan who takes over a professor's run-down household, brings Jackie through the pangs of lazy adolescence, eggs Claude Rains on to bigger and better inventions. Worthwhile. (*Aug.*)

WOMEN ARE LIKE THAT—Warners

Poor Kay Francis certainly got a dirty deal in this. Unbelievably gauche and tiresome, it attempts to show what gals are like in love and business. Kay is the wife of a drunken advertising man (Pat O'Brien) who uses her sex appeal to help his failing business. Maybe we'd better pretend we didn't know about it. (*June*)

★ YELLOW JACK—M-G-M

A really important picture, intelligently directed and beautifully acted, describing the work done by doctors to fight yellow fever in post-Spanish-War Cuba. Bob Montgomery is the soldier who risks his life for scientific research. Virginia Bruce, Lewis Stone, Alan Curtis and others are admirable support. (*Aug.*)

YOU AND ME—Paramount

You have seen both Sylvia Sidney and George Raft hounded by the law too many times to find any freshness in this story of two paroled convicts who marry each other. George backslides to his old gang, is brought up short by the little woman Peerless photography, but little else. (*Aug.*)

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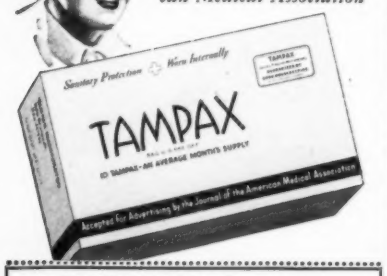
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GLAMOUR FOR EVENING—There's something about a warm summer evening that leads to romance. And the greatest help to romance is glamour. And the best way to learn the little tricks that give glamour is to go to those expert purveyors of glamour—the movie stars—and learn what they do. Which we did; and here they are: tricks that can be adapted to your own personality to bring out your own loveliness.

If you're dressing décolleté as Isa Miranda so often does, a very important thing is to avoid white "bathing-suit" straps. If you have a smooth tan with the exception of those bathing-suit straps, use a creamy powder base that matches your tan and make up your shoulders so that you're just one color.

Ginger Rogers takes a creamy golden tan during the summer and to accent it she doesn't use any powder at all, just a smooth foundation that leaves a faint shine to her skin and is most attractive.

Another nice trick is to use a bit of cream on your cheeks at night to give them a youthful highlight. You know that it's only a young skin that has a sheen to it. As you get older, your skin becomes dryer and you lose that glowing look, so a bit of shine on your cheekbones accents your youth.

Eye shadow does more to give personality and glamour to your face than any other one thing, and nighttime is the time to experiment with it. There is an eye shadow that comes in gold and silver—lovely soft shades that make you look very exotic. Lucille Ball uses it when she wants a very special effect for a big party.

Anne Shirley, however, doesn't use any eye shadow at all. She smooths a bit of cream on her eyelids all the way up to her brows instead. If you're very young and feel that eye shadow is too sophisticated for you, try this instead and you'll look very ingenuous.

There's even gold and silver mascara. You can touch it lightly to the tips of your lashes after you've applied your regular mascara and you'll be surprised how deep your eyes become. And you already know that there's nothing like deep-blue mascara to make blue eyes look even bluer. Ruby Keeler uses it regularly at night.

Anita Louise's brows follow their natural line. If your brows are the unruly kind that won't follow the line you want, use brilliantine to make them stay in place. Brush them up first with a little brush and then smooth them down in the line you want. If the brilliantine won't keep them in place, you can always resort to soaping them and each little hair will lie just where you want it to.

You're wearing your hair up high off your face these nights, as Claire Trevor does; you'll probably find that you can't do a thing with the short fine hairs on the nape of your neck. They're not long enough to smooth in with the rest, but they make the back of your neck look blurred. Vicki Lester solves the problem by using a lotion that is very similar to that used by beauty shops to set your wave. She smooths it on the short hairs in back and they flow right into the upsweep of hair to the curls on top. Try it.

Another nice feminine thing to do when you're wearing your hair off your ears is to rouge the earlobes.

If you get a flushed warm look on a hot summer's night, try having green-toned powder mixed with your usual shade, to give your face a cool look. Mauve serves the same purpose, but don't use too much of it and use it only at night. It tones down a sunburn and gives your skin a clear pallor.

Your perfume must be light for summer evenings. Heavy, exotic fragrances should be worn with rich gowns and furs—they're out of place with a light dress on a warm evening. Kay Sutton uses a spicy perfume that is ideal for summer, and flower fragrances are lovely, too. Apply your perfume at least half an hour before you are going out, because it takes that length of time for the true odor to come out.

Ruby Keeler has a nice little trick of patting her cheeks with perfume before putting on her make-up. Then when she turns her head you get a delightful whiff of it, and she moves in a faint aura of scent. Barbara Stanwyck sets her lipstick with her favorite perfume. After she has used cleansing tissues to remove the surplus lipstick (which you do, too) she daubs on the perfume and lets it dry. And don't forget to put some on your wrists so that the scent comes forth when you move your hands.

HAVE you always longed for a faint cleft in your chin? Well, we have too, and finally worked it out. You use a blue powdered eye shadow to get the effect. Fold a thin puff in half—use the small size that comes in rouge compacts—rub it in the shadow and smooth a line of it on your chin. Blend it carefully so there's no sharp line, and the faint shadow looks like a slight dimple. Do it only at night, though, because it does look artificial in the daytime.

Lucille Ball powders her lips before applying lipstick, because she says it stays on longer and goes on smoother. She has a lipstick pencil that's the same shade as her regular lipstick and she uses the pencil at home to give her lips a smooth definite outline, then uses her lipstick to replenish it the rest of the evening.

If your mouth is large, use a light dull lipstick and carry it out to the

very edges instead of using a bright stick and not covering up your entire mouth, because the light stick minimizes the fullness of your lips.

If your mouth is too small, though, use a light lipstick out to the very edges, and then take a second one of a brighter or deeper color and carry it out a little beyond the natural line. To make your lipstick stay on longer, use an indelible one first in a light color, and then apply your regular lipstick on top of that, and you're set for hours.

Two mascara brushes are better than one, too. Lucille dampens the first one and brushes her lashes with it to separate them. Then she puts the mascara on with the other one, and it goes on much more evenly. The less water you use in putting on your mascara, the better effect you get, so just use a damp brush instead of a soppy one. And always wash both brushes every day. A fine line of black pencil just above the lashes adds to the effect, but be sure the pencil has a very sharp point so you get just a faint line, and draw it on before you apply the mascara.

DON'T forget, too, that your elbows must be as smooth as your face, because there's nothing less glamorous than rough, horny elbows. Rubbing them with pumice stone is excellent to soften the skin as well as remove the dead rough scales. Another good way is to soak them in half lemons which will bleach your elbows as well as soften them.

Do you remember the barrettes that you wore as a little girl? Well, there's nothing smarter for evening wear now than these old-fashioned barrettes that come in different shapes. They can be shaped like a little bird or a flower or just in a bow knot. You can wear the plain bone barrettes for daytime and then get some set with brilliants for evening. Ann Sheridan wears one on either side of her forehead. If you're brushing up your hair in the back, they're ornamental as well as useful to keep the curls in place.

There's a splendid new make-up that is just being put on the market by a famous cosmetician. It's an adaptation of Technicolor make-up that is grand for street or evening wear, and it can be used with or without powder. It covers up small blemishes and gives a satiny finish to your skin. I'll be very glad to give you the name of this product if you'll write me and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Write to Carolyn Van Wyck, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, *7751 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, California.*



Hark ye, who would a glamour girl be! From these expert purveyors of that intricate art, (reading clockwise) Claire Trevor, Anita Louise, Isa Miranda and Lucille Ball, you will learn tricks to emphasize your own loveliness

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"I FOUND A SILVER TREASURE



. . . . . by Looking for the* FEDERAL *Name"

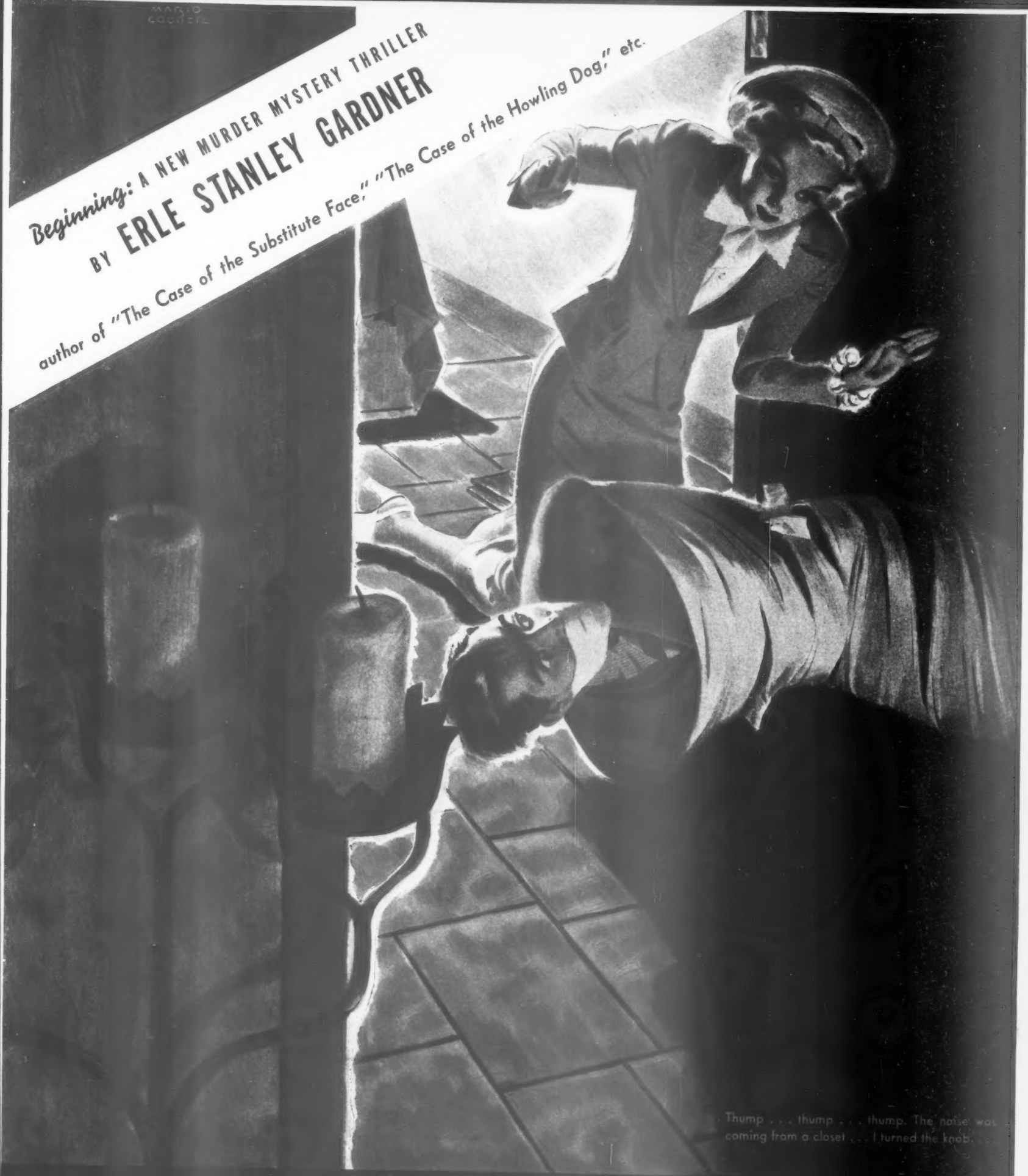
Fine furs, like precious jewels, are not easily judged. But there is a way to tell choice silver fox—look for "FEDERAL," stamped on the leather side of the pelt. Only skins of outstanding luxuriousness . . . bountiful silvering . . . and *lasting* loveliness are sold under this name. The jacket above, with its glamorous sheen . . . its new "spiral" sleeves . . . and smart casual-formal length . . . is only one of many smart models developed in FEDERAL Fox, this fall, and shown at better stores throughout the country.

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Beginning: A NEW MURDER MYSTERY THRILLER

BY **ERLE STANLEY GARDNER**

author of "The Case of the Substitute Face," "The Case of the Howling Dog," etc.



Thump . . . thump . . . thump. The noise was coming from a closet . . . I turned the knob. . . .

THE CASE OF THE HOLLYWOOD SCANDAL

Murder is different in Hollywood

—especially when a famous movie

hero is involved in the mystery



DRAWING BY MARIO COOPER

THERE were five of us crowded into the small interviewing room at the employment agency. As the last to arrive, my chair was in the least advantageous position.

I looked the other applicants over, and they looked me over.

I figured that if it was a job where the secretary was expected to go out with the boss, the blonde seated directly opposite the door had the inside track. I could see that she thought so, too. On a question of ability, the tall girl was going to give me competition; the redhead was nervous; the bony-featured one probably had plenty of ability, but she wouldn't be much of an office ornament, and she'd been trudging the dreary rounds of employment agencies until it had got her down. This was just one more try-out. She was already figuring where she'd go after it was over.

My wrist watch showed exactly ten o'clock. Miss Benson, who ran the agency, opened the door and said, simply, "Mr. Foley."

He was a tall man in the thirties, not too heavy, with a smile that I liked. He was holding the cards we'd filled out in his left hand, a pair of dark glasses in his right.

"There are five of you," he said crisply. "I have studied your cards. I'll try to make the interview as brief as possible. Miss Blair, please."

The blonde said, "I'm Miss Blair," and her voice was a cooing intimacy.

Mr. Foley put the dark glasses over his eyes. From where I was sitting I could see behind the lenses. I saw a peculiar tightening of the muscles across the forehead, and suddenly it occurred to me the man's eyes were closed.

He said, "I dictate very rapidly. Do you think you can take it?"

"Oh, yes," she said, "I never have any trouble with dictation. I'm quite certain you'd be satisfied, Mr. Foley."

"Miss Ransome," Mr. Foley said.

That got the dejected girl who was sitting across from me. Miss Crane was the redhead and Miss Sharpe looked like the one who had what it takes. He asked each of them a quick question, listened to their answers, then said, "Miss Bell," and when I answered him, turned his head quickly as though he'd overlooked me sitting there in the corner; but he didn't open his eyes.

"Do you," he asked, "think you can fill the position of secretary to a lawyer, Miss Bell?"

"I think so," I told him.

"Can you go to work right away?"

"Yes."

He took off his glasses. "Very well, you start at once."

IT was just like that, no typing test, no talk about references.

The other girls filed out, the blonde leading the procession with a dazed expression, Miss Sharpe with wooden features, the redhead indignant, the Ransome girl mechanically glancing at her watch, and lengthening her stride before she was out of the door. Evidently, she had another interview waiting.

Foley turned to me and took off his dark glasses. "My secretary," he said, "was injured in an automobile accident. I need another one right away."

I saw that his eyes were a light, clear blue. The pupils seemed very small and very black.

And then my curiosity got the better of my judgment. I blurted, "Do you always pick your secretaries with your eyes shut?"

His pin-point pupils held my eyes. "You noticed that?"

"Yes."

"Observant," he said. "Yes, I always judge people by their voices."

"How in the world can you judge people entirely by their voices?" I asked. "What can you possibly tell of a secretary's qualifications by listening to her talk?"

"You forget," he said, "that I had the cards of the applicants. Naturally, they had all listed their qualifications as being adequate, otherwise Miss Benson wouldn't have selected them for an interview. It only remained for me to check their ability to judge their own qualifications."

"And you feel you did that from our voices?"

"Yes," he said, holding up his hand and checking us off on his fingers. "Blair, a cooing, seductive voice; her sex is her chief asset; no dice. Ransome, dispirited; has quit fighting after only two months of unemployment. That's too short a time. She's too easily discouraged. Crane, afraid to face a competitive test, yet forced to offer herself; Sharpe, confident, well-trained, a little too sure of herself; accustomed to being just a bit superior to her boss. She'd do fine for a man who needed his correspondence revised."

"And Bell?" I asked, smiling.

"Bell," he said, with the suggestion of a twinkle softening those blue eyes, "is a little too inclined to be a spectator of life, but calmly competent, and sure of her competency." Abruptly the personal, friendly note left his voice. He said, incisively, "I've left my office without a secretary. Are you ready?"

I matched his manner, said, "Yes, Mr. Foley," and started for the door.

MR. FOLEY used dictating machines. There were three records in the rack under the transcriber when I reached the office, and, by the time he went out to lunch, there were three more.

It's difficult working on a strange typewriter, so I ate rather a sketchy lunch and returned to the office. I was busily clacking away at about five minutes past one when the door opened, and a broad-shouldered man with arrogant eyes pushed his way toward the private office.



For an agonized split second I saw the twin headlights swooping down on me . . . I screamed, tried to jump back and escape . . .

He jerked his head toward me in a half-nod and said, casually, in a take-it-for-granted manner, "Foley in?"

That's one of the nightmares of a new job. You never can tell whether the person with the make-myself-right-at-home attitude is a prize client or a salesman.

I kept my voice friendly. "Mr. Foley is at lunch."

"Oh, yeah," the man said, and jerked open the door to the private office.

I pushed back my chair and followed him in. "Mr. Foley," I said, "is *not* in." This time he didn't need to be a mind reader to know how I felt.

"How soon's he coming back?"

"I couldn't tell you. I'll take any message you wish to leave."

I didn't like the way he looked at me then, and thought perhaps I'd better explain, on the off-chance he might really be someone important. "I just started to work this morning, and I'm not fully familiar with Mr. Foley's habits or his clientele. He simply said he was going to lunch."

"It's ten minutes past one now; he ought to be back."

I let my silence soak in.

"What's your name?"

"Miss Bell."

"How long have *you* known Mr. Foley?"

"If you wish to wait," I said acidly, "there are chairs in the waiting room. This is Mr. Foley's private office."

The man casually pulled back the lapel of his coat, showing me a badge. "How long have *you* known Mr. Foley?"

"Since ten o'clock this morning."

"What do you know about Mildred Parker?"

"Nothing."

"You know who she is, don't you?"

I shook my head.

"She's the secretary who *was* working here."

"Mr. Foley said she had been injured in an automobile accident," I told him.

He perched himself on the edge of Mr. Foley's desk. "I'm investigating."

"If you don't mind, we'll step into the other office," I said. "I have to answer the telephone as well as do my typing. This is Mr. Foley's *private* office."

He didn't move. "What enemies did Mildred Parker have?"

"I'm sure I couldn't tell you anything about Miss Parker. I've never seen her in my life. I didn't know her name until you mentioned it."

He lit a cigarette. "It's funny. Somebody went out of his way to sock her with a car. It was a hit-and-run job. According to witnesses, the guy who did it followed her for a couple of blocks. He cracked her just as she crossed an intersection, broke her leg . . . phony license plates."

"Will you *please* wait in Mr. Foley's reception room?" I asked.

He didn't move. I heard the click of a latch-key, and Mr. Foley opened the exit door to stand staring at us. "What's this?" he asked sharply.

"Evidently," I said, "this gentleman is an officer. He has ignored my requests to wait in the other room."

"You're Foley?" the man asked.

Mr. Foley nodded.

"Okay. I'm getting some dope on Mildred Parker. What do you know about her?"

"Nothing."

"Who were her enemies?"

"She had none as far as I know."

"How far did you know?"

(Continued on page 80)

HOW I SAVED MY MA

A promise faithfully kept won against tremendous odds—while Hollywood tried to stack the cards



I WALKED into the Derby for dinner last night with the director of my latest picture. He was in a dinner coat and I was dressed to the hilt and I suppose you had only to look at us to know that we were preview-bound.

We got a corner booth, sat talking for a moment, until someone across the room waved to my companion and he excused himself to go over. "Sorry—my agent," he said. Then, while I sat waiting, I caught the sound of my name from the booth in back of me. Sometimes, if you concentrate very hard, you can detach words and their meaning from what is usually unintelligible café murmur. I strained both ears.

"That's Lamour with So-and-So," a man's voice said. "Mark it for your column, why don't you? Looks like romance."

The answer was female, both in sound and significance. "She's supposed to be married."

"Don't let it worry you. *She* doesn't."

"Hmmmm?"

"Well, she gets around. Kay—it's Herb Kay she's married to, isn't it?—has his band in a good New York spot. Lamour's a sultry gal. She should sit at home, knitting, when so many men want to take her out."

"Who've you seen her with?" the woman asked. "In the last two months I mean."

Names, all of which I recognized as friends of Herb's and of mine drifted over the back of the booth. "And there are more, only I can't remember. The thing's on the verge. Why don't you break it before someone else does?"

"No," said the woman, her voice suddenly very shrewd, "because if she goes out with that many men the marriage has a little time yet.



MARRIAGE

I'll crack the item when she begins sticking to any one man."

I stopped listening. Sitting there, I wondered why I didn't climb over onto the next table and snatch that woman bald. For that matter, I wondered why I didn't even feel sore about the conversation I'd heard. The Hollywood part of my mind, unaccountably, was saying: *That's their job. They're good at it. Besides, why should anyone assume my marriage will last when from any usual standard it doesn't have a chance?*

WHEN I eloped with Herb three years ago, neither of us had any idea there would be special matrimonial problems for us to work out. To me the whole thing had a fictional quality. I'd always had my glamour secondhand because my childhood had been a poor one, and now the thought of being a singer, traveling around the country with my famous husband . . . the whole thing was like one of those magazine stories with illustrations by Jon Whitcomb.

I could see the poses. The first one, with little Dorothy Lamour in her simple, cheap dress singing shyly at an amateur night in Chicago. The tall, handsome bandleader at a table, applauding, a look of discovery in his eyes.

Then a picture in full color, with Dorothy transformed, sitting in a spangled dress before her dressing-room mirror, with the hero, tuxedoed, bending to kiss her shoulder. Caption: "It's silly to wait. Let's drive to Waukegan tonight and find a minister."

After that the whole story, in my mind, went on through a haze of romance to a dim—but inevitably happy—conclusion. There would be a few minor quarrels, easily patched up, and there would be a baby, finally, and a little house in the country to vie with a glittering apartment in the city.

I was naïve, I suppose. I forgot that in any good yarn there must be conflict to give it interest, and my story got beyond any control of mine on the evening a National Broadcasting Company official called me in New York and said I was to go to Hollywood for a program there.

"Let me call you back in a few minutes. I'll give you my answer then," I said confusedly, and hung up.

Sitting by the phone, I tried to work out the idea in my mind. It would be a terrific break for me, of course. A network spot in Hollywood meant country-wide recognition and, if I went over, more money. And Hollywood meant motion pictures. . . .

It also meant saying good-by to Herb, at least for a long time. He was stuck with an eastern engagement; Chicago and New York were his stamping grounds, where he was known and liked.

I called NBC and refused the offer.

Herb was aghast when I told him about it later that evening. "But it means everything to you!" he said.

"*You* mean everything to me."

"But that shouldn't force you to turn down a chance at fame and the big dough," he said determinedly. "If you call the radio people back right now they may still have the spot open."

"Our marriage . . ." I protested.

"Do you really think it's weak enough to collapse under a thing like this? Do we love each other so little that we couldn't bother to work out a system that will take care of everything for us?"

There was no answer to that point of view. I rang NBC—and took the job.

WE both felt very secure when I left for Hollywood. We'd talked endlessly in the days past and had decided several essential things. If I managed to get in pictures it would mean several years, perhaps, on the Coast. Several years of separation. Several years of knowing each other by mail, of short visits at vacation time, of loneliness and danger.

Therefore we must put the emphasis of our imaginations on the future rather than on the immediate present. It was too bad to lose the years when our love was new and excitingly fresh; yet we knew that love would survive and that the later years would be better for the work we would do. We would make ourselves secure financially and be able to have a greater part of our lives to spend having fun, making a home.

No matter how far I might go in pictures or radio, it was understood Herb would not give up his band just to live in Hollywood. His career came first. In our hearts we both understood that he must never be known as Mr. Lamour. If any professional sacrifices were going to be made for our marriage, I determined I would make them, because, in the final analysis, I was content to be merely Mrs. Herb Kay anyway.

In the matter of money, I insisted he discontinue the allowance he had always given me in addition to my salary.

"I want to see if I can do it on my own," I told him. He agreed, finally. That was to be up to me.

THE first months in Hollywood were particularly miserable. I called Chicago nightly and then had to go without new clothes because of the telephone bills. I got on planes at the slightest opportunity and flew East to see Herb. Then pictures took me up; I was poured into a sarong and dark make-up and stuck in a jungle, and there was no opportunity to do or think of

(Continued on page 88)





Romance was part of the glamour build-up for Dot's career; but here she tells you why her handsome bandleader husband, Herb Kay, (below) can smile while she and Randy Scott (left) dance to his merry tunes

BEHAVIOR

BY BOGART

Once you get to know Hollywood's most ornery cuss you're a friend for life—just ask his ex-wives!

BY RUTH RANKIN





Because he's in love, there is, for the time being, a "new Bogart"—a mellow sort of fellow with a house, a garden and some dogs. But, when he reverts to type, not even his bride-to-be, Mayo Methot (below with "Bogie" and the Lester Stoeffens), will be one whit disillusioned



MAMA, that Bogey-man is here again.

There is some talk that Humphrey Bogart, or Bogey—Bo, if you want to get tough about it—was born in the hottest part of Hell's Kitchen with a very dirty sneer on his face, and grew up to be the leading liquidator for Lefty Louie's gang. . . .

Bogey has not put himself out in the least to dispel this illusion. He kind of keeps it for a pet, the way snake charmers cuddle their boa constrictors, and for much the same reason: both of them use their pets in their work.

The fact that Bogey actually was born (1900) in an unimpeachable section of New York; that he looked like any other baby except to his mother (an illustrator of distinction for fashion magazines) and to his father (a well-known surgeon); and that he prepped at Andover, are all things he will admit, under pressure.

What he will admit without any pressure at all is that he has been getting into trouble all his life, and still is. It was just a short step further to put this talent to work and become the leading screen heavy.

Every friendship Bogey ever made started out with a hell-roaring fight, even up to and including his marriages. He says once he and his acquaintances go through the initial baptism of fire, they are friends for life and stick faster than adhesive to a blister.

"Nobody," he claims, matter-of-factly, "*nobody* likes me on sight. I suppose that's why I'm a heavy, or vice versa. There must be something about the tone of my voice, or this arrogant face—something that antagonizes everybody. I can't even get in a mild discussion that doesn't turn into an argument." And from the pleased way he looks when he says it, you get the impression that Bogey is awfully happy about the whole thing.

"The thing is, I can't understand why people get mad. You can't live in a vacuum, and you can't have a discussion without two sides. If you don't agree with the other fellow, that's what makes it a discussion. I'd feel like a sap, starting things by throwing in with my opponent and saying, 'Well, of course you may be right,' and 'You know more about it than I do,' and all the other half-baked compromises the tact-and-diplomacy boys use.

"My idea of honest discussion (maybe the word *is* argument) is to begin by declaring my opinion. Then, when the other fellow says, 'Why, you're nothing but a —— ——— fool,' things begin to move and we can get somewhere. Or, all right then, I'm the one who generally pulls that line on him. So they tell me. Anyway, it's a line that gets lots of action.

"All over Hollywood, they are continually advising me, 'Oh, you mustn't say *that*. That'll get you in a lot of trouble,' when I remark that

(Continued on page 84)



Pat O'Brien made Jimmie suffer—
but it wasn't his acting that did it



It was a tough grind to have a gal
like Margaret Lindsay fuss over him



—but she's another reason for Jimmie's
disappointment in his first movie rôle

IT'S *EASY* TO ACT!

—sez the famous radio commentator and columnist who calls it the champion racket of the world—a lazy man's paradise—less work than taking candy from a baby



BY JIMMIE FIDLER

"SO this," I said to Pat O'Brien, after the first few days of shooting on the picture, "Garden of the Moon," "so *this*," I said, "is the life of a movie actor!"

"And how do you like it?" Pat grinned.

"Like it?" I retorted. "I *love* it! It's the champion racket of the world!"

I meant it. Acting for the screen is the lazy man's paradise—the easiest, silliest means I know to make a lot of money quickly. It is more effortless than taking candy from little babies, more pleasant than being willed a fortune by some far-distant, unknown relative. A director—thank heaven for directors—tells you what to do and shows you how to do it. You try to imitate him. Perhaps your effort falls short of his ideal, but no need to worry about that. You try again. And again. And then some more. Eventually, by the law of averages, you are almost sure to score a bull's eye.

If you bungle a gesture, forget a line, mispronounce or mis-accent a word, why—shoot another take! Film is cheap, directors are patient and time means practically nothing—just a few thousand dollars an hour—in Hollywood.

I am proud of the sympathy I have showered on stars who habitually complain that they are overworked. It proves that I have (or had) a tender heart, and I have always wanted to be known as a kindly soul. Even now I'm willing to concede that principal actors should not be employed in too many pictures within a given period, for there *is* an element of nerve strain connected with "work" before the cameras.

Actors have too much time between scenes in which to worry about precedence in billing and about their income taxes. Furthermore, the hot lights sap their energy—almost as rapidly as the hard floor of a department store saps the strength of a clerk. But, excepting these two major drawbacks, acting for the screen is more picnic than job.

DON'T misunderstand me. By saying that acting is the world's easiest way of earning a living, I do not mean to insinuate that I am a good actor. Far from it. I will never come closer to an Academy Award than the North Pole will come to the South. But, if an inexperienced, self-conscious wight like J. Fidler finds acting a *dolce far niente* profession, it seems to me that those who have talent and training should find it an absolute cinch.

To begin with, the actual minutes of work assessed from an actor each day are pitifully few. As a rule, he reports at the studio at eight-thirty (his press agent insists on seven, but even publicity men must earn a living) and lolls in a comfortable chair while a make-up artist coats his face with grease paint and powder.

During that process, he can sleep . . . or read . . . or chat . . . or listen to the voice of that singing star a few dressing rooms away. Being made up is much less grueling than submitting to a shave and a haircut.

He arrives on the set at approximately nine o'clock—and then commences the day's "toil." Actually, he works before the camera about one-fifth of the time. If he is a gregarious soul, he spends the rest of the day on the side lines, swapping jokes and stories with the rest of the cast. And I'm now of the opinion that it is that continual storytelling which makes actors complain of being overworked. Trying to top the other fellow's gag every day is a terrible strain—especially if the other fellow happens to be Pat O'Brien. During the filming of "Garden of the Moon," he must have told a thousand jokes and I went home each night with an inferiority complex and a "stitch." Great storyteller, that O'Brien! And a great business, this acting!

If an actor isn't gregarious, and doesn't want to sit on the side lines, he may go to his dressing room. And sleep. Or read. Or play solitaire. Or chart the next day's races. Or just sit and tell himself he's got an awful crust, taking so much money for the amount of energy he's expending.

Of course, it *is* trying to be paid to sit around and talk to such eyefuls as Margaret Lindsay, or Olivia de Havilland, or Rosemary Lane, or whom-would-you-prefer? Perhaps it's worth an extra thousand a week, too, to have to make love to such a swell gal as that Lindsay person. To be honest, my one objection to my first movie

(Continued on page 87)



The Berlins, the Goetzs and the LeRoys. Doris Warner LeRoy, with high score in the author's perfect hostess rating, wins by a length! There's a dark horse here—want to place a bet?

Carmen Considine, rated as "sprightliest" hostess, comes in second and replaces a once world-famous Hollywood party giver

Mrs. Harry Lachman could well be titled the Elsa Maxwell of Hollywood. Above: Director Harry Lachman, the Ralph Bellamys and the beautiful No. 3 hostess

WHO'S HOLLYWOOD'S SMARTEST HOSTESS?

With more courage than tact, but superbly fitted for the job, Photoplay's famed reporter throws caution to the wind and ranks the women he thinks are Hollywood's best at entertaining

BY CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.



A party with jolly Lucile Gleason as hostess (center, in print dress) is the all-American party supreme

RUNNERS UP

Eddie Robinson caused his wife Gladys' about-face in her entertaining



Any Countess di Frasso (above, right) party used to be a command performance



At one time Ouida Rathbone blossomed as the town's most potent party queen



Sandra Shaw Cooper has had a definite influence on Hollywood society

DORIS WARNER LEROY is Hollywood's outstanding hostess, it seems to me, for, search moviedom's blue book high and wide, you'll not find a more perfect person to fit the bill. Doris has the charm, the grace, the personality, the savoir-faire and the intelligence without any pettiness. She is the daughter of one of filmland's foremost leaders. She is married to Mervyn LeRoy, one of its ace producers, who has veritably pulled himself up by his shoestrings. She may lack experience, but her meager years have given her the background which others with more time on their hands could never obtain.

Her salon is the boast of the Coast. Her dinners are like a command performance at Buckingham Palace. Her cuisine is such that friend or foe invariably comments upon its excellence. Whether she is entertaining at her Spanish hacienda in Bel Air, or at her rambling beach house at Santa Monica, one has the feeling that here is no mere upstart with a pretty face but a charming woman with all the ease which good breeding and quick wit have been able to achieve. Besides this, Doris is as chic as any of stardom's best, and can hold her own wherever discussion leads.

Of course, I am judging from an entirely masculine point of view and there are probably many good ladies in Hollywood and elsewhere who will violently disagree with me. I have been going to Hollywood since 1919, and I think I have met most of the feminine stars who have flickered across the horizon since that time, yet there are many of them whom I might have met casually, whose thresholds I have never crossed. So perhaps, in this story, I am being a bit unfair in not discussing the entertainment ability of some of the latter. I mention this because I do not wish to make enemies of people I don't know, neither do I wish to whitewash them.

It is fun sometimes, when you think about how people go about gathering people around the festive board, to draw up a little diagram of their worth. For instance, supposing we give each candidate of Hollywood's-most-successful-hostess contest a percentage, based on a schedule along the following lines:

A—Ability to bring the right people together and avoid including those who are incongenial.

B—Talent for catering and other details involving the serving of foods and beverages.

C—Grace and originality in planning the comfort and enjoyment of guests.

D—Personal social qualities such as wit, charm, chic, tact and beauty, plus the ability to prevent these qualities from becoming a source of envy to her feminine guests.

E—That indefinable, rare and invaluable something which removes embarrassment and nervousness from any home in which a woman possessing this quality resides and which insures a sense of well-being to all guests in her home, at all times.

These five classifications have been chosen very arbitrarily, and I daresay readers can better them, adding subtleties which escape me for the moment. To this list then, let's give 20% to each classification.

I would therefore rate Doris LeRoy as follows: A—18%; B—20%; C—17%; D—18%; E—20%. Total: 93%.

I well remember a hastily gotten together party at her Bel Air mansion one evening. There had been servant trouble just before the event took place. Although guests who entered the labyrinth of rooms realized that the servants looked like "movie servants," Doris carried on just as my mother would have done had something gone wrong below stairs on the night of a Fifth Avenue ball.

Actually *what* did go wrong, none of us knew! Doris was too much a young woman of the world to explain! Nor did we know that at least one or two of the guests present had turned up on the wrong night.

Men have a way of committing that faux pas, but women seldom do it unless there is a motive for it. Once I saw this happen at the White House in Washington during Warren G. Harding's tenure of office. Mrs. Warren Harding simply snubbed the guests who had mistaken the evening. Doris was a bit distraught, but quickly ordered a couple of extra seats added, and no mention of the incident was made by anyone during the entire evening.

(Continued on page 86)



She blushes easily

Victoria...

BY DOROTHY SPENSLEY

SHE'S Victorian—with variations. Victorianism implies fastidiousness. Her mind has that. Toward dress she is indifferent, preferring simple practical garments, buying a dinner dress for "line," spurning corsages because they destroy that line. She blushes easily. Flames red as a peony if her name is linked with that of a male: John Howard, Brian Aherne, David Niven, Billie Bakewell. Her name, of course, is Olivia de Havilland.

Her most recent histrionic offering: *Maid Marian* in Warner Brothers' super-colossal Technicolor $1,600,000 film, "The Adventures of Robin Hood." She is now, after six weeks spent in the English countryside with her mother and *not* Lord Michelham (as romantically rumored), fast at work on a musicomedy with Mr. Richard Ewing Powell. It will be called "For Lovers Only."

Now *Maid* Olivia is perhaps as complex a piece of acting mechanism as the Brothers Warner have under contract. And they probably don't know it. They regard her as a commendable actress, worthy of stardom, who surprised them with her comedy talent in "Call It a Day." Before that, starting with Dr. Max Reinhardt's "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Miss de Havilland, now twenty-two, well curved, more than pleasing to the eye, had performed as a traditional ingénue. What they have, too, in *Maid* Olivia, is a tragedienne whose Medea-like (see the painting by Sichel) expressions can be almost frightening.

It's not an indictment of Hollywood or of a great industry. It's an error of birth. Olivia was born too late. Or maybe too early. The pendulum of good manners and decorous conduct swings back and forth.

"I'm not Victorian," she pooh-poohs. "I say 'heck' five times more a day than I ever did before."

But her fastidiousness, the exquisite quality that registers on the screen, goes deeper than her speech. Olivia, despite her frankness, is a lady. She'll never be able to live it down.

Besides this, discussion of the facts of life was omitted in the childhood of Olivia Mary. She grew up in blissful ignorance: patched together a picture of Life from books. Then, as today, Olivia read all the books she could lay



She's introspective

She climbs fences

She's fastidious

. . . WITH VARIATIONS

She's had a head-on collision with life. Her illusions are shattered. She's known love. She's Olivia de Havilland—Warners' new star

hands on. She pushed through "Ivanhoe," wondering why a "Bartender" (her interpretation of the title of Sir Walter Scott, Bard) could write so ably. Misinterpreting other phenomena, she created a pretty distorted version of existence on this spinning globe. No wonder a head-on collision with life in Hollywood shattered her pretty illusions.

OLIVIA is a product of Tokio; undoubtedly one of the few Japanese products upon which there will never be a boycott. Her father, a patent attorney in the Orient, is an Englishman from Guernsey. Her mother, Mrs. Lillian Fontaine, is a native of Berkshire, England. When she (Olivia) was two and one-half, she sailed, with her mother and sister, through the Golden Gate and called San Francisco her home until the fogs made further residence there impractical for her.

The three womenfolk—father remained in the Orient—moved South down the Monterey Peninsula. The town Mrs. Fontaine chose to live in was Saratoga—population eight hundred. It had climate and scenery. No race horses.

Sensitive and introspective, Olivia was finally sent to Notre Dame Convent at Belmont on the Bay. There the good Sisters instilled piety into an already pious mind; made her write, one hundred times: *I will in the future be modest, and I will not again display my bloomers while playing basketball.*

"Another time I hid a salt cellar from the table in those same bloomers and carried it to the Grotto of Our Mary," said Olivia Mary. "I had some vague idea of expiating a sin by ridding the Grotto of snails, and there were plenty of snails! Salt is supposed to do the trick, and I sprinkled salt vigorously, feeling very virtuous."

The sequel to this episode remains lost; the grain of Olivia's sensitive character is revealed.

FOUR short years ago saw the beginning of Olivia's theatrical career. Saratoga decided to give its version of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," under the hand of Dorothea Johnston. The eldest daughter of Mrs. Fontaine was chosen to play *Puck*. It was the first sign of theatrical talent in the family, unless you can count Mrs. Fontaine's excursion into amateur performances in Tokio's English colony. Olivia did not know what her spirited performance was to do for her. You see, one of Dr. Reinhardt's assistants "caught" the show.

Drunk with art, Olivia asked to be allowed to watch Dr. Reinhardt direct his Hollywood Bowl version of the same play. Assent was given; in fact, a part in the production was offered to her. She played *Hermia*. She played *Hermia* again in the film version—and found herself with a Warner contract.

Half the time she is doubtful whether she really welcomes the sudden fame; whether she has the necessary ego that an actress needs. In sudden passion she exclaims:

"I get so bored with myself. It's always *myself* that I have to think about. Whether *I* will photograph well with this make-up, or look right in this dress, or whether my eyes will show up like holes in a blanket because *I* could not sleep the night before. That's the trouble with having deep-set eyes with high cheekbones, like these. You have to be so careful with make-up. It isn't *normal* to concentrate so much on yourself. And yet you can't help yourself. It's your business.

"Before long you find yourself dramatizing the breaking of your breakfast egg shell. Manufacturing dialogue where none needs to be manufactured. Creating situations that don't exist. You are a mess! You hate yourself and all the silly stupid make-believe. Sometimes I get so tired of it that I'd like to toss everything up and go away. I have blue moods that turn into black morasses. You can see that I take myself far too seriously. Schooling would have helped me there, taught me the easy way to meet these situations. As it is, I must learn by hard experience."

MAYBE Olivia thinks she's a problem to herself, but you should see the way others worry about her — especially those males who have worked opposite her. Two of them, Basil Rathbone and Brian Aherne, began (in jest) and have continued (in earnest) a Club-for-the-Protection-of-Olivia de Havilland — it being their contention that until Olivia meets exactly the right man (you can submit your qualifications but there's not the fraction of a chance you'll be accepted) it's their job to prevent any romantic attachments which might end in unhappiness for their ward.

Several others, in complete sympathy with the Rathbone-Aherne principle of "no-mistakes-for-Olivia" are yet hoping for a big, reverberating romance. They worry because Olivia has yet to elope to Yuma; marry; divorce; or become involved in an alienation action. For a girl who was twenty-two July first, and with all of Olivia's charms, it is more than high time *(Continued on page 90)*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GALBRAITH



Barb came right over to console me. She thought the best thing for me to do was to be stand-offish, and he'd come around. I wonder!

Sincerely yours

Youth—1938 version—goes steppin' high, wide and hilariously in this first chapter in the autobiography of an autograph hound who feels like Gail Patrick, looks like Deanna Durbin and carries the torch for all Hollywood

MANUSCRIPT FOUND

IN A PERFUME BOTTLE—

BY LILLIAN DAY

SATURDAY night Barbara and I are goin' steppin'. We are going to pretend that she and Frank are Joan and Clark, and that Henry and I are Myrna and William. We are not going to mention this to the boys, of course. Henry is tall but hasn't a moustache although he has been doing his best. He is four months my senior. He is infantile in many ways although having a top hat, and is in love with me. But he is just a phase through which I am passing until someone better comes along and I told him so.

Frank is the new-face-new-fancy type and I have warned Barb against this ilk. One of these days he will make passes.

Barbara is my No. 1 girl friend. We were attracted to each other instantaneously in Jr. High when I borrowed her Roman History and under the diagram of the Forum I found that she loved Robert Taylor and he hated her:

ROBERT TAYLOR — Hate
BARBARA DREW — Love

I felt sorry for her as he was also my grand pash, and I knew how she must feel to have him hate her while he wants to marry me. Mine works out:

JANE LYONS — Love
ROBERT TAYLOR — Marriage

That was last year when we were very naïve. Now we don't fall for mere handsomeness and s.a. Gee, what a fool I was at 14!

Now Barb's g.p. is Joan Crawford while I'm carrying the torch for the ONE AND ONLY. I saw her four times in "Of Human Bondage" and six times in "Petrified Forest" and three times so far in "Jezebel." Barb saw "Mannequin" twelve times which I think is exaggerated, but Barb always goes to extremities.

I have decided to change my middle name again as I don't think Greta suits my personality. I think names are very significant and apt to influence one's numerology. Pops says it's bunk but he is intolerant of anything that disagrees with him. It's a choice between Carole and Claudette.

JANE CAROLE LYONS
JANE CLAUDETTE LYONS

Have to have a conference with Barb. Of course, I would take Bette without question if I were sure how to pronounce it, but to mispronounce one's own name would be a *faux pas.*

I have also decided to change my type. Barb says it's a misfortune that I'm the demure type. At heart I think I'm really slinky, but you can't be slinky if you're only five feet and seven-eighths of an inch at best. Pops says I'll grow which is his way of being sarcastic. I have to fight with Mops for every inch of heel. She says I'll ruin my feet; also that I have plenty of time to wear black, so we compromised on a black dress with a white collar *à la* Bergner. It's very mortifying to feel like Gail Patrick and look like Deanna Durbin and it gives rise to all sorts of inner conflicts and I think maybe I ought to be psychoanalyzed.

ONE of my hobbies has been writing letters. I have written thousands of letters in my young life and received several answers. So far this week I have written six to HER and two to the studio for photos. If I keep it up she's bound to notice me, and even if she never does I have the satisfaction of knowing how *I* feel. Barb doesn't write such good letters having more of a scientific mind because she has majored in



I assumed an air of sang froid. "Good evening, Mr. March," I said in a pleasant but not gushy voice

Bio., so I write her letters too, being more literary. It takes a lot of time and my school work sometimes interferes.

When we lived in Dorchester I had to conduct all my affairs by correspondence, but since we moved to New York I have become a fan in person. If I could only get Pops to give up his law practice and move to Hollywood for his health, life would simplify itself.

At any rate, it is thrilling to live in N. Y. and adventures are always happening to me that I never would have dreamed of in Dorchester, like the time I walked down Fifth Avenue from 52nd to 49th with Greta Garbo, only a step behind her. Sometimes I say to myself, "Is this really me?" And it is.

Last Sat. was my birthday. It was a significant day, on acc't of I left adolescence behind. Wangled this typewriter from Pops as a surprise. Also got charm for bracelet from Henry, bath salts from Nancy (so she can use them herself, we sharing one bathroom which I hope won't be for long), three boxes of chocolates and some practically invisible stockings; also "Gone with the Wind" and a new autograph album from Barb because mine will be used up in a few weeks if my luck holds out. I hinted like anything for rhinestone hair clips, but it didn't take.

The pater has been asking questions about Sat. night. I don't impose my morals on him, although he could stand a few. I told him that Barb's older cousin is chaperoning us with her *fiance*. It wasn't a lie because Marjorie is going on eighteen and practically engaged to a man who actually *is* eighteen. Marjorie is a frosh at Barnard and studying to be a dramatic critic. She has met Frances Farmer and Peggy Wood and spoken to Leslie Howard, although he didn't answer. She goes in for the Drama and turns up her nose at the Cinema, but Barb and I think that art is in a transitional stage and who knows whither we are drifting?

Marj. has a wonderful collection, including forty photos of Leslie Howard, a button from Nelson Eddy's vest, and one of Ilka Chase's facial tissues with her very lipstick on it, which she got out of the ash can in the alley next to the theater. She promised to let me view her collection. She belongs to all the important clubs like the Twentieth Century and the Stage Door and she knows the doormen at Sardi's and the Algonquin in person and they give her a break whenever she shows up.

All Barb has to do is express a wish and her parents anticipate it. She has her own radio, her father understanding that a person can concentrate better on her lessons with one ear on whacky. She also has her own phone in her room.

Mother has been monopolizing the phone for an hour and heaven knows who has been trying to get me. Also it is very humiliating for a young lady in her middle teens to have to punch a time clock when conversing.

My parents are Problem Parents. They need handling.

Hope to heaven it doesn't rain Saturday. I'm going to have my nails done red no matter who says what. I smell chocolate.

. . . . . .

IT is 2 a. m. but I simply have to write down everything at once because it was *terrific* and I'm too excited to sleep. I can see myself in the mirror as I write and I remind myself of Carole Lombard in "True Confession" except that I have kicked off my slippers because they hurt.

Well, to begin at the beginning:

While I was in the tub Nancy kept annoying

(Continued on page 72)

ROUNDUP OF CHILDREN



He's a 2B-er in school, but even the grown-ups have to step lively to get ahead of Master Billy Lee



Virginia Weidler has a mind of her own when it comes to furbelows—and other things

Her bedtime is nine o'clock, yet Marcia Mae Jones is a true teenster sophisticate

One of Photoplay's top-notch writers tracks down and exposes the Hollywood kiddies who often break into the limelight but rarely into print

BY SARA HAMILTON

CHILDREN of the movies! What are they like? Well, let's take them one by one (and you'll find them, I feel sure, a group of normal boys and girls). Each as individual and each as different as the stars in heaven. And so—

BILLY LEE: AGE SEVEN

THERE'S a red button on the top of his skull cap. "It's my taillight," Billy Lee explains. "I don't want anything to run into me."

His hair, too long for comfort, hangs over one brown eye with a most alarming droop. His brown eyes live and speak and radiate the spark of something rare within. Like Shirley Temple, Billy is one of those "beyond me" children.

Of plain but honest people, Billy oozes that rare quality of to-the-manner-born, leaping to retrieve one's fallen glove, while little Papa, not much bigger than Billy, stands in the doorway and wonders and wonders and wonders.

He should!

Under contract to Paramount, Billy attends school on the lot. "I call myself a 3 A-er," he says. He's probably a good 2 B-er if the truth were told. But in his heart Billy knows he's a 3 A-er and then some in intelligence.

So what the heck, we both agreed.

A year ago his dancing teacher recognized the unusualness of her pupil and took him over to Sol Lesser's studio. Billy was the lad the audiences cheered in Bobby Breen's picture, "Make a Wish." His present film is "Cocoanut Grove"—he astonished Fats Waller into a dark-brown coma by beating a perfect set of drums after three short lessons.

Fred MacMurray can't get over him. He's that kind of child. Billy I mean, not Freddie. He wears short pants (again B., not F.) and likes to fish with a bent pin.

His brothers and sisters are all grown and all married but one. He'll get up and do a time step at the drop of anyone's hat. And fair, too.

Billy is exactly (or "pretty near exactly") forty-eight inches tall and weighs fifty-nine pounds. He has big ears and some of his second teeth. Is an actor born and is rather indefinite about his future plans.

Paramount plans bigger and better things for Billy. So watch out if you want to miss him. It may prove difficult.

He goes to Sunday School over at Angelus



Edith Fellows, age thirteen, is a movie veteran in bobby socks



"Dead End" Bobby Jordan may be a terror to his public, but the real lowdown is that he's as tough as skimmed milk

She's been tagged the "Brat" of the movies, but in the privacy of her home Bonita Granville answers to the moniker of "Bunny"



George Ernest of "The Jones Family" is different. He won't be an actor when he grows up

Temple and, doggone it, always means to say his prayers at night and usually does get as far as the "If I should die" part when he pops off to sleep.

In the doorway some writer paused a moment to call out some nonsense in which Billy joined in. It went:

"Sitting on a dog looking for a flea
One jumped to the left
One jumped to the right
But the one that was best flew on Billy's back."

The writer guffawed and passed on.

"What's all this?" we asked.

"Oh, I don't know," Billy shrugged. "He always says it when he sees me. I think he thinks I'm having fun."

And now you know.

VIRGINIA WEIDLER: "MAKE IT TEN"

TO those of you who have wondered about Hepburn or Maggie Sullavan or any other minds-of-their-own young ladies as children, ponder over it no longer. Step up, instead, and meet Virginia Weidler — hazel-eyed, honest-souled, straight-from-the-shoulder child of movies.

"How old are you, Virginia?" we asked in beginning.

"Make it ten," came the noncommittal answer. "Studio reasons," she added. "Always chopping off a year."

A new PHOTOPLAY, grabbed on her way into my office, lay spread out before her. "Sorry," we chided. "Fascinating as we admit the magazine to be, you'll have to lay it aside for the interview."

"Hmm," came the answer, "soon as I read this." Virginia was deep in the "Who's Going with Whom" column.

With all the prissiness left over from old school-teacher days, we reached over and laid PHOTOPLAY to one side.

"Now pay attention."

She rose and leaned over the desk and looked at us. Just looked. A round-eyed well-go-on look that left us wondering how to get Virginia back into the "Who's Going with Whom" business as fast as possible.

"Like to read?" we hurriedly asked to hide our confusion.

"Yes."

"What?"

"Make it books." Virginia's small brown hand was already creeping slowly along the desk to the forbidden PHOTOPLAY. We knew when we were licked and said nothing. Except—

"What are you studying in school?"

"Oh, history."

"What kind?"

"Oh, American."

"What part of American history?"

"Oh, make it Queen Victoria. Just plain old American history." The magazine, which had been gathered to her inch by inch, now lay before her unopened, and well we knew any minute Virginia would be lost in the wonders of Ty Power's romance with Janet Gaynor. So, with breathless haste, we asked and received this information. Virginia will tolerate no curls, no ruffles, no furbelows. She selects her own straight, plain little frocks. Her mother and clerks merely stand in a huddle and wait while Virginia prowls among the goods, finally returning with something in blue print with a plain linen collar.

She says "Yeah" for yes and never smiles just to smile.

Virginia began her movie career at four in a picture called "After Tonight" because she could speak French. She's forgotten how now. Her latest climatic work is in "Men with Wings."

She has two chicken-pox marks above her right eyebrow, sixty-two freckles across her perfect little nose and six owls in her attic. She doesn't give a hang about any of them, the owls included. Except, she explains, they make a racket "Woo-wooing" around. She doesn't know how the birds got there.

She'd rather take roping lessons any day in the week than music *(Continued on page 70)*

PORTRAIT...



in Bordeaux Red



The Americanizing of Danielle is complete. She adores sodas, and left for Paris with trunkfuls of American-made clothes

Introducing French Danielle ("I can took it") Darrieux, who can't make crêpes Suzette, but who can make marriage rhyme with success

BY JOSEPH HENRY STEELE

HER hair will be red when she returns to Hollywood in the fall.

She likes hot dogs.

She hates French cigarettes.

She believes the most important rule for happiness in marriage is that husband and wife always stay together. She has never dieted.

Her name is Danielle Darrieux.

She weighs one hundred and twelve pounds and thinks the newest hat styles are ridiculous.

She plans to retire from the screen in five years and have a baby. Her eyes are green.

Her pet nickname for her husband is "Ma Bougie," which is French for "My Candle."

She would have changed nothing if she had life to live over again. She likes highly seasoned foods and enjoys being a celebrity.

She thinks the most interesting streets in the world are the Rue de la Paix in Paris, New York's Broadway and Berlin's Frederickstrasse. She learned to play the cello as a little girl. Her mother was born in Algiers.

She refuses to go up in a plane and her happiest memory is her wedding day.

She eats "like a horse," and often gets moody and depressed. She cannot eat acid fruits.

Her cameraman, Joe Valentine, considers her photogenically perfect. She is allergic to cats. They give her hay fever.

She thinks American pictures have had a decided influence on the life of French youth. She scrubs her teeth three times a day.

Her name is pronounced Dan-yell Dar-ee-yeuh. She is married.

She is extremely fond of red Bordeaux wine, and she prefers wearing mannish suits. She has an abiding trust in human nature which makes her easily deceived by people.

She studies dialogue with an uncanny photographic rapidity. She possesses fifty-eight pairs of shoes, and periodically gets headaches.

She seldom drinks milk, and she never keeps her husband waiting. She thinks the modern emancipation of women has definitely made them happier. She is very fond of oysters.

Off the screen she wears only powder and lipstick on her face. She is utterly lacking in pretensions.

She hates being alone.

She is too nervous to drive.

She loves to eat chocolate, and she thinks American pictures are too lacking in courage and substance.

She does not like avocados, and does not believe in matrimonial vacations. She believes in astrology.

She invariably whistles or hums when alone. She has never ridden a horse, and she thinks surrealism is not art.

She likes to have breakfast in bed. Her love of life is her dominant characteristic. She never

(Continued on page 91)

THE *Camera* SPEAKS



Small-town girl with a sense of humor and the knack of being herself—Myrna Loy at "Too Hot to Handle." As M-G-M's competent actress, she has the homage of the great Gable; as Mrs. Arthur Hornblow, Jr., a happiness envied by maids—and men—everywhere

Photograph by Carpenter

ON THIS AND THE FOLLOWING PAGES PHOTOPLAY BRINGS YOU HOLLYWOOD AT ITS PICTORIAL BEST . . . . . .







Candids CAN BE BEAUTIFUL

1 "Use a full light on a rather thin face," says Hymie. Thus he snapped Ilona Massey at the Troc, highlighted her smile; let Vic Orsatti take care of himself: "Men are secondary problems"

2 "Do not shoot a woman talking. Wait until she is listening to someone . . . A moving mouth is pretty bad." This was the rule Fink followed in this candid of Loretta Young at the Troc

3 "If your prospective victim has a pretty hat, a new hairdress or nice gown, show up those features; the rest of the picture will take care of itself. "Victim" here is Jane Hamilton

4 This idea worked, too, in the case of Sigrid Gurie, snapped in a trick new bonnet. Her nose is inclined to be long; so Hyman shot his flash a little low, straight on, to shorten it

5 "If a woman has a beautiful profile, why lose it?" Thus reasoned Mr. Fink when he caught Anita Louise in the prosaic act of buttering bread—and proceeded to snap this poetic candid

6 The exception that proves the rule about the moving mouth—this picture of Deanna Durbin singing on the radio, one of the best Fink candids. But then, it's Deanna's business to sing!

7 The Fink technique of highlighting the best feature showed up to excellent advantage in this snap of Lana Turner with hair piled high. Now, who dares to say candids can't be beautiful?

The "watch the birdie" school of snapshots is out, and, with these exclusive off-guard pictures, Photoplay's Hyman Fink proves that the candid trend is in—with a flash! Knowing that to most people a "candid" is a picture of a subject at his "darnawfullest," he offers these two pages as proof that any candid can be as attractive as a posed photograph. "Impossible!" you say—well, wait until you read Fink's secrets (above)



3



4







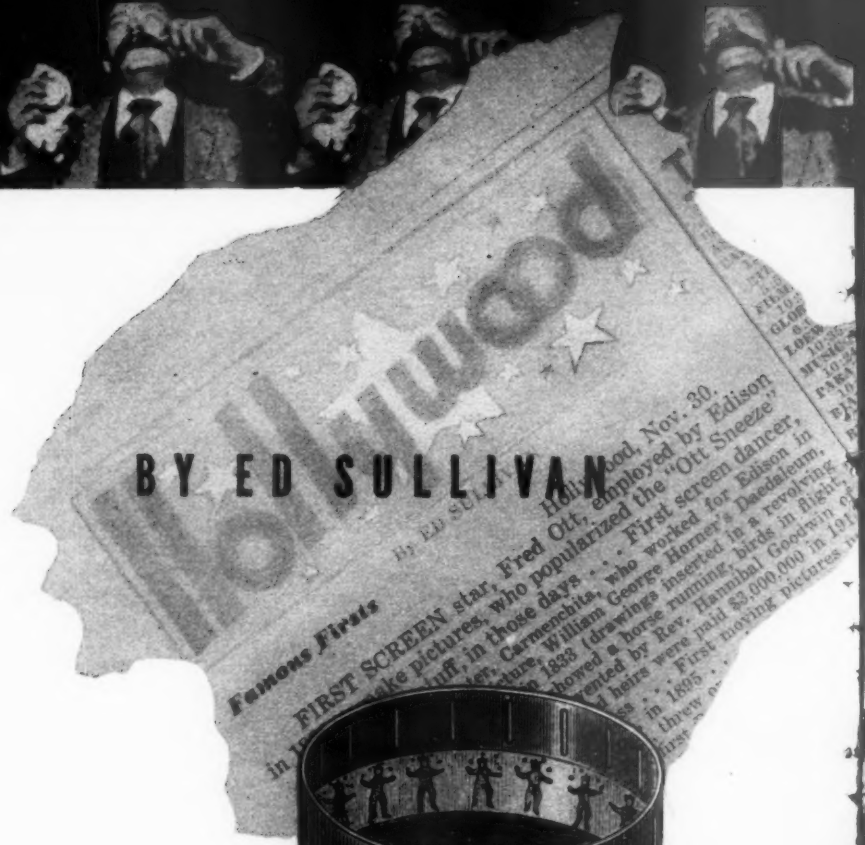
Museum of Modern Art Film Library

First screen star, Fred Ott, employed by Edison in 1888 to make pictures, who popularized the "Ott Sneeze" . . . It was hot stuff, in those days . . .

FAMOUS FIRSTS...

BY ED SULLIVAN

From sneezes to mice, Photoplay traces the fascinating history of the movies in a brand-new pictorial feature based on the writings of a noted columnist





Museum of Modern Art Film Library

First motion picture, William George Horner's Daedaleum, or Wheel of Life, invented in 1833 (drawings inserted in a revolving hollow of cardboard cylinder) . . .

First Vitaphone sound picture, in 1926 (the musical accompaniment to John Barrymore's "Don Juan," and a supporting program of Elman, Martinelli and Case) . . .



First moving picture made in Los Angeles, "The Count of Monte Cristo," made in 1907 by Person, Boggs and Selig in 1,000 feet . . .

First screen actors to gain national attention, Bronco Billy Anderson and J. Barney Sherry



Ed Sullivan's column appears in the New York Daily News, the Chicago Tribune and other leading newspapers throughout the country



First screen star to get heavy dough, Mary Pickford (in 1914 . . . $104,000 a year; in 1916 . . . a contract for $10,000 a week for two years, plus 50 percent of net profits and bonus of $300,000) . . .

Museum of Modern Art Film Library

First moving pictures projected on screen, at Lyons, France, in 1895 . . . Auguste and Louis Lumiere, with their cinematographs, threw on the screen a film of Auguste's family lunching . . .



First feature-length talking picture, Warners' "The Jazz Singer," opening at New York Oct. 23, 1927 (it cost $450,000 and grossed $6,500,000) . . .



First screen dancer, the Spanish torso-twister, Carmencita, who worked for Edison in 1895 . . .



First famed screen team, John Bunny and Flora Finch (today it's Myrna Loy and Bill Powell) . . .

First foreign star hired for pictures, Sarah Bernhardt by Adolph Zukor . . . Her "Queen Elizabeth" was released July 12, 1912, and Lou Tellegen played opposite her, but was killed in Reel 3 . . .



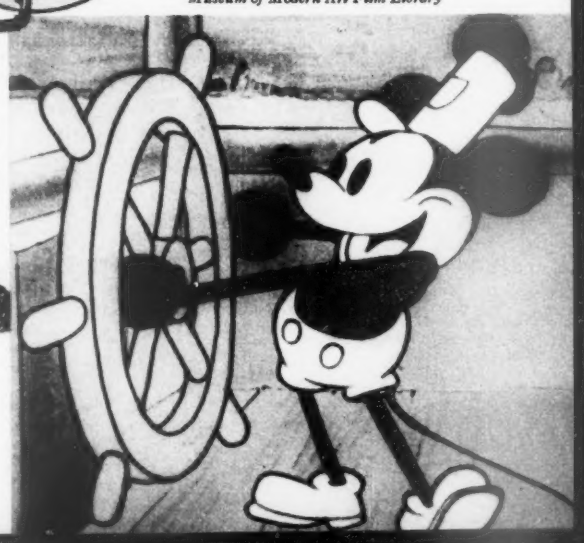


Museum of Modern Art Film Library

First animated cartoon, Peter Mark Roget's Phenakistescope in 1826 . . .

First animated cartoon with sound, Walt Disney's "Steamboat Willie," shown at the Colony Theatre, N. Y., Sept. 19, 1928 . . .

Museum of Modern Art Film Library





SON OF NEBRASKA

Photograph by William Walling

Graduate with honors from stock and Broadway is Henry Fonda, now exploiting further his stage experience in Paramount's "Spawn of the North." Born in Omaha, he wanted to be, successively, a cop, a cowboy, a streetcar conductor; went to town instead as a young Thespian. Pal of Jimmy Stewart, husband of socialite Frances Brokaw, father of a six-months-old "apple of his eye" daughter, he shines privately as a poker player par excellence

Daughter of France



IDIOTS' D





This is the way the party starts: Anita (left) goes to the phone—fine, the whole gang can come. Top: Jane Bryan, Phil Kellogg and Anita huddle over the slogans which their team will work out



Jimmy Ellison is the first martyr—in more ways than one. He has to lie down and "die" for this slogan. Left: Phil has just guessed "died" instead of the necessary "death," so Jimmy motions him forward with his hands, indicating that Phil is "getting warm." If the guess had been a far-away one, Jimmy would have hinted to Phil by a backward hand motion. "Where" oh where—this one takes a frantic expression (left, bottom) plus a frantic effort (right, bottom) to enact "sting"—which leaves Don Terry, Anita, Gertrude Durkin, Jane and Phil in a state of suppressed emotion







Come one! Come all! To a nit-

wit party at Anita Louise's—

DELIGHT

Most popular in the current rage of Hollywood parlor games is "Indications," illustrated here by Anita Louise's gang who invited PHOTOPLAY'S Hyman Fink to referee. Read the rules below, and then try this game on your own living-room rug.

The game may be played by any number. Two Captains choose sides; then write familiar quotations, slogans or sayings on uniform slips of paper. The Captains exchange the slips and pass on one to each member of their teams. The first player takes the floor, indicates the number of words in the slogan that he is about to enact by holding up that many fingers.

Then he starts to enact the saying, word by word, in pantomime. As he goes through the different motions, he holds up one, two, three, etc., fingers, thus indicating whether it is the first, second, third word, etc., which he is then enacting. The object is to enact the saying clearly enough to expedite the solution by his own team. As soon as a teammate guesses a word, the player places his finger on his nose. Players on either side alternate in taking the floor and a timekeeper scores them. Enactments are limited to exactly three minutes. Winners are determined by comparing the total amount of time consumed.





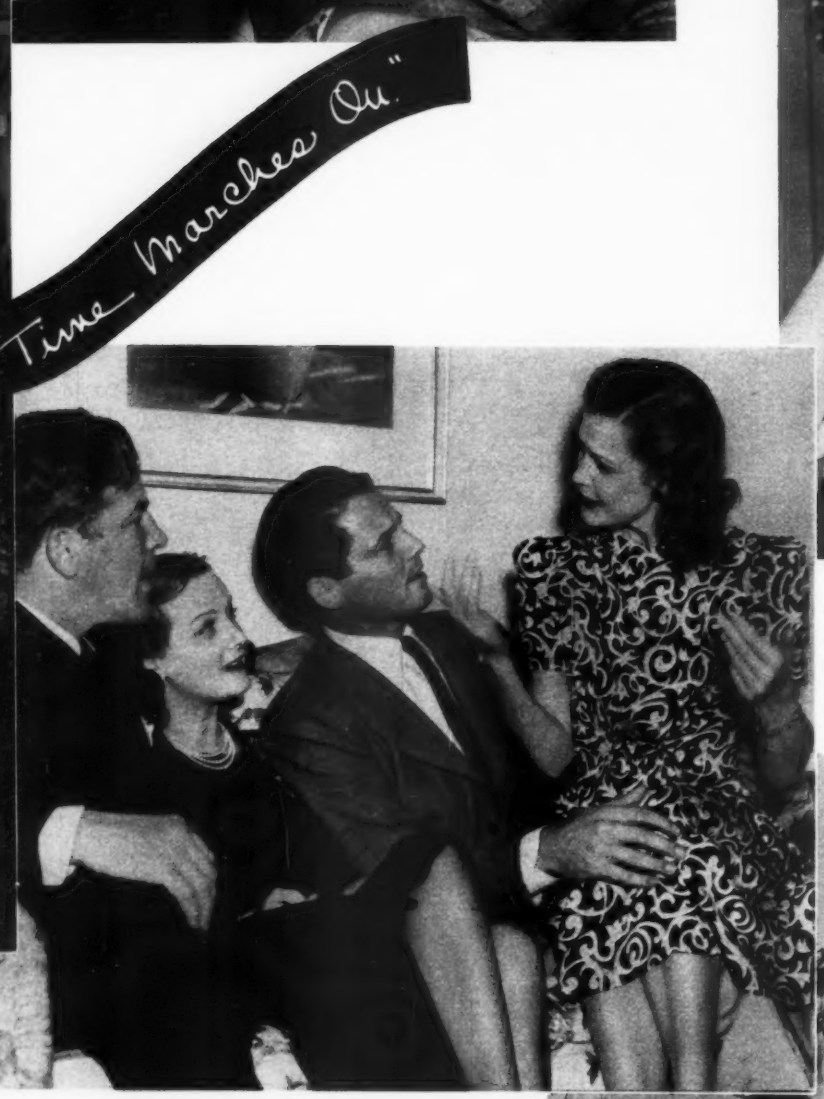


Now it's Jane Bryan's turn, and she does her slogan up brown. To put over the first word, she does a "merry" jig (top); and then (this was the best yet), she bleats like a "lamb." And everywhere that Mary went: so Jane "goes" (at the left) in this one—with a vengeance

(Continued on next page)











Here's Gertrude Durkin's cute little act. She has a tough one. But leave it to Gertie. First she has a "bird in the hand." The "bush" stumped her—but then, by a coy finger motion, she has "two in the bush." Voila!



The hostess takes the floor. Top: she's pointing at a tiny watch — h-m-m, must mean "time." Now she's "march"ing—and what's this? Anita is sitting "on" Jimmy's lap. Ah, now we have it! But Anita's just too clever—Don Terry, Gertie and Jimmy don't get it at all!

And now the evening is ended in style (Well, it all depends on your point of view!) by the hostess. Get it? Just Anita doing a most effective rasp"berry" for the Grand Finale



DICK POWELL

—otherwise known as "Powie." Possessed of a voice that led to Warners' stardom; a wife by the noted name of Joan Blondell; a grin that in "For Lovers Only" will



WHOSE SHOES?

1

2

3

5

6



IF THE SHOE FITS, WHO WEARS IT ---

It takes headwork to figure out this footwork, but all the owners of the shoes below can be found above. Try matching them; then see page 88



Twelve Years Later —

THE STRANGE RETURN OF AN IDOL



Above: a study of Valentino that explains in itself his romantic appeal to all women. Insert: at the time of his arrival in America: Rudolph Guglielmi, destined to be a failure as a gardener, a favorite as a professional dancer, and, with the new name of Valentino, a film lover extraordinaire. Bottom, left to right: the house in Castellenata, Italy, where he was born of an Italian father and a French mother; a scene from "The Sheik," starring a caveman conquest of Agnes Ayres; with Nazimova on the "Camille" set, where he was to meet his wife, dancer Natacha Rambova









Far left: "The Young Rajah." Left: with Agnes Ayres. Below: meeting Will Hayes with Bebe Daniels. Bottom: with wife Natacha Rambova he toured Europe, had his clothes torn by hysterical females. Divorced from her in 1926, the great lover died unmarried, while millions of women wept. Now, in over 5000 theaters, The Sheik rides again in a stirring revival of the great Rudolph Valentino saga



Today, in American motion-picture theaters, an unprecedented phenomenon is occurring: a star, whose death in 1926 was a major tragedy to film fans, is returning to the screen as a rival of the Gables and Taylors of 1938. He is Rudolph Valentino, and people are standing in line at the box office to see him in "The Son of the Sheik." After two lean "O. Henry" years as a Hollywood nobody, he was cast as Julio in "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," displayed the "gypsy charm," the "subtle grace" and the profile that made him headman among the matinee idols. The dream lover of women all over the world, he wrung sighs of envy from female hearts by "The Sheik" and "Monsieur Beaucaire." Marking the exhibitors' modern revival, Photoplay offers, from its secret files, these exclusive pictures of Rudolph Valentino

















Second in the new era of bigger and better pictures for Taylor is M-G-M's "The Crowd Roars," in which Bob turns prize fighter and Maureen O'Sullivan serves as a charming fistic mentor. The campaign, started with the number three box-office star as a crack runner in "A Yank at Oxford," continues, after this pugilistic stopover, with a hockey-player rôle in "Hands Across the Border," will reach a stalwart climax in "Northwest Passage," with Bob as an Indian fighter. "Killer McCoy," of "The Crowd Roars," is most certainly on his way to town!

CUPID PUTS ON THE GLOVES

Cal York's





A thrill for the horsey set! Clark's favorite steed won first honors at the Northridge show and La Lombard (left) was as pleased as Gable himself. Still loyal to the memory of Jean Harlow, Bill Powell (above) made news recently when he appeared at the Ice Palace with Alyce Mills Davey. Remember her in the old silents?

GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

Mix a jigger of love with one of romance, add a dram of marriage and a dash of divorce for this sparkling cocktail of Hollywood life

A Worried Rhett and Scarlett

WITH the announcement of Clark Gable as *Rhett Butler* and Norma Shearer as *Scarlett* in "Gone With The Wind," Clark and Norma, far from happy, are wearing two worried frowns on their personable faces.

Gable is anxious to know these things:

"Will I be the *Rhett Butler* of the fans' dreams? If I please the North, will the South be happy over the choice? Will I interpret each scene, each move, as the millions of readers have pictured it in their minds and hearts?

"Will I fail in this, my heaviest assignment to date? Frankly, I don't see how any actor can win with this rôle and I'm uneasy."

Shearer asks this of her close friends:

"Will I be hated by fans if I put all the shallowness of *Scarlett* into the rôle? Can they forgive me if I don't? Will this rôle have a lasting influence on my career? Will the public realize it's only play-acting, or has *Scarlett* become a living, breathing human to them—one I'm now about to become?"

So, on the eve of one of their greatest cinematic ventures, we find these two fine artists worried, anxious, concerned. Who says Hollywood takes its movies lightly?

Those Two Eligible Bachelors

LEAVE it to Tyrone Power to think up the perfect vacation. He gets two months, after "Jesse James" is finished, and will fly to South America—alone—just to lazy around in the tropics, hemisphere of his favorite Daiquiri and of good-looking babes. This, if you have an ear to romantic happenings, may remind you that the gossip of a break between him and Janet Gaynor is still hot; and that for one of a couple to take a long trip is a good way to end a love story.

Anyway, his romance with Sonja Henie died when she went to Norway, and the Wayne Morris-Priscilla Lane thing busted up temporarily in the same manner. So, who can say what will happen?

Speaking of "Jesse James"—we've also heard Arleen Whelan will probably be cast opposite Tyrone in it.

That would be a terrific break for her, after the badly constructed part she had in her first picture. Besides, she's a perfect subject for the Technicolor camera.

Mention of Arleen reminds us of her true love, Richard Greene, who says out loud that the reason he seems to have his feet so firmly on the ground, despite his sudden Hollywood success, is because he had an earache. The studio said it was tonsilitis, but it was earache and bad enough to keep him under for a long time. During the inactivity he did a lot of thinking, high-powered philosophizing and what not, and emerged from the cotton-and-hot-oil stage with a pretty good perspective on things in general, his own life in particular.

Hollywood Speaks Its Mind

Barbara Stanwyck:

Stories just aren't written for women in Hollywood. Great men's stories—"Suez," "Test Pilot," "Zola"—are constantly being produced. But, outside of "Madame Curie," show me a great woman's story.

Cesar Romero:

I sincerely hope there is something to this cycle of threes. Maybe my next step in pictures will land me the kind of part I want—that of a dancer. I was a professional dancer before I came to Hollywood, so what do movies make me? First a villain, then a comedian—and, who knows—the third jump may be it.



Love me, love my dachshund seems to be Sonja Henie's policy with her beaux; but, like all true Englishmen, Michael Brooke shares her ardor for canines



A gala night for visiting Shriners—the Allan Jones (top), Jane Withers and Gloria Stuart (above) rode with them



Even Dorothy Lamour climbed out of a sarong into ermine while Martha Raye donned her best bib and tucker for the parade that out-Hollywooded Hollywood

Phyllis Brooks:

The only way two people can be happy in Hollywood is to rise above its petty gossip and ignore the barbs.

Cary Grant:

I don't care how ugly they make me in pictures if they just let me play a part with some character and substance.

George Brent:

The only way to lick this inferior rôle bugaboo is to keep plugging along hoping for at least one good picture out of three.

Leo Carrillo:

My fondest memory is Will Rogers' last remark to me. Bill said, "Well, Leo, we're kinda' odd birds in Hollywood. We both have the same girl we started out with thirty-five years ago."

Fay Bainter:

I'm excited about Hollywood and all the people in it. But I'll be more excited when my son gets away from school to visit me.

Conversation Between Mother and Son

BARBARA STANWYCK sat in the front row of the first-grade schoolroom and beamed at her son. He stood on the platform, sturdy, tow-headed six-year-old, reciting his little piece in French.

"What was it about, Dion?" Barbara asked later.

"Oh, it's a little silly. If you can't understand French, I can't tell you."

"But I always tell you the meaning of words when you ask me."

Dion considered this a moment. "Well, all right, I'll tell you, but, Mummy, I do think if I'm learning French, you should keep up with me."

"Yes, yes, that's true, dear," said one of Hollywood's greatest stars. "Quite true, and Mummy will always try to keep up. To keep up to her son Dion."

Only once did Barbara take Dion to see one of her pictures. It was "Banjo on My Knee." Dion was very quiet when he got home.

"Did you like it, son?" Barbara questioned.

"Well, Mummy, I didn't like you when those two men were fighting and you just stood there. Don't you think you were a sissy not to help out?"

Barbara agreed that she was.



Two "legit" enthusiasts, Bob Montgomery and Florence Eldridge, thrill to Helen Hayes' performance in "Victoria Regina"



Memories

MUCH has been written concerning the fickleness of the public's fancy—how stars are soon forgotten by their fans.

And yet, twelve years after the death of Valentino, fans from all over the world still write in to Hollywood, wanting to talk of him, to hear again and again the little stories about him that they must know long since by heart.

Each year, on the anniversary of his death, August 26th, a mystery woman, clad in black and wearing a black veil concealing her face, appears at the tomb of the Italian star to weep silently a while and then steal away.

Recently, Valentino's picture, "The Sheik," was brought back to the screen in Los Angeles, and at the first matinee the manager waited patiently for the arrival of the mysterious unknown who has become a Hollywood legend.

"She'll come," he said. "Let's hold the picture till the last possible moment. I just know she'll come."

The minutes dragged on and finally the manager himself gave up. "We'll have to go on," he said reluctantly and then stopped—at the box office stood the woman in black. With a very white hand she reached for her ticket and quietly went in, her veil lowered.

The manager nodded assent and the unfolding of "The Sheik" began. At its conclusion she quietly stole out a side exit and was gone.

The voice of the former screen idol may also be revived. It has been disclosed that Valentino had, at one time, a "private sitting" for a voice rendition, and efforts are now being made to reissue the record publicly.

JEAN HARLOW is another star destined to live on in the hearts of thousands. At the first anniversary of her death in June hundreds of fans gathered before her former home (now occupied by the William Gargans) to stand and gaze silently at the house. Many others passed through the mausoleum where she rests.

"With Jean, as was the case with Valentino," a writer explained, "there existed a nature so simple, so close to nature's own pattern, that it simply cannot die. For all the swashbuckling of the handsome Italian, for all the outer voluptuousness of Jean, that something which was real and honest burned high."

(Continued on page 76)

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK



So "buxom, blithe and debonair" are the Franchot Tones (top) at the "Victoria" opening. Isn't Joan stunning in her new coiffure and charming sequin jacket? At the Troc Norman Taurog and Herbert Marshall (center) share a little private joke; while, at the same place, Spencer Tracy earnestly whispers something Claudette Colbert takes all too lightheartedly

The Shadow Stage

A REVIEW OF THE NEW PICTURES



★ **HAVING WONDERFUL TIME—RKO-Radio**

THIS is an "almost" picture. It is almost true to the original play—almost daring enough to call a spade a spade. Ginger Rogers is almost a Bronx gal being hoity-toity Park Avenue, but Hollywood 1938 culture keeps coming through. Doug Fairbanks, Jr. gives one of his best performances, but at the darndest times sounds suddenly like Ronald Colman. On the whole, however, many of the incidents are original and refreshingly human.

It's the story of a stenographer who goes to a summer camp, meets a poor lawyer-to-be who makes school expenses by waiting on table. They fall in love, quarrel when he makes disappointing overtures, make up after she worries him to death by spending the night in the cabin of a rival Romeo.



KEEP SMILING—20th Century-Fox

YOU can't seem to beat that Withers kid. Those millions of her fans will find this a substantial addition to her long list of good movies. In it she is an orphan maintained in a snobbish girls' school by an uncle who's a Hollywood director. Jane runs away; hitchhikes West; discovers the uncle, Henry Wilcoxon, has gone the way of the bottle. He has no friends except his loyal secretary, Gloria Stuart, who loves him. Gloria and Jane contrive to bring Henry back to respectability, and in the resultant flurry Jane crashes the movies. The whole piece is calculated to show off the child's many talents in the way of singing and dancing and you know she is a marvelous clown. Miss Stuart looks very lovely and Helen Westley does a nice bit, as is her habit.



★ **ALGIERS—Wanger-United Artists**

FOR once a Hollywood producer has religiously reconstructed his American version of a foreign movie (in this case, "Pepe Le Moko") after the pattern of the original. In addition, "Algiers" has expensive production and John Cromwell as director. The story is not much, but it goes on for a long time, and carries a brooding quality which warns you to get out your handkerchiefs for the tragic ending. Hardly a single scene is shot from directly in front; Cameraman James Wong Howe must have stood on his head the entire while to get the angles he did. And the score is right in there helping out, too: trembling, wailing reed sounds, exultant crescendos, beating drums.

The only fault—besides the slight sagging quality in the middle—we can find with "Algiers" is that it's oppressively arty. You're so busy watching shadow patterns you forget to die emotionally with the principals, as you should. Charles Boyer plays the exiled French thief, *Pepe,* who hides out in Algiers' underworld. He's living with Sigrid Gurie, a rather melodramatic street waif, but he falls in love with Hedy Lamarr ("Ecstasy") when she visits the Arab quarter. She intends to marry a fat playboy, and in the end she has to, because Boyer is caught by sly Egyptian detective Joseph Calleia.

Boyer is superb. Gene Lockhart, as an informer, does the finest characterization of his career. But it's delicious, dark-eyed Hedy Lamarr, making her American debut, who steals her every scene by the sheer lovely sex she exudes.



★ **THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE—Warners**

EDWARD G. ROBINSON convincingly sheds his mobster mannerisms to become the suave *Dr. Clitterhouse* of Park Avenue in this way-above-average crime melodrama. In spite of his change of character and address, however, the "last gangster" doesn't entirely lose touch with his pals of the underworld. The doctor, anxious to obtain accurate data on criminal reactions for a medical treatise he is writing, joins, incognito, a gang of jewel thieves that includes Humphrey Bogart, Allen Jenkins, Maxie Rosenbloom and Claire Trevor. They accept the newcomer, along with his curious interest in their crime habits, and before long he is showing them several new tricks of the trade. Leader Bogart resents this usurpation of authority and his success in winning the favor of Claire Trevor. So, doing a bit of extracurricular sleuthing, he discovers the doctor's identity and threatens to expose him as a bona fide crook. Robinson's method of getting out of this tight spot is the high point of a film crammed with tense moments.

The story, taken from the stage play of the same name, has been skillfully translated to screen terms. It is swiftly paced, and effectively balanced with drama and humor.

Although it is definitely Robinson's picture from start to finish, Director Anatole Litvak has also made the most of a splendid supporting cast. Claire Trevor, as usual, turns in a good performance and Humphrey Bogart is a first-rate menace. You'll laugh at Allen Jenkins and Maxie Rosenbloom.



★ **LITTLE TOUGH GUY—Universal**

THEY'VE done it again, those "Dead End" kids. Of course, if you examine the rather fabricated story too closely, you will find both this idea and that of "Crime School" had the same origin. Still, there is the quality here of simple humanity which must necessarily be recognizable to any audience.

The piece opens in a lower middle-class home in which live the father, a laborer, the mother, a nagging, selfish, complaining woman, the daughter, lovely and intelligent, and the son, adolescent and pliable. Billy Halop has this latter rôle. The father gets into trouble during a strike riot, is accused of murder, is sent to prison. His family, impoverished, moves to the slums where they live on the daughter's income from a chorus job. Billy sells papers, joins a tough gang composed of the "Dead End" bunch. Then follows a succession of crimes with Billy's point of view warped to fit that of his companions. He burns warehouses, steals, holds people up. Eventually he is captured and sent with the others to reform school where the kindly influence and discipline make a fine citizen of him.

Despite all these months in Hollywood, there is no indication that the "Deadly" brats have gone "rahfeened" as yet. They are still ineffably despicable in characterization. Helen Parrish, the daughter, is good. Robert Wilcox plays her boy friend and Marjorie Main is very believable as the mother. Yet, again, it is those kids who must fascinate you. One of their scenes, in which they break up a mission, is little short of a cataclysm.



PROFESSOR BEWARE—Harold Lloyd-Paramount

AFTER all this time, Harold Lloyd brings forth another of his comedies and, amazingly, its humor somehow seems a little dated. This complaint is basic in the gags, some of which are bewhiskered, not in Lloyd's interpretation of them. He plays a professor who inscribes Egyptian tablets and decides at last that he is the reincarnation of the ill-fated *Nefaris*.

There develops a police chase, because Harold gives his clothes to a tramp, and there's a girl involved. She's Phyllis Welch and nice to look at. Raymond Walburn, Lionel Stander, Sterling Holloway and Mary Lou Lender do good work in their respective parts, and, of course, production is satisfactory. Still—there's *Donald Duck*.



★ SOUTH RIDING—Korda-United Artists

DON'T miss this picture, boys and girls, if you want to see some of the finest acting that ever floated down the Thames. English as tea and crumpets, Winifred Holtby's novel has been beautifully directed by Victor Saville with very little of the original flavor lacking.

The story has to do with several members of a county council and the reactions of their personal lives on their public acts. Ralph Richardson (Hollywood should grab him—but quick) is the Lord of the Manor; Edna Best, the schoolteacher who teaches him that a ruined life can be rebuilt. John Clements is the young idealist whose housing scheme for the poor precipitates a battle between a greedy contractor and the community.



★ WOMAN AGAINST WOMAN—M-G-M

HERBERT MARSHALL, Virginia Bruce and Mary Astor form a sophisticated trio in this modern comedy drama. Its war cry is directed at divorce; its setting is a small town. In it Marshall, a lawyer, brings his second wife, Virginia, back to the little town where his first wife (Mary Astor) still lives. Bitterly, using her child as a weapon, Mary turns the town women against Virginia and poses as a wronged wife.

It leaves the new wife with a problem on her hands, but the ending is a happy one. The whole idea is mildly dreary until the fade-out, which is somewhat saccharine, but all this is over-balanced by the restraint of Marshall, the beauty of Virginia and the fine performance of Miss Astor.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

South Riding — **The Shopworn Angel**

Algiers — **Having Wonderful Time**

The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse

Little Tough Guy — **Woman Against Woman**

BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Ginger Rogers in "Having Wonderful Time"

Charles Boyer in "Algiers"

Gene Lockhart in "Algiers"

Edward G. Robinson in "The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse"

Marjorie Main in "Romance of the Limberlost"

Jane Withers in "Keep Smiling"

Virginia Bruce in "Woman Against Woman"

Jimmy Stewart in "The Shopworn Angel"

Margaret Sullavan in "The Shopworn Angel"

Ralph Richardson in "South Riding"

The "Dead End" Kids in "Little Tough Guy"

Shirley Temple in "Little Miss Broadway"



★ THE SHOPWORN ANGEL—M-G-M

METRO likes Margaret Sullavan and soldiers during war as a combination. "Three Comrades" gave her a swell chance, which she took with both hands; and now comes "The Shopworn Angel," a nut which she cracks with perfect ease. In this she plays a shallow, hard, gold-digging chorus girl who somewhere within herself finds a grain of greatness which will not let a boy's ideal die. The scene is laid at the beginning of America's participation in the World War. From all stations of life and all parts of the nation come draftees, among them a shy and imaginative cowboy. He is Jimmy Stewart—perfectly cast, of course—and he meets Margaret in New York.

Walter Pidgeon, her manager, discovers he loves her through his jealousy of Jimmy; Walter proposes marriage and she accepts. Then Jimmy is called overseas, and he also begs Margaret to marry him. She knows she represents a dream to him, and that should he be killed he would die with that dream unbroken. So she complies, forcing the angry Pidgeon to wait until the cowboy's identification tag arrives. One is forced to speculate on what would have happened if Jimmy had survived—but that's not very important. Miss Sullavan does a splendid job, being vivacious, and Stewart is often brilliant. You may have a little trouble deciding whether this is a sermon against war or a glamorization (if that's a word) of war. The picture is fine drama, and definitely worth seeing.



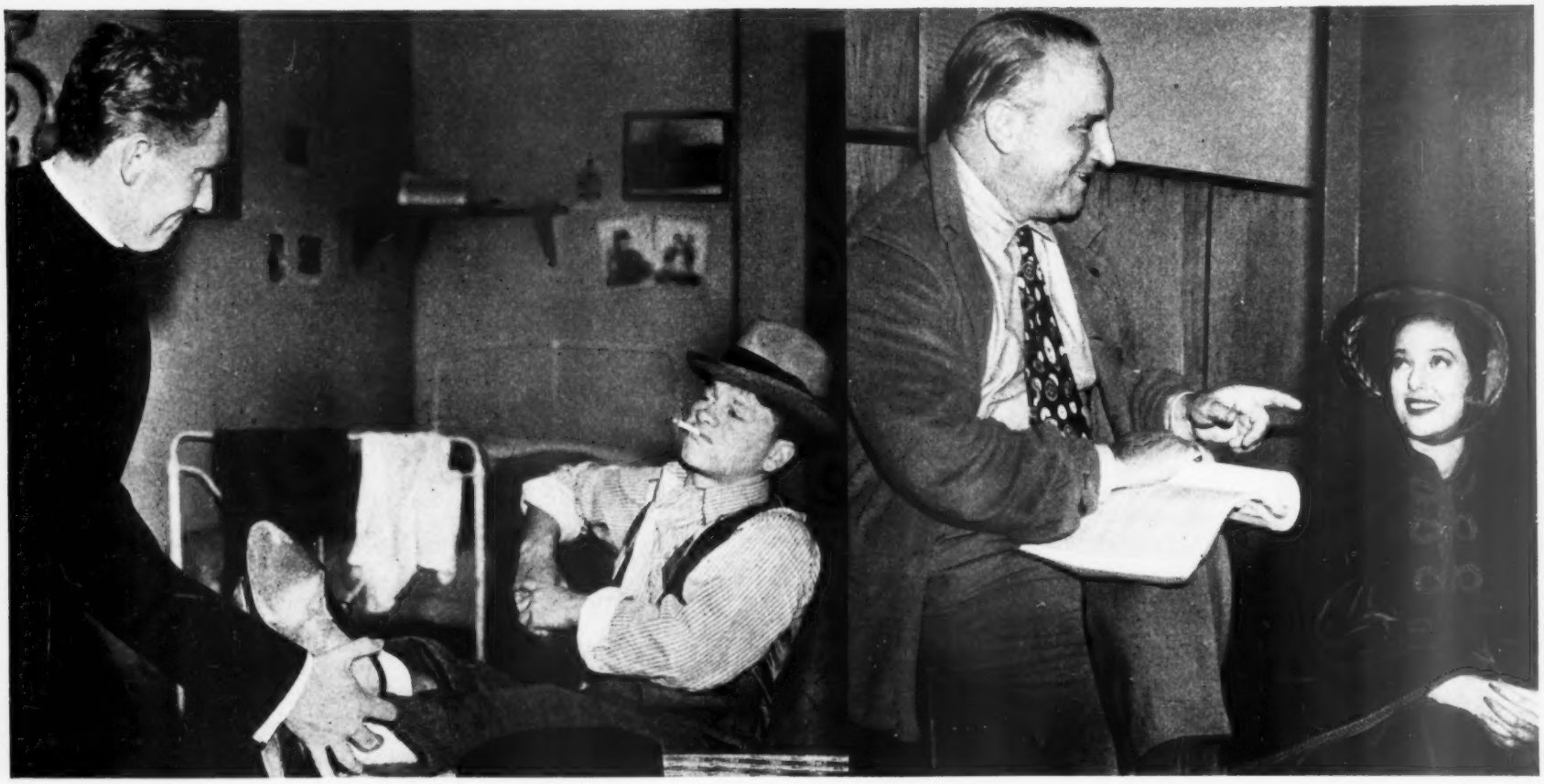
LITTLE MISS BROADWAY—20th Century-Fox

EVIDENTLY, it is with pictures of this sort that Shirley Temple's studio plans to keep its valuable little star on the screen until she's eighty or thereabouts. For Shirley fans, it is a very satisfactory affair. The film provides ample scope for her talents and presents her as a true little angel. Those who have not altogether succumbed to the child, however, will have fault to find with the story in which the very minor conflict content is based on the fear that Shirley, an orphan, might have to return to the most ideal and cheery orphanage imaginable.

In the beginning, Miss Temple is taken from this place where all the little girls sing and carry on, and where Jane Darwell sits clucking happily over her brood, by Edward Ellis, who runs a hotel for down-and-out vaudeville artists. Ogre Edna Mae Oliver, who owns the hotel, steps in at this point. She doesn't like the noise the artists make and threatens to evacuate everybody; also, as a kind of vicious afterthought, she gets a court order to send Shirley back to Miss Darwell's ample lap. George Murphy, Miss Oliver's nephew, comes to the rescue and provides romantic interest by falling for Phyllis Brooks. That's all there is.

Of course, Murphy is given a couple of dance numbers to do and does them magnificently with Shirley keeping step. She sings several numbers in a manner that is not extraordinary for a girl of her age, but otherwise does her usual smooth job.

(Continued on page 85)



Sure the Irish stick together, but this tells you what Spence Tracy really thinks of Mickey Rooney's acting in "Boys' Town"

Allan Dwan takes a hand in history with Loretta Young, Annabella and Tyrone Power in "Suez"

WE COVER THE

History—past, present and future events—that's what we learn this month in our Cook's tour of the lots

BY JACK WADE

BETTER get out your history books, if you want to be up on the new Hollywood movies. Past, current, and even coming events are casting their shadows before them—on the screen.

That's the timely lesson we learn on this month's Cook's tour of the studios. Truth is stranger than fiction—but even stranger than that is the way truth and history are ganging up on Hollywood today. Directly and indirectly, stars, studios and stories are under the influence of real facts and real figures.

The sets are dotted with them or their counterparts—Johann Strauss, Viscount de Lesseps, Disraeli, Louis Napoleon, Louis XI, Paul Redfern, Father Flanagan, François Villon, Amelia Earhart, Metternich, Empress Eugenie—even those dashing modern figures, Prince Mike Romanoff and Peggy Hopkins Joyce!

Everywhere we turn something real inspires something romantic. Why, even Mussolini's Ethiopian adventure has handed Clark Gable a new thrill-packed adventure rôle!

"Too Hot to Handle," our first set invasion at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, really has nothing to do with Il Duce or his Fascisti friends. It's an adventurous saga of a daredevil newsreel cameraman.

But if Laurence Stallings, the war correspondent, and Leonard Hammond, the ace newsreeler, hadn't sat idly for weeks sopping up the Ethiopian rainfall and waiting for Mussolini to get going, Clark might very well have missed out on a dashing scenario to follow in the wake of "Test Pilot."

As it was, Stallings and John Lee Mahin cooked up a yarn based on Hammond's adventures behind a tripod—and, bingo, Clark has just what he needs for his new adventure-personality peg on the screen!

The way "Too Hot to Handle" finally worked out makes Clark a lone-wolf picture-shooting ace and Myrna Loy an Earhart-ish ocean flyer. Walter Pidgeon, Leo Carrillo and Walter Connolly mix up in the excitement which hops from here to Manilla to Shanghai to the South American jungles and back again. Along the way, Clark films everything spectacular in sight at the risk of life and limb, you can be sure, rescues Myrna's jungle-lost aviation brother (Paul Redfern idea) and manages some very personal close-ups with Myrna to the disgust of rival Walter Pidgeon. Now, don't get worried—Clark gets her in the end.

When we intrude on these doings on Stage 29, Clark has just passed from burning lips to burning ships. The film he has taken of a flaming liner makes Walter covet half the profits, so there's quite a long and scrappy scene. Aviation pictures always seem to require a setful of fake oil-spray fog. We could do without that, because, in this case, it partially hides lovely Myrna Loy. "Minnie," pert and sassy in a flying suit and goggles, climbs down out of her plane to put her two-cents worth in the argument. "Action!" says Director Conway. "No—wait a minute. Clark, you're too neat."

Clark looks slightly bewildered as a couple of prop men leap to his side, muss his hair and squirt grease all over a snappy sport coat. Then he grins wickedly. "You boys all through?"

"Yep," replied the grease-squirters. "What's the joke?"

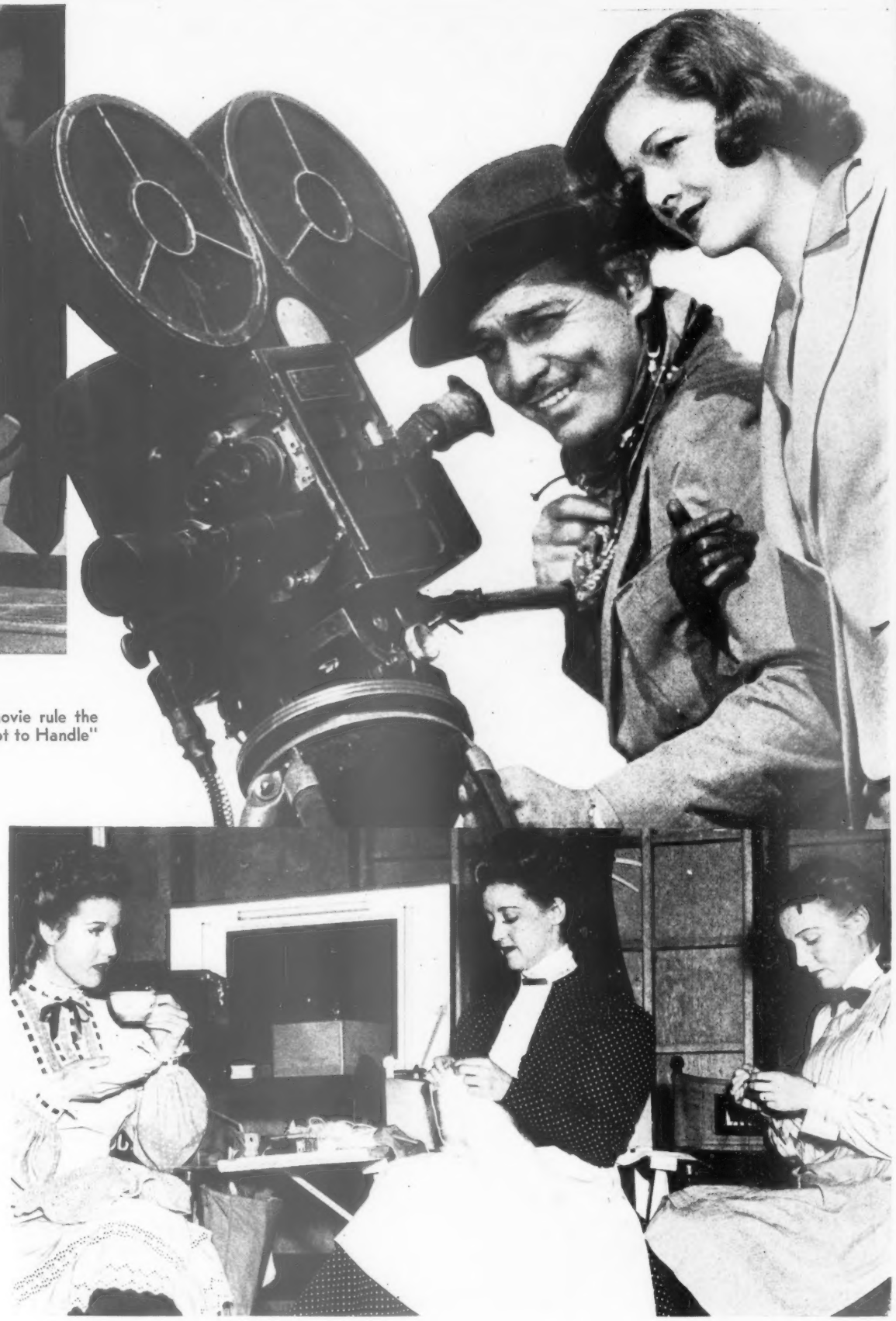
"Nothing," says Clark, "except M-G-M just spent one hundred and ten bucks. That's what this jacket cost me. It's mine—not the studio's!" The prop men stagger.

We watch the scene, but somebody—maybe us—is a jinx. Clark repeatedly blows his lines like an amateur. What's the matter? The assistant director tells us.

Clark is overanxious because he's been invited by Donald Douglas, the plane-builder, to be a guest at the take-off of the DC-4, the mammoth plane that's being launched this afternoon. Director Conway has promised to get him through in time, but now it looks like they'll never make it. And is Clark worried! He likes planes.

Then, as we watch, we see something that has never before met our eyes on a Hollywood set.





Clark and Myrna (right) broke a movie rule the day our guide went visiting "Too Hot to Handle"

STUDIOS

In the middle of a take a roaring noise seeps through the thick walls of the stage. In the middle of his lines, Clark yells, "There she is!" Then Clark, Myrna and the whole company scram madly right through the red light and outdoors. So do we.

It's the DC-4, the biggest land plane in the world. She soars over the studio like a great prehistoric bird, while a guy and a gal stand below and wave like excited kids. Clark and Myrna. And right beside them is—us. The red light still burns, but nobody sees it. Pictures can wait. This is the real thing.

NO USE going back on the set after that, so we hustle over to where our two favorite actors, Spencer Tracy and Mickey Rooney, are dramatizing an amazing contemporary social experiment, "Boys' Town." The great boys' farm run by Father Flanagan near Omaha, Nebraska, inspired this picture. In case you aren't up on that capable priest's work with homeless boys, it's a model community operated and governed by young boys who might be in corrupting reform schools or orphanages. Instead, "Boys' Town" has a 100 per cent record of fine worthwhile young alumni.

Father Flanagan himself came out to M-G-M to see this one through. He thought Spencer Tracy ideal to play himself on the screen. Spencer's priest in "San Francisco" won him the respect of the cloth. As for Mickey, of course, he's a tough little troublemaker who tries to wreck the place but winds up catching the spirit. His chain of uppity escapades serves to show how the unusual community works on young character. Not a single skirt swishes in this picture. It's all boys and men.

We're lucky to catch two scenes of "Boys' Town." In one Mickey gets fresh with the community barber and has his face smeared with black shoe polish. A shining ebony countenance might hand the average kid actor an inferiority complex on the set, but, for Mickey, it's just a chance for more fun. Between takes he runs around smearing everybody, including Director Norman Taurog, with the messy stuff. Mickey has as much fun making movies as he does doin' the shag—and that's plenty.

When he's through that and the blacking is all wiped off, marvelous Mickey steps right into a dramatic scene with Spencer Tracy. Spencer, we notice, is much trimmer; he lost fifteen pounds during his sick spell. It makes him look younger, though, and he says he feels grand. In his black robes he looks truly spiritual. His voice, too, is soft and sincere as he points out the right path to Mickey. When the scene is over,

Wasp-waisted, pompadoured and ratted, Anita Louise, Bette Davis and Jane Bryan calmly sit by and let production heads worry about a major headache they face on the set of "The Sisters"

the whole company is hushed. It was that good. Then Henry Hull, who has been sitting on the side lines, tiptoes over to Spencer's dressing room on the set. He comes back with his hand behind him. Silently he walks up and brings out Spencer's own gold Academy Award statuette, which he has taken from Spencer's table. He bows—to Spencer Tracy.

Then he turns and hands the statuette to—Mickey Rooney!

The whole set roars. Mickey grins from ear to ear and so does Spence. But Spencer's eyes are serious. "If anybody deserves one of those," he says, "it's you, kid."

We like people like that.

M-G-M is making up for lost time now with six pictures shooting. "Honolulu" is one we have down on our *must* list because Eleanor Powell does the hula and that ought to be something.

Eleanor says the hula is one of the toughest dances she's ever had to master. It took three professional hipshifters to teach her how. They were the huladies with Harry Owens' famous Island band. One stood in front of her, one in back and one on the side. Then they all went to town and Eleanor just gradually caught the exotic undulations, like you catch a cold. But it ain't really cold—no indeedy!

Our studio guide warns us solemnly against braving "The Great Waltz" set because for two days now they've been shooting rain scenes and everyone, cast and crew, is soaked.

Gravet ("Gravy," the grips call him) plays Johann Strauss in this tuneful, dramatic story of the great composer's life and loves. Luise Rainer is the little baker's daughter who marries the genius and then tries to sacrifice her happiness to further his career. Miliza Korjus, a new Continental prima donna importation, Hugh Herbert and George Houston head the support with the Albertina Rasch ballet and a ninety-piece symphony orchestra.

WE leave M-G-M and hitch on to some more history right away in Zanuckland. In fact, "Suez" has only five or six characters who aren't recreations of people who really lived. The rest step right out of our history book of the Second Empire. Ferdinand de Lesseps, the Empress Eugenie, Louis Napoleon, Disraeli—it's a long list.

For "Suez" will bring to the screen the dramatic history-making struggles to build the Suez Canal and link Asia with Europe. Against an exciting European political background of the 1850's, Tyrone Power, as de Lesseps, fights for his dream of building the canal and for the love of Loretta Young. He wins the canal, at long last, but Loretta, as Eugenie, becomes Mrs. Napoleon.

It's an important scene in the picture that we watch—where Loretta comes to Tyrone's Paris apartment. Tyrone sits at his desk as Annabella tiptoes in and strokes his hair. He chews gum viciously, but not when the camera turns. This is our first in-person look at Annabella. She isn't beautiful but so bright and cute that we fall right now. The hair-stroking scene is brief and when it's over Annabella gets herself a handful of Power tresses and yanks for all she's worth. "O-w-w-w-w-w!" yips Ty. "That," says Annabella, "ees a suppressed desire!"

IT'S all Paris at Paramount this month. They have all the hired help saying "Oui" instead of "Yes."

First, there's "Paris Honeymoon." This is Bing Crosby's very latest frothy film effort. Mostly, of course, it's an excuse to introduce Bing and his latest parcel of Robin and Ranger medloditties. But this time Bing unloads part of the vocal burden on Shirley Ross, a girl who is going places now at Paramount in a big way.

Franciska Gaal, De Mille's "Buccaneer" protégé, makes sweet love to Bing, very much to the dismay of Shirley, says the script.

The plot concerns American big-shot Bing's European jaunt to get a divorce and marry fiancee Shirley. But when he rents a castle in the Balkans to let the Paris divorce court situation clear up, he runs into Franciska, a Balkan cutie who won a week's stay at that very castle in a rose tournament. Wicked plotters haunt the place and scare Franciska into Bing's arms, which makes it tough for Shirley but very nice for everybody else.

When we arrive we find Bing smoking a pipe and contemplating with a jaundiced eye a contraption the props are rigging up to tumble him down the long—and hard—stairs.

Edward Everett Horton comes over to tell us he plays "one of those butlers no one would ever consider keeping around." Eddie says he has already made three scenes today. He's all through. Why, then, is he sticking around?

"I might miss something exciting," says Eddie, looking sadistically at Bing. Bing winces. The stair-tumbling scene is ready. So, with a last comforting pipe drag, Bingo faces the music.

But it's a disappointment when the camera rolls. Sound men make terrifying bump sounds, but really Bing comes downstairs like an elevator. No broken bones, nobody killed—nothing. We're disgusted.

"Just like apple pie," smiles Bing, much relieved. "Not a mark on me, and I bruise so easily!"

"If I Were King" catches our eye next. It's the old and familiar but always good story of the beloved vagabond—François Villon. Ronald Colman stars as the bold ragamuffin who goes from rags to riches for a week. Frank Lloyd is running things when we make our appearance.

Frances Dee and Heather Thatcher are in the Queen's ante-chamber, a Gothic room with a huge fire, when Lloyd speaks the cue. Swiftly the camera slides up on a fast dolley. Heather embroiders as she talks—no mean feat—while Frances pleads for Villon. She's lovelier than ever in a lemon chiffon mantle. Frances seems to give her best performances under Frank Lloyd—remember "Wells Fargo"—though why we can't imagine. Not once while we're there does he correct her.

Neither Ronald Colman nor Basil Rathbone—he plays the whimsical king—is due to show up today, so we tiptoe out.

WE can't dig up anything new or startling at Columbia this trip nor at RKO or Universal. Although "Gunga Din" will soon be before the lens at RKO, and Universal plans some interesting pictures we hope to cover next month—Deanna Durbin's "That Certain Age," Hope Hampton's return in "The Road to Reno" and "Youth Takes a Fling" with Joel McCrea and Andrea Leeds, for instance.

But Warners, as usual, are making hay while the summer sun shines. So over Cahuenga pass to Burbank we go.

Right now, three Warner prodigals, Errol Flynn, Dick Powell and Bette Davis are back in the fold and Olivia de Havilland is punching the clock again after that slip-away jaunt to England.

We find Olivia on the "For Lovers Only" set, where she's back emoting with Dick Powell, for the first time since "Midsummer Night's Dream." Dick gets a crooning vacation in this one, playing a young gas-station attendant who has the intriguing job of taming a spoiled rich girl in an up-to-date "Taming of the Shrew" theme.

But everybody's lazing around on those sets now, so we skip to "The Sisters" and those other three little Gibson Girls—Bette Davis, Anita Louise and Jane Bryan.

They're sitting in a row, wasp-waisted, pompadoured and ratted. Pretty as a picture out of a 1905 fashion book. "The Sisters," from the best seller by Myron Brinig, is really the story, so we're told, of Peggy Hopkins Joyce's family. It starts in a little town in Montana where three sisters marry—one for money, one for love and one for a home. From there it proceeds to San Francisco, through the domestic lives of the trio. Bette vindicates her choice of a love match with poor newspaperman Errol Flynn.

The major production headache in "The Sisters," the camerman confesses to us, is the earthquake. Naturally the great quiver that wrecked San Francisco in that period figures prominently in the drama. Earthquakes aren't so tough to bring to the screen, but earthquakes better than the epic twister in "San Francisco" are *plenty* tough to stage.

"Maybe," he decides at last, "we'll just borrow our earthquake from M-G-M!"

We are just in time to see white-haired Anatole Litvak, one of Hollywood's handsomest directors, put Anita and Bette through a primping scene before a mirror. They're dressing for a dance. It's a cinch scene for Litvak. Who needs to tell a girl how to primp? The first take is perfect.

After that we find ourselves surrounded by 1905 femininity as Bette claims her new initialed set chair—white canvas with a big flat arm on it—like a one-arm lunch chair. She had it especially made so she could lay her script on the board and take the weight off her elbows. We have to sit dumbly in the conversation that follows. It's about—their corsets!

"I like them," says Bette.

"So do I," says Anita.

"I don't," wails Jane. "I'm about to die!"

The reason for this difference in tastes is plain to see. Bette and Anita have tiny midriffs, while Jane is a chubby little rascal. When she sits down the stiff old-fashioned stays and tight laces bite.

In Hollywood, as everywhere else, your viewpoint often depends on the shape you're in.

PHOTOPLAY *Fashions* BY GWENN WALTERS

Clown buttons lend a mood of frivolity to this tailored striped crepe two-piece frock worn by Dolores Del Rio, who gets top ranking among Hollywood's ten best-dressed stars. Dolores selects contrast gloves, draped turban and sable cape to complete this outfit

NATURAL COLOR PHOTOGRAPHY BY HURRELL





Terra cotta stripes on a dull green woolen give color and fabric distinction to this afternoon frock designed by Orry-Kelly for Rosalind Russell to wear in Warners' "Four's A Crowd." The flowing sleeves are gathered into tiny wrist bands and the front bolero reveals a terra cotta crepe Roma blouse ornamented by a gold Javanese necklace. The reverse side of the dress fabric is used for the turban—green stripes on terra cotta. Brown accessories and a sable scarf complete the costume. Rosalind is now in England filming "The Citadel." for her home studio, M-G-M

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ELMER FRYER



Dolly Tree designed this black woolen bolero suit for Virginia Bruce to wear in her most recent M-G-M film, "Woman Against Woman," and Virginia liked it so much she purchased it for her personal wardrobe. The white crepe blouse, the notched overlay collar of bengaline, and the brilliant scarlet cummerbund that defines the waistline give gay color contrast to fall's chic "black." The lapel carnation and silk pompon on Virginia's velvet pillbox hat are also of gay scarlet hue

PHOTOGRAPHY BY WILLINGER



Contrast costumes are headline news in Hollywood's fall fashion picture! Barbara Stanwyck wears one of olive green and brown created by Royer in the Twentieth Century-Fox production, "Always Goodbye." The jacket covers a short-sleeved, collarless frock that closes to the waist with large self-covered buttons. A gold tassel chain loops through buttonholes in the narrow belt —a matching clip closes the neckline. This golden trim was designed by Joseff of Hollywood. A shaded green feather on the brown felt hat repeats Royer's contrast color theme. Barbara is at present filming "The Mad Miss Manton" for RKO, her home studio



Madge Evans (left) wears a Vera West model of cinnamon brown crepe which features a novel pleated blouse detail and concealed front zipper closing. At the banded neckline is a Zuni head pin with golden eardrops and spiral curls set with rubies—a Joseff of Hollywood creation. Contrast beige and brown gloves and hat, a sable scarf and a cinnamon brown suède bag lend chic accessory importance. Madge, recently seen in Universal's "Sinners in Paradise," will next appear in Republic's "Army Girl"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RAY JONES

For her return trip to Paris, Danielle Darrieux purchased, for her personal wardrobe, the gowns designed by Vera West for her to wear in Universal's "The Rage of Paris." This suit is of crushed mulberry Rodier jersey with sable collar and muff. Style interest is found in the flared peplum, softly draped sleeves and the crush girdle that ends in a front loop. Danielle's hat is draped of the suit fabric and trimmed with a matching veil that ties at the back

MAJORING





PHOTOGRAPHY BY WILLIAM WALLING

It's time to dress up for the rôle of scholar! Ellen Drew, Paramount's new find soon to be seen with Bing Crosby in "The Unholy Beebes," models a velvet trimmed topcoat of navy blue woolen plaid, checked with green and yellow. Beneath is a double-breasted navy blue flecked woolen suit, also velvet trimmed—notice the underlay collar and narrow scarf binding. Ellen's navy fur felt hat snatched the topcoat colors for its perky quill. Right, a classroom dressmaker bolero suit of pin-striped navy blue serge. Ellen's navy suède shoes have novel vamp insets made of grey snakeskin

IN *Chic*

Purl two, knit two—if you crave a little sweater like this one designed by Royer for Sonja Henie to wear in 20th Century-Fox's "My Lucky Star." The flower motif on the yoke and sleeves is embroidered in three shades of red yarn with, of course, bright green leaves. The little round collar of the crepe blouse comes over the sweater to finish the neckline. The skirt of red wool crepe closes from waist to knee with white bone buttons to match those on the sweater. Below, Ginger Rogers in a fluffy yellow-beige angora sweater knitted by Irma, her maid. RKO will soon present Ginger in "Carefree"



PHOTOGRAPH BY GRAYBILL



PHOTOGRAPH (above) by HURRELL

PHOTOGRAPH (left) by MIEHLE



Youthful Ann Rutherford, appearing in M-G-M's "Love Finds Andy Hardy," tops her brown silk crepe pleated skirt with a gay '90 shirtwaist of plaid taffeta—a very quaint and colorful alternate for the perennial sweater







PHOTOPLAY'S *Fashion Club* STYLES

You'll have no trouble selecting hats this season, as the new collections present a wide diversity of styles. Betty Grable (upper left), appearing in Paramount's "Give Me a Sailor," models "Buccaneer"—a Byron off-the-face felt featuring a front band, a bow of grosgrain ribbon and soft folds in the halo brim. "Terrace Club," her Byron felt Breton, with brim band in contrast shade, has smart tucks that individualize either side of the crown. Ann Doran (lower left), who will soon be seen in Columbia's Capra production, "You Can't Take It with You," wears "Beauty-Patch"—a Roxford revival of the tricorn interpreted in felt with dotted matching veil trim. Below, "Maid Marian" —a contrast feather pierces Ann's Roxford sport felt that is styled with a peaked crown, upturned back brim and a chin strap. All hats on this page come in a wide variety of colors

WHERE TO BUY THEM

The smart advance Photoplay Hollywood fashions shown on these two pages are available to you at many of the leading department stores throughout the U. S. right now. If you will write to the address given below, sending description or clipping of the hat or garment, you will be advised by return mail where, in your community, the item or items may be purchased. These hats and garments come in all sizes and in all popular shades.

Jean Davidson, Fashion Secretary,
Photoplay Magazine, 122 East 42nd St., New York, New York



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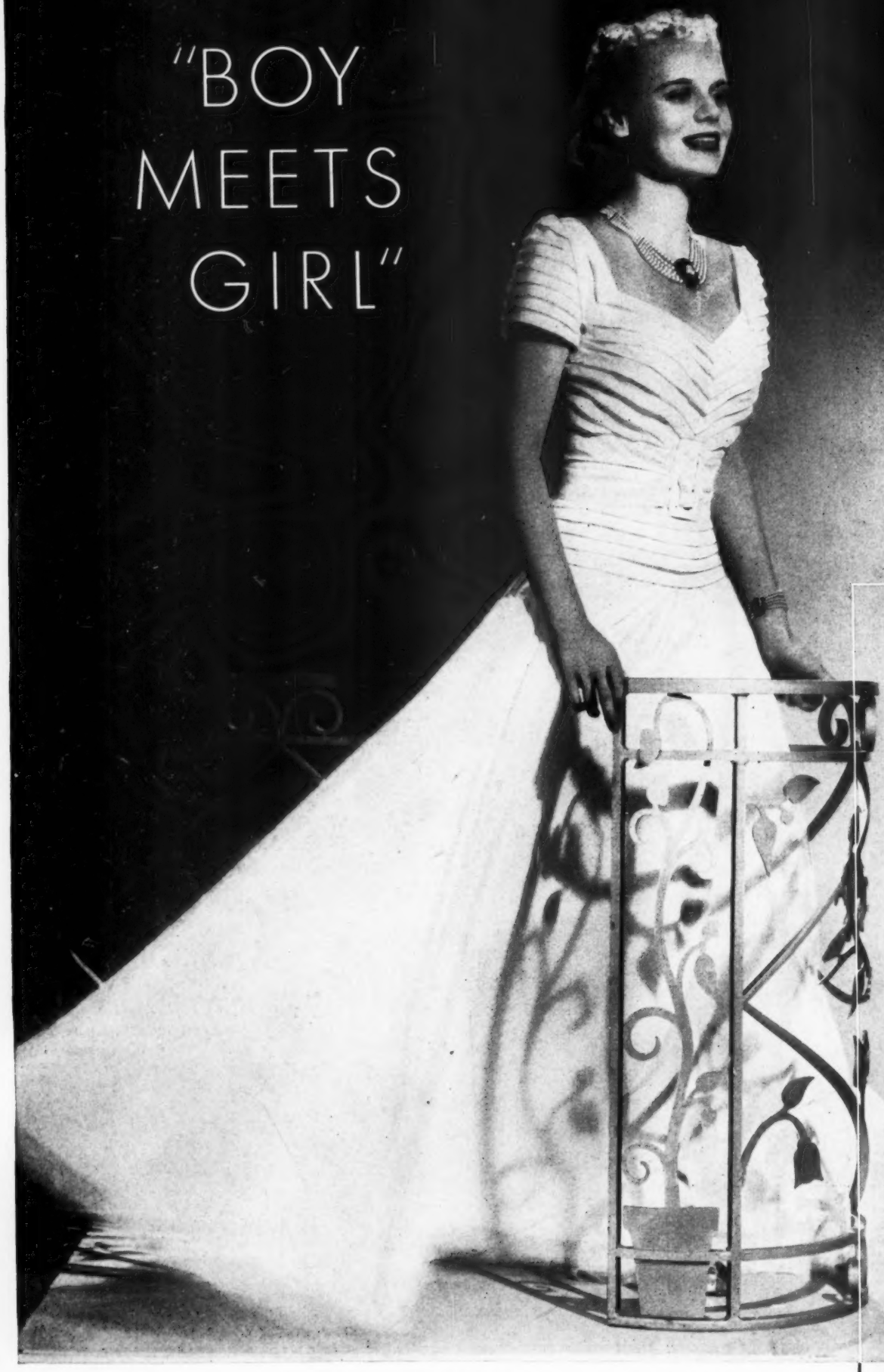
Louise Platt, soon to be seen in Paramount's "Spawn of the North," models three fall frocks. Chic black (top) in a tailored frock, with a four-inch panel of embroidery reaching from pocket to hem. The dress closes in back from neck to waist with bone buttons. Center, a Jack Rose colored model: the skirt is a novel combination of knife and box pleats (stitched at the edges from waist to hem); the blouse (note insert) has long reversed darts used as dressmaker detail and self-corded pocket edgings. This and the black frock described above are of Stroock's Ankara cloth—a new wool with a soft finish like angora. Right, a dress of "bronze lustre" green—a lovely shade of Stroock's Ankara cloth. The blouse has smartly tucked motif, a circle neckline; the skirt, knife-pleated, has sharp stitching at the pleat edges. Fall's important tricolor combination is achieved by adding a two-color suède belt of brown and deep green

Original PHOTOPLAY FASHION

THIS TAG IDENTIFIES
AN ORIGINAL PHOTOPLAY
HOLLYWOOD FASHION
LOOK FOR IT

"BOY MEETS GIRL"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
ELMER FRYER





Dated for a glamorous campus festivity, let "him" spy "her" in a gown like this one of palest pink chiffon designed by Howard Shoup for Marie Wilson, of Warners' "Boy Meets Girl." The tucked, sleeved bodice, belted with self-fabric, extends to a low waistline where it meets a floating skirt fashioned of several layers of chiffon. For an informal date let "him" find "her" in this contrast woolen bolero suit of black, beige and white, a black halo hat and matching accessories

Rover Boy IN HOLLYWOOD

Born with a spirit of adventure and a zest for living, Ray Milland has met his match at last and finds the game worth more than the goal

BY MARIAN RHEA



Soldier, merchant, sailor—Ray Milland

SOME twenty odd years ago, near the little village of Neath, in Wales, a handsome, alert little boy struggled toward the top of a hill. It was a steep hill, the beginning of those craggy Welch ranges so different from the gentle contours of Old England. The rocks were sharp; the yellow gorse prickly; the wind perverse and chill.

Doggedly, though, he scrambled on, ignoring difficulty and discomfort as well as the anxious maneuvers of his dog, Roderick, to head him back home. Ever since he could remember, he had wanted to know what lay on the other side of that hill; had imagined there a world peopled with strange beings—fairies, maybe, and maybe dragons. At this thought, the small lad brandished his trusty sword. It was a wooden sword, but its blade was sharp, as sharp . . . yes, he'd show those ol' dragons!

Then he came to the crest of the hill and fearfully, at first, looked below him . . . saw only a green valley threaded by a stream as placid as the Avon and dotted by farmhouses with thatched roofs and smoke curling from their chimneys. There were no fairies here, and no dragons; only quail scuttling to shelter; only squirrels chattering in the oak tree yonder.

Almost angrily he told Roderick to "come on," and turned his steps homeward. He had braved a switching for this. He had scuffed his shoes and torn his clothes. He had exerted himself as you wouldn't believe a seven-year-old youngster could. And then, at last, having achieved the new vistas he sought, he found himself not interested at all; just bored.

Someday, though, he would go a long way away, to some place that nobody ever heard of, into strange dangers that nobody ever heard of, either! He would take his sword and—

WELL, the little boy has kept that vow. He is a long way, now, from Neath, in Wales. He has climbed a good many tough hills, just to see what was on the other side. He has conquered a good many dragons of one kind or another. But, until he came across a place called Hollywood, he had never touched adventure that didn't bore him once he had proved himself able to see it through.

And thereby hangs this tale. It is a story about a chap who has met his match at last and who, with the stubborn zest of one to whom the game is worth more than the goal, likes this fine.

It is a story about Ray Milland. . . .

For a long time after he climbed the hill at Neath, young Raymond Mullane (that was) was content to stay around home riding his bicycle through the country lanes or playing cricket in the meadows with the other boys. But never was he quite like them. When they dreamed of growing up and going into business "like Father," he would awe and sometimes shock them with the accounts of what *his* future was going to hold.

"Me—I'm going to Egypt and America and all kinds of places," he would boast. "Me—I'm going to be a soldier of fortune!"

It was when he was eleven and a boarding-school student at Radyr, not far from Neath, that he had his first chance to try out these plans. Then, abetted by a bosom friend, Donald Hope, he cooked up an ingenious scheme whereby the two of them, unbeknownst to both school authorities and parents, could embark upon a five-day fishing excursion to the far-distant (well, at least forty miles distant) and therefore fabulous Lake Talyllyn.

The thing looked easy. The boys had been told by the foreman of the ship-building plant owned by Don's father that he would take them on this trip whenever they could get permission to stay out of school. All they had to do, then, despite the fact they knew they could never get this permission, was to tell their schoolmasters they were going to spend a week at home and allow their parents to believe they were in school as usual.

But, for all their neat plans, the Lake Talyllyn adventure more or less flopped, Ray says. There were mosquitoes. It was too cold for comfort at night. The food they took with them turned out to be pretty bad. And they caught scarcely any fish. Besides, Lake Talyllyn, although as beautiful a spot as one could wish, was, after all, just a lake and Ray had seen lakes before.

Therefore, when he came home on Friday evening to a good licking (with a toasting fork, he remembers), his father having found him out, and returned to school on Monday morning to get another licking for truancy, he made a new resolve. He wouldn't waste time adventuring near home. There wasn't adventure around there, anyway. He would wait until he could go

(Continued on page 89)

Born For Romance



Today, at twenty-five, Loretta faces a glowing future

LORETTA YOUNG'S DRAMATIC LIFE STORY OF HAPPINESS AND HEARTACHE

In this final installment of her life story, Loretta remembers her promise, "If there will be great happiness I will take that and if there will be deep sorrow I will take that, too"

BY HOWARD SHARPE

LORETTA stood beside the yellow roadster, laughing and saying a temporary good-by to the man in it. "At eight, then," she said. and trotted up the steps, pulling off her gloves

It was a clear spring afternoon, almost warm enough for summer. As she stood waiting for the butler to open the door Loretta hummed snatches of a song; looked admiringly at her exquisite, newly done nails; thought pleasant small thoughts anent the way she would spend the rest of her day. A long bath to try out those new crystals, first; and a couple of chapters of "Tortilla Flat," the one about the beans and possibly the one where the house burned down; and then an hour for her hair, and fifteen minutes playing with the new Swiss clock that surprisingly tinkled a barracks ditty. . . .

The door opened and she almost danced through. *I'll suggest the Grove tonight,* she decided suddenly. *I want to dance, and he's magnificent when a tango comes on. He's magnificent anyway,* she added mentally, smiling.

Then she saw the stacked luggage near the staircase.

"Georgianne's bags?" she said, pausing. "Oh—she goes back to school today, I forgot. Where is she now?"

"In her room, Miss Young," the butler said.

Loretta ran up the stairs, frowning. Georgianne's last day at home for the Easter holidays and now quietly alone in her room, instead of dashing around the house. That didn't sound healthy. Headache, maybe, Loretta concluded.

She pushed open Georgianne's door without knocking.

The child had been crying. She stood listlessly in front of the bookcases, keeping her head turned so Loretta would not see the tear-streaks on her face. The older girl came forward and put both hands on Georgianne's shoulders, which turned reluctantly.

"What's the matter, honey?" Loretta said softly. "Sad because you've got to go back?"

Georgianne nodded. "Do I *have* to?" she asked. "It's so nice here, and I could go to school in Beverly Hills."

"But you like your school! You—"

"I hate it!" the child wailed suddenly, bursting into tears again. "It's horrid there—it's—it's a terrible place. Please, Gretch—let me stay here. Please."

"Now *listen,* baby," Loretta said, pulling the child over to the bed and sitting down. "Something's happened and I want to know what it is. Stop crying and tell me."

There was no response.

"Georgianne."

The little shoulders straightened then. The quivering chin came up. "All right," Georgianne said, "it's those girls. All of them. They say bad things about you and no matter how much I argue they keep right on saying them . . ." She stopped as she saw her sister's face drain suddenly white.

There was a long silence. Then, in a very low voice, Loretta asked, "What is it they say?"

"That you fall in love all the time and then go on to someone else and fall in love with him. That just because you're a movie star you—"

"Why do they say these things?" Loretta interrupted. "Where do they find out about them?"

"In the papers. In the magazines."

"I see." Loretta pressed her fingers to her eyes, trying to think. "Georgianne. You know these things aren't true, don't you?"

"That's what I'm always trying to tell them!" the child said eagerly. "They yell at me that I'm just sticking up for you because you're my sister. I—it's terrible for me."

"I know. Poor baby—you won't have to go back. We'll find another school. Call Nana and start unpacking now. I—have to go and dress."

IN her own rooms Loretta dialed a number, waited, said, "I can't come tonight. I'm suddenly too sick to hold my head up." She paused. "Yes, isn't it silly! It may have been the lobster. Tomorrow, maybe? Or next week. . . ."

Not ever again, she thought as she hung up.

At the window she stood looking down into the garden. Two years ago on that little marble bench by the fountain, she had sat waiting for tears to come because a man she had loved was dead. She remembered the evening clearly now: the way the moon had looked, the way her persistent intelligence had thrown back wave after wave of approaching emotion, scoffing at its sincerity. She remembered, too, the promise she had made herself—that next time she would not run away when great love came; that when again anything as big and all-consuming as the thing she had felt for Bill happened to her, she would take it with both hands, ignoring consequences.

Standing there, she watched the procession of months pass swiftly in her memory. Two years: nineteen thirty-three, and the summer ending in a quiet haze, with more work to do and more fan mail and a new contract for more money despite the growing depression, and the first man after Bill to say, "Loretta, I love you." Dark, handsome lad, with an hereditary endowment of great charm and two million dollars: "Yes, lunch tomorrow, Yes, Santa Barbara for cocktails, Yes, I adore yachts and Catalina Island, Yes—I mean no! *No*—" And he was not the one.

Winter, and two new hits to emblazon her name even brighter on even more marquees, and those three or four amusing dinners with that famous star until the papers said, "Will Loretta Young be the next Mrs. ———?"—*she might have known then, so Georgianne would have been spared*—and I am sorry about this, Loretta, it's all so ridiculous, and the New Year, and finally spring. There was a man in New York then, he of the urbane Chesterfield and the knowledge of wines. She remembered him dimly, because after the first week he was definitely not the one. And there was summer, and the agent who played the piano; and there was winter and the co-star who liked badminton and there was the beginning of 1935 and the co-star who didn't like anything, because of gout. And none of these had been the one.

She could see the gossip column squibs, the sly inserted double entendres, the grab shots, unretouched, on pulp paper. She remembered thinking at the time, *How absurd. Jimmy's fun but we've never even held hands. Still—why bother to deny it? Why give it that much importance? I'm copy. Let them go, let them make their typewriters rattle.*

But she hadn't thought it would go that far. Not so far that even Georgianne—*I can't even live,* Loretta thought furiously. *I can't even live.*

It was because her mind was fighting this contretemps so fiercely, because her heart was hurt and frightened, that when the thing happened—almost immediately—she did not recognize it for weeks.

IT would be unfair to remember this man's name, since it happened, so far as these circumstances are concerned, three centuries in the past; but we can call him Stephan. Stephan was working opposite Loretta in an important picture, when he was working; when emissaries of the studio, sent forth by anxious officials, could find him and give him a cold shower and get him on the set in time for a scene or two. He was a great actor, and is, but there was head-shaking about him in that year. He who had never had time for liquor now used it for a purpose, which he achieved magnificently: to forget the wife from whom he had separated.

Loretta observed him with compassion, knowing his story. It was a dirty shame, she thought, a nice guy like that. If only there were something someone could do. . . .

On an afternoon when the picture was only a third finished she did it herself. The company was breaking up and from her dressing room she saw him heading, alone, for the sound-stage door. She knew he was going to his hotel room, and she knew that no one would come to see him during that evening, and she knew what he would have for company. And on an impromptu impulse she called to him.

"Would—would you drive me home?" she asked, when he had come up to her dressing room. "My car's not here and it's such a nuisance getting a studio car. I hate to ask—"

"I'd like to very much," he said gratefully. "I haven't anything at all to do."

In his car, as they drove out of the studio grounds and headed toward Bel Air, Loretta said, "I can't wait for the rushes on that sequence we took today. You've never done better work."

He smiled a little.

Loretta shrugged. "Have you heard about this new fellow named Pinky Tomlin who's down at the Biltmore?" she went on smoothly.

As he helped her out of the car in front of

(Continued on page 78)



It's George Brent, secret sorrow of half Hollywood's glamour girls, who's beauing Loretta these days

Roundup of Children

(Continued from page 31)

lessons. And does. Can rope like a miniature Buck Jones on the loose.

The Weidler family, with three boys, twelve, fourteen and fifteen, and two girls, beside Virginia, aged seventeen and nineteen (from what I could gather from Virginia, now practically lost in Cal York), sounds not unlike a family from a current screen farce.

"I guess it doesn't make much difference to your brothers and sisters that you're a movie star," we suggested.

Reluctantly she tore her eyes from the magazine.

"Make it no," she said scornfully, and marched off with the magazine still clutched in her hand.

MARCIA MAE JONES: AGE THIRTEEN

THE two M's in her name are far from accidental. It seems the other Jones children are M's, too. There are brothers Marvin and Macom and sister Margaret. So when the curly-headed new baby entered the family they M-ed her in great style—hence the Marcia Mae.

The famous *Jones'* family of the screen is not too unlike the famous Jones family of Hollywood. Except the real-life Daddy Jones is a newspaper correspondent. Marcia rouges her round cheeks a bit and sprinkles powder rather generously over her round countenance. Her nails wear a rosy-hued polish. "I think it's all right for girls my age to wear a bit of make-up," she explains. Or alibis. Take your choice.

Special classes at a local public school (Junior High) are especially arranged so Marcia Mae can be dismissed each day from school at noon. She refuses to attend professional school, but she seldom misses a Sunday at Baptist Sunday School. "It teaches me to be kind instead of mean," she explains.

At nine each evening Mrs. Jones trots off the youngest of the Jones family to bed. At 9:45 Mrs. Jones usually finds Marcia Mae in bed—with the telephone going full blast.

Comes the revolution.

Clothes, pretty clothes, are her passion. "I can't wear that dress to Deanna's party," she'll cry, "all the kids have seen it."

Comes still another revolution.

Her money (a sum nicely supplemented by her check for her work in "Mad About Music") is placed in the bank by her mother in Marcia Mae's name. Saved just for her. *How* to get some of it out to take a trip back East is now Marcia Mae's greatest problem.

Disheveled, and hiding soiled hands behind her back, Marcia Mae approached Director William Wyler one day about two years ago, after a hard day's work at another studio, for an interview. They were casting for "These Three" and Marcia was the last child in.

"I'm sorry the way I look," she apologized trying to hide smudgy hands from his view. It only won her the rôle in which she wept her way to fame.

EDITH FELLOWS: AGED THIRTEEN

"WELL, Edith, next Sunday is the day," the choir leader will say, and the following Sunday Edith Fellows of the movies will take her place in the Episcopal choir and in a clear, sweet voice sing her solo.

With her grandmother she lives alone out at Toluca Lake in North Hollywood but has to come into Columbia Studio to school every morning.

Edith is A-9 and quite perturbed over her looks. Everything has to be right if she's going to pose for a picture as she was the day we saw her.

Two carefully tied pink bows adorned her hair. Her hat sat just beyond the ribbons. Rouge tinged her cheeks and lips. Polish gleamed from her nails. Smocking set off her frock.

"Think it's all right?" she asked anxiously and one could vision a rather lovely little girl selecting for herself because she had no one in all the world but an old lady called "Mama."



Young Billy Lee, sitting between Jackie Coogan and his wife Betty Grable, tried some of his pranks on the Yacht Club Boys but he doesn't take their warning seriously

" 'Hiawatha' is just too too beautiful," she said. But she hadn't the faintest idea Longfellow wrote it.

Can look back on long years of movie-making and sigh at the memories.

"Hollywood is a funny place," she says. "I've found that out."

She and "Mama" like to work in their rock gardens in her time off from the "City Streets" set. Loves to eat spinach, steak, spaghetti and chop suey.

There's an uncanny shrewdness about her and a something that brings a lump to the throat in her little schemings, all by herself, for various rôles.

"Once I went to see Director Al Rogell about a part all dressed up. Something just told me I was wrong, so I wrapped up an old shabby dress and took it along. When Mr. Rogell said no, I wouldn't do, I went out, changed into the old dress and walked in like I'd never been there before.

"Now here's the little girl we've been looking for," he said.

Her shoe is a size three. She wears bobby socks.

His voice is changing. And goes up and three blocks to the right when it should go down and toward the left.

He blushes. Living with his mother, two brothers and a sister, he's the only theatrical member of the family.

They put up with it nobly.

He began as a boy model back in New York. And then turned to radio and finally the stage as *Angel* in "Dead End," the rôle he played in movies.

A real, normal, manly young lad, he's about as angelic as your old Aunt Emma on a spree.

He wouldn't any more think of taking a girl out before asking his mother than he'd fly. Mom's the boss.

He gets to his feet, a bit hesitatingly, but nevertheless he gets there, when a woman approaches him.

To be a good actor—that's his ambition.

Sad pictures on the screen just like to kill him. Choking him all up.

He goes to Sunday School every Sunday because he thinks a fellow needs the training. His shoes squeak.

BOBBY JORDAN: FIFTEEN

A "DEAD END" kid who has so far fooled the public into believing him a regular old toughie.

Bobby is as tough as skimmed milk. But much cuter.

From out the line-up of those unforgettable young East-siders, Bobby has been selected for bigger and better rôles all by himself. He slayed the customers as the locked-in-the-cellar young thing in "A Slight Case of Murder," and as Kay Francis' son in "My Bill."

BONITA GRANVILLE: AGE FIFTEEN

"BUNNY" is the pet name and "Brat" the movie one. "Although I've played other rôles than old meanies, I'm always remembered as the brat of 'These Three,' " Bonita sighs.

Like so many other children in pictures, Bonita is a veteran at the game, having played as a wee mite in Ann Harding's picture, "Westward Passage."

Her hair is her crowning glory. She brushes it "like the dickens" two hundred times every night.

In her third year in high school, Bonita grabs her education on the run from one studio lot to another. Once passed an I.Q. test that sent a local college professor dithering all over the place.

She has laughing blue eyes and perfect white teeth. She brushes her eyebrows every night and rolls on the floor. The rolling is to keep that schoolgirl figure.

Clothes—lots and lots of new ones—she's mad for. She likes too many shoes, too.

"Kissing games at fifteen are plain silly," she says. "At twelve or thirteen I thought they were swell, but no more—I'm too old for that nonsense."

She drinks three glasses of milk a day; her greatest hobby, if you please, is collecting perfume; her favorite school subject is algebra; her movie interests, right now, are centered in "For Lovers Only."

She's a whiz at French. And always makes a wish when she sees a hay wagon. Never ask her to pass the salt at the table. She'll pretend she doesn't hear. It's sure to break up homes, hearts, nations, careers and what not.

GEORGE ERNEST: SIXTEEN

PRIDE and Joy of the screen's *Jones Family.*

A manly, well brought up, normal, active boy, with a wave in his forelock and a couple of adolescent pimples on his friendly pan, George typifies the boys who work in movies with little of the actor or exhibitionist about them.

To coin a pun, life is real and life is Ernest to young George whose name isn't Ernest at all but Hjorth. As the very small son of a Danish restaurant owner in Hollywood, George grew used to the adulation of the customers who kept exclaiming over his blond cuteness.

Showman Sid Grauman persuaded George's parents to register the boy at Central Casting and so began his movie career that eventually landed him as a permanent member of the now renowned *Jones,* whose latest exploits will be relayed in "Safety in Numbers."

Home photography is his passion. Has a dark room all of his own for developing his pictures. Uses his three-year-old niece and his collie dog as models.

When George grows up he's either going to be a cameraman, an aeronautical engineer or have his own photography store. One thing he's sure of—he won't be an actor.

He aquaplanes like a South Sea Islander.

His best friend is Marvin Stephens, the villain of the *Jones* family. "Well, good night, Marvin," he'll say at the end of a day's work on the set.

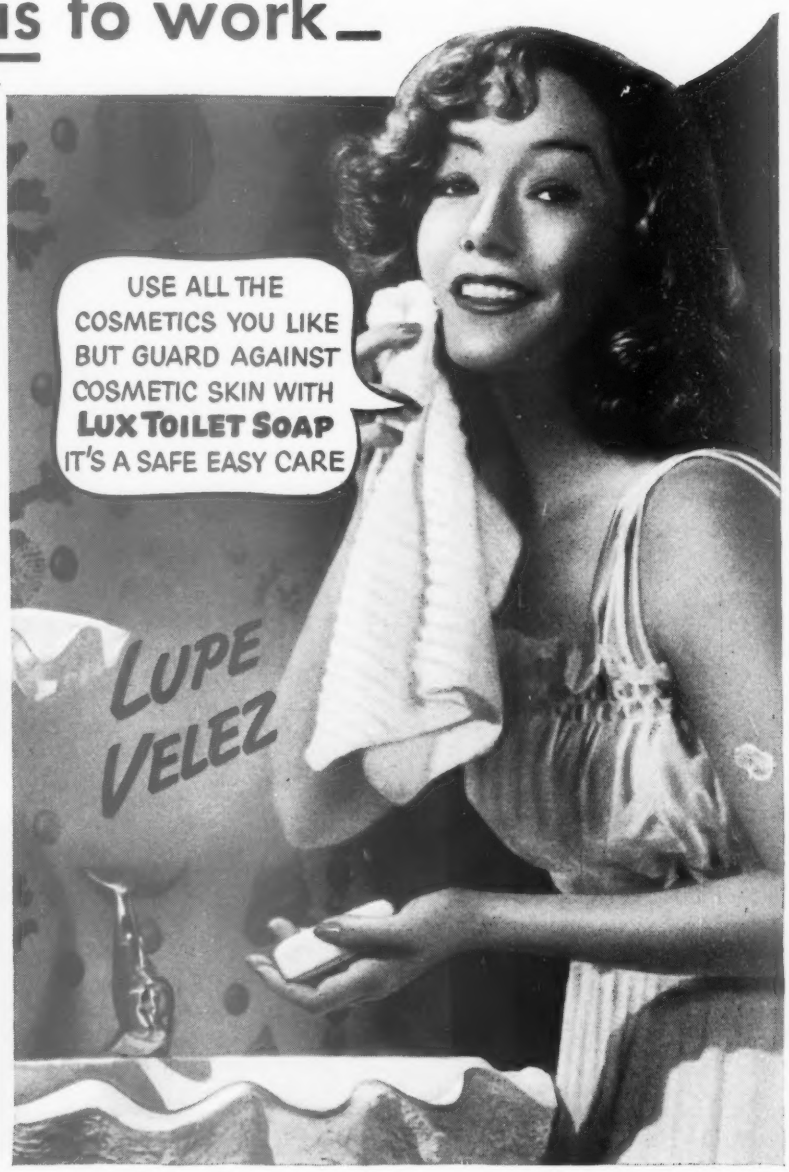
"See you tomorrow," and for a moment the two friends will stand in the center of a huge movie lot, hands raised in salute, and then go.

Two American lads off for home.

OUT IN HOLLYWOOD . . .

where a Complexion Care has to work—





—and in your own home town—



9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

Sincerely Yours

(Continued from page 29)

me by trying on all my things and I couldn't do a thing to her because I was afraid she'd rumple my coiffure. I wore my garnet velvet which is very sophisticated on account of it hasn't an unnecessary inch, and Barb wore her ice-blue satin and a Juliet cap—Sweetness and Light like her darling. The men wore the conventional soup and fish. Had my nails done ox-blood and wore Henry's class ring backwards so it looked like a wedding ring.

Frank borrowed his brother's car from the fellow in the garage and we started off for the Peacock Bar, having a wonderful time all the while singing "Thanks for the Memory."

While they went to find a place to park we went inside and sat right at the bar, acting older. Neither of us likes hard liquor, but we ordered sherry cobblers. Next to me was a very nice elderly stranger. We started a conversation but he didn't make a pass. One thing led to another and I told him all about myself, not a word of which was true. I informed him he was the identical image of Alan Mowbray.

"Do you know Alan?" he asked.

"Not in person," I said. "Do you?"

"No," he said, "I don't, so that should constitute an introduction, our both not knowing the same person."

I agreed heartily. Then I told him he ought to get a job as stand-in and he said he hated standing so his father had bought him an aisle seat on the stock exchange. I asked him if he would give it to a lady and he thought that was clever. We went on to discuss various problems of Life like double features and pacifism and what is love really.

BY that time the boys arrived and we had to be civil to them, they being our escorts. I just hoped Henry's voice wouldn't crack because there is nothing more mortifying to a girl than to be out with a gentleman whose voice suddenly goes back on him.

Henry said we would have to be scramming, as we had promised to meet Marj at the restaurant at seven and it was half past.

So the Mysterious Stranger and I bade each other farewell and I shall never see him again unless fate twists the strands of our lives so they cross each other again, or unless I drop into the Peacock some Thursday at 6 o'clock because that is when he is sure to be there.

The boys wanted to go to a jam session, but Marjorie said the true gourmet doesn't dance and dine at the same time. So she had reserved a table at Chez Maurice's where the atmosphere is very Continental and the food is really *in-time*, besides it being the rendezvous for lots of celebs.

Marjorie looked very *chic* in black satin with orchids. She is an authority on the Theatre, as she reads Variety. Marj's fiancé is at Columbia studying to be an eminent surgeon and everybody calls him "Doc." He kept talking about ideology and The Five Star Plan so I guess he's a communist. Nowadays lots of communists are very nice people. Of course Henry and Frank had no idea they were being William and Clark, so that made the conversation rather peculiar because the things we girls said went right over their heads. The dinner was swellegant, all kinds of French dishes. During the spaghetti Joan suddenly grabbed my arm:

"Myrna," she said, "look. Are my eyes deceiving me?"

I followed the direction of her gaze and lo! who was sitting there but Frederic March! It was unmistakably himself.

He looked exactly the same off as on, only more so. Naturally we couldn't take our eyes off his back which was facing us. We lost interest in the food (except the spumoni) and the boys kept kidding us but we didn't pay any attention to them but held a conference as to how to proceed. We agreed that it would be undignified for all three to go up to him, so we decided to draw lots as to who should have the honor of contacting him for the signatures.

Well! Lady Luck smiled on Ye Scribe! I pulled the short match!

Marjorie suggested that I say I was writing an article for my college paper because if I just said I was the press he might think it exaggerated.

WE went to the ladies' room to retouch my face. The girls were wild with envy, but I didn't envy myself. Frankly, I was petrified because although I had carried on a correspondence for years with important stars or their secretaries, I had never really talked to one.

I put Doc's fountain pen and a menu in my purse and took a big gulp of Chianti to fortify myself. Then I approached his table slowly because I didn't want him to think I was in a hurry. I assumed an air of *sang froid*.

"Good evening, Mr. March," I said in a pleasant but not gushy voice. He rose from his chair. He has perfect manners. He was wearing a blue suit and a dark blue necktie. He said:

"Good evening." His voice was divine. Just like in "A Star Is Born."

"How is Mrs. March and the children?" I asked kindly. I should have said "are" but I don't think he noticed.

"Very well, thank you," he said and then there was a pregnant silence. He looked at me and I looked at him. Finally he said: "Won't you sit down?" I sat down.

He offered me a cigarette. I was about to smoke it when fortunately I noticed it had his initials on it, so I put it in my bag and said I guess I wouldn't smoke it just yet.

"You must pardon me for intruding," I said, "but I am a reporter on my college paper and if you would grant me an interview I would be glad to do the same for you sometime."

"That's awfully kind of you," he said. "I've enjoyed your pictures so much."

"Thank you," he said, looking right at me. "Which one did you like most?"

I said I loved "A Star Is Born" and I adored "The Buccaneer" but I thought I liked him most of all as Mark Antony. He looked at me strangely.

"I've never played Mark Antony," he said.

I could have died of mortification. Of course I meant Anthony Adverse. I told him I always got the names mixed.

"Quite natural," he said, "they are very similar. I sometimes do myself."

I ASKED him what his hobbies were (I knew because I had read about it only that afternoon under the dryer but I thought I'd better ask that one) and about his home in Beverly Hills and if he had felt badly when his play flopped. He said yes, he had thought of committing suicide, but had decided against it.

"If at first you don't succeed," I said.

"Exactly," he agreed.

Then he said he would have to be running along. I took out the menu and pen and asked him if he would mind signing three times, far apart. He said he wouldn't mind, but why far apart? I didn't want to tell him I had two friends waiting, so I said one was for myself and that I was going to trade in the other two for one of Leslie Howard.

I don't know why he laughed, but he has beautiful teeth.

I saw he wanted to go when he rose, so I rose too and held out my hand because I knew the girls were watching and he shook it.

When I got back to our table, Barb and Marj were bursting, but I wouldn't say a word until after he had left. As he walked out he looked over and *bowed*, just slightly, about thirty degrees, but very freindly. After he had gone I nearly passed out. Barb made me drink black coffee which I hate.

After that we went to see "Snow White" which is adorable but I must confess I was in a dream all the way through and didn't even let Henry hold my hand. And, at the Rainbow Grill, when we saw Loretta Young I wasn't even excited. Doc said I had become jaded and I guess he's right.

FREDERIC MARCH—Friendship
JANE LYONS —Friendship

Thank heaven it's a mutual friendship and nothing more as I wouldn't for the world want to start any trouble.

I'm going to phone Barb right now. I just must talk to someone.



WE chatted with Dick Powell on the telephone the day after his daughter Ellen was born.

"Is she beautiful?" we asked.

A long strange sputtering came over the wire.

"Does that mean she is?" we laughed.

"It does," Dick said, "and if you think I'm excited, you should see my mother. She became a grandmother twice in one day. My brother's wife had a baby boy.

"That's what you call a real double feature, isn't it?" he laughed.

"And no 'B' production on the bill!" we added.

HENRY sent my class pin back with a note to wit:

My dear Miss Lyons:

Seeing that your interests lie in other directions, I am herewith returning your pin and would ask you to kindly do the same with my class ring and to remove my Fieldston banner from your wall unless it leaves a mark on the wallpaper in which case you can leave it up.

I shall be very busy from hence forward, devoting myself to my career instead of wasting time with women who fall for every actor they meet. I have important plans for the future which I shall not trouble you with as you are no doubt uninterested.

Wishing you every happiness, I am,
Your friend
Henry Warren.

P. S.—No doubt Mr. March will be glad to do your geometry for you.

P. P. S.—Perhaps he will also escort you to the Jr. prom. I am taking Miss Bailey. H. W.

I nearly passed out because while Henry is not my *grande passion* he has his points. I called up Barb and she dropped everything and came right over to console me in my bereavement. To make matters worse I found out from reading my favorite magazine that it's not Frederic but Fredric. That doesn't work out either!

Well, anyway, Barb and I had hot chocolate, crackers and a conference. She thought the best thing to do about Henry was to be stand-offish and he would come around because he really cares. I wonder!! But I'm not taking any chances, because if Vera Bailey once gets her hooks in a man he's finished. She is absolutely unscrupulous and Henry is a push-over for flattery. Any woman can pull the wool over his eyes. So I thought I'd better write him a letter as it is no more than politeness to answer a person's letter, so I did.

Dear Mr. Warren:

I regret that you should have misunderstood my actions and put the worst construction on them. *Honi soit qui mal y pense*. There is nothing between Mr. March and myself but a purely platonic friendship.

I am returning your ring which you will have to have enlarged before presenting to Miss Bailey. All the other men did. I have three invitations for the Jr. Prom and also a previous engagement.

If you don't mind would you please have the kindness to return my Caesar pony and that pink chiffon handkerchief which you said you wanted to keep forever that night in the canoe when the moonlight was so divine and you said that Life was throbbing with a certain Something and I agreed with you.

Yrs. truly,
Jane Lyons.

Henry called up last night and everything is hokey-pokey. We are going to see "Happy Landing" tonight because he likes Sonja Henie and he's taking me to the prom. Whoopee.

I guess I won't write for that photo of F. M. I'll regard it as a *closed chapter*.

The pert chatter of this little dyed-in-the-wool movie worshipper and her very best friend will be continued in another chapter of her autobiography to appear soon in PHOTOPLAY.



"Don't tear up the snapshots of that boy you're mad at"

says DOROTHY DIX, famous adviser on life and marriage





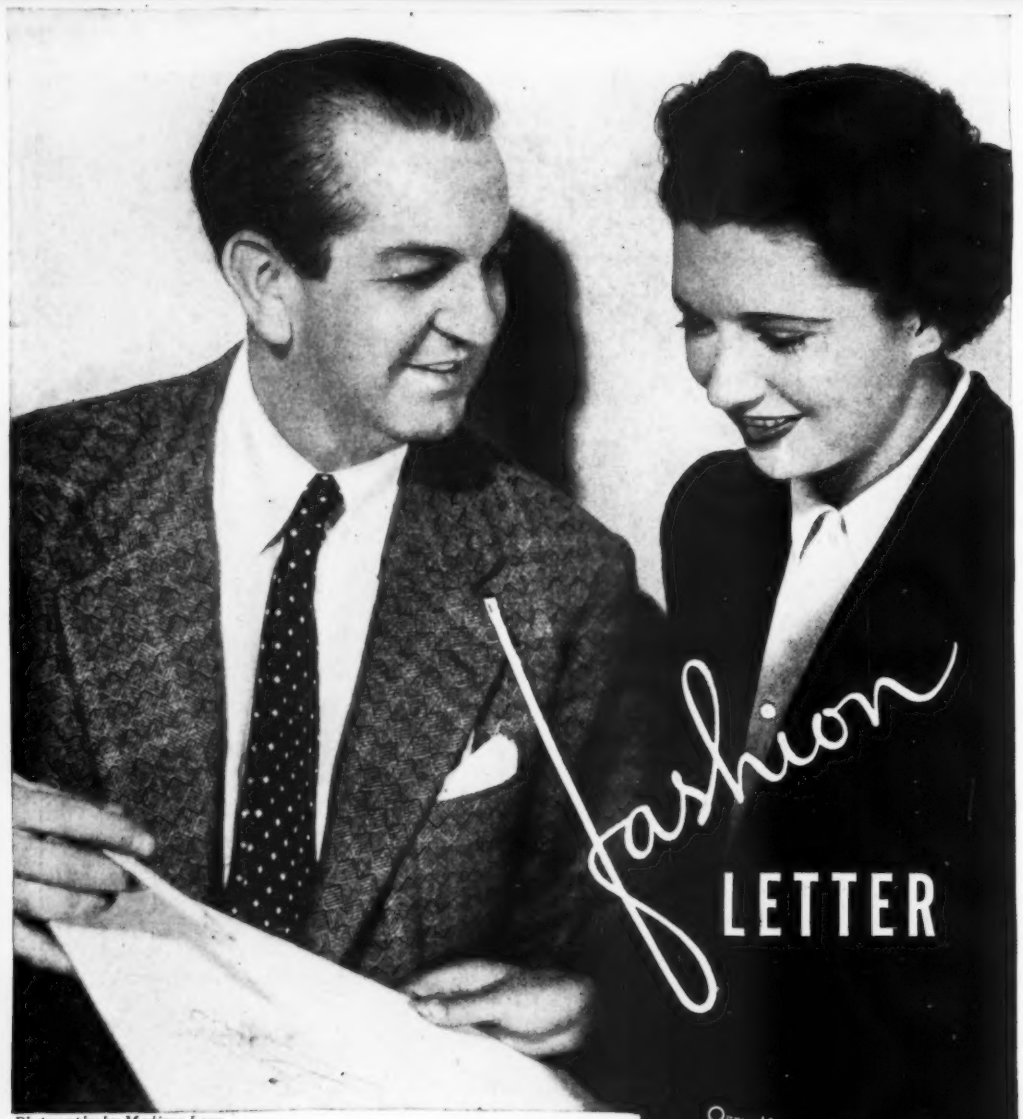
"YOUTH and love are both impulsive. How many times I have heard the story of a sudden lovers' quarrel, marriage to someone else—and then regret . . .

"It needn't happen to you. Suppose you do have a quarrel. Instead of rushing home and destroying the mementos of your association together, save all the little reminders. Be sure to save the snapshots you have made of your young man. This is most important, for nothing else will so rekindle your lost feeling...

"You may start going with someone else. But before you decide to marry, take out the snapshots of the one from whom you parted in anger, and look at them earnestly. They may save you from a decision that would bring sorrow all through life."

* * *

Whether you're expert or inexperienced—for day-in and day-out picture making—use Kodak Verichrome Film for surer results. Double-coated by a special process—it takes care of reasonable exposure errors—increases your ability to get clear, satisfying pictures. Nothing else is "just as good." And certainly there is nothing better. Play safe. Use it always ... Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N.Y.



Photography by Madison Lacy

Orry-Kelly, famous designer for Warner Brothers, and Kay Francis photographed during a wardrobe conference for Kay's newest film "Unlawful"

Orry-Kelly's Fashion Forecast
SILHOUETTE: skirts slim; waistline defined; shoulders moderately squared; bustline accentuated; neckline high
COLORS: black, brown, green, wine red, deep plum
FABRIC: wool jersey
TRIM: braid, fur, embroidery

BY GWENN WALTERS

"THE time has come," the Walrus said,
"To talk of many things:
Of shoes—and ships—and sealing wax—
Of cabbages—and kings—"

—of sad farewell to summer—of glamorous approach to fall!

Gee, that's fun to start a letter with the first thing that comes to mind instead of struggling to come upon a supposedly "right" beginning!

The decided contrast between this warm summery day and my wintry fashion thoughts has, undoubtedly, thrust me into this chameleon-like mood of work and play. However, you'll have to agree that work seasoned with play gives sure sanity to living. Now to work!

This month I bring you, as promised, Orry-Kelly's fall fashion forecast to guide you in planning your new wardrobe.

"Will skirts be shorter for fall, Orry?" I chided as I stuck my head into his workshop and discovered him designing costumes for Bette Davis to wear in "The Sisters."

"You think you're only kidding, Gwenn, but I'm glad you asked that question, for I should like to voice my views on skirt lengths," he replied, extending a welcoming hand.

And so our interview began.

IN Orry-Kelly's opinion there can be no set standard for skirt lengths (such as fourteen, fifteen or sixteen inches from the floor) for the reason that the smartest skirt length varies with the varying physical attributes of each particular person. The season's fashionable skirt length will be, therefore, the length that most becomes one's physical attributes.

Next we come to the all-important silhouette trends for fall.

For daytime, skirts will be slim, waistlines neatly defined, shoulders moderately squared, bustlines accentuated and necklines high.

Black, of course, will lead the color selection. However, browns and greens in many varying tones, wine red and deep plum will be chic high style alternates. Wool jersey will be a very outstanding fabric.

The decoration of frocks will be second only to their styling, color and fabric selection, for every frock must boast its own individualization of trim. Braid, fur and embroidery motifs will share honors with costume jewelry accent.

Tri-color combinations will be evidenced in costumes for active and spectator sports. Smart combinations will be found in green, yellow and brown; red, green and wine; brown, lacquered red and blue green. Orry-Kelly has designed a grand three-piece suit of the first combination. The background of the boxy, three-quarter length topcoat is brown with slub yarn shadow plaid of green and yellow. The skirt of the suit is matching brown, and the contrast jacket of yellow.

SPORTS frocks, one or two piece, will also boast decorative trim, suèdes and soft leathers being favorites for inset or appliqué motifs. Leather closings and belts likewise will be smart accessory.

Slim coats, exquisitely tailored, furless and collarless, will become perfect foil for separate fur scarfs. These coats, on occasion, will have contrast yokes and sleeves like the one Orry-Kelly has created for Kay Francis to wear in "Unlawful." The foundation of Kay's coat is of smooth brown woolen; the yoke and sleeves are of rust. The sleeves are seven-eighth length, straight and open.

There will be a drastic change in fur fashions. The bulky coats of last year will be replaced by slim coats of sleek furs.

For evening we will find the return of the "little" jacket made of the gown fabric. This fitted, waist-length jacket will most probably have a tiny peplum. It will most surely have neatly squared shoulders, three-quarter, open sleeves, and no collar.

The Nautch influence will make its appearance in dressy afternoon, dinner and evening gowns. The graceful folds that swath the hipline of this style will be caught up in front and thence released into fluid fulness which falls to the hemline. This draping will be modified in the dressy afternoon frocks.

LATER in the afternoon I visited Edith Head, designer for Paramount, currently creating clothes for Joan Bennett to wear in "Artists And Models Abroad."

Two costumes nearing completion will interest you, I know.

One is a dinner gown of ice blue. The slim, slit skirt is topped by a jumper of bugle beads fashioned like a little sweater.

The other outfit is of deep green velvet. The frock, two-piece with self-fabric dressmaker detail, has a matching hat created by Dache. Miss Head contrasts this costume with bag and gloves of absinthe green.

There will be an extravagant Paris Exposition fashion show in this picture. The "Exposition" gowns have been brought to Hollywood by Lillian Fisher from eight of the leading French couturiers. These gowns, however, are strictly show pieces and are in no way intended to represent smart Paris fashion.

A fashion angle also invades the Twentieth Century-Fox production, "My Lucky Star," which gives Sonja Henie the rôle of a college shop model.

Royer, who designed Sonja's chic wardrobe, offers many helpful suggestions for school clothes.

"Before purchasing a single garment for a school wardrobe," says he, "consider these generalities. Select fabrics most importantly for their non-crushable qualities—this will save untold pennies on the cleaning and pressing bill . . . Be sure and plan your budget to include several odd sweaters and blouses, smart costume jewelry, novel belts, and a couple of sets of decorative accessories—you'll find they will happily and smartly reassemble your basic costumes."

Sonja Henie wears one of Royer's sweater and skirt outfits on page 63. Don't miss it—or her—in "My Lucky Star."

Let refreshing

Double Mint gum

keep you cool and *doubly lovely*





The fickle male has an eye for girls who are not only good dressers but who have a taking smile. And now healthful Double Mint gum gives you both—style and smile. Millions enjoy this double-lasting mint-flavored gum. It helps assure sweet breath, relaxes tense nerves, makes your mouth feel cool and refreshed—whereby your whole self seems lovelier. Then too, chewing is nature's way to wake up sleepy face muscles (promoting young contours) and to brighten your teeth so that your smile reflects a new loveliness to attract friends.

However, it is ***smile plus style*** that wins. A perfect example is lovely Sonja Henie acclaimed world famous, artistic skater and distinguished Hollywood star. Asked by Double Mint gum Sonja Henie has designed for you this delightful, cool looking dress, *left*—adapted from her applause-getting Norwegian skating costume which she also designed. Smart. Becoming. And by Double Mint made available to you in a Simplicity Pattern. ***SO,*** you see how delicious Double Mint gum keeps you cool and doubly lovely. Daily enjoy this non-fattening sweet. Also remember it aids digestion. Sold everywhere. Buy several packages today.



Left, Sonja Henie Double Mint gum dress. Designed and modeled for you by enchanting, lovely **SONJA HENIE** *whose flashing grace made her 10 times World Champion and 3 times Olympic Champion. Photographed in Hollywood by Hurrell. Made available to you by* **DOUBLE MINT** *gum in* **SIMPLICITY** *Pattern 2849. At nearly all good Department, Dry Goods or Variety stores you can buy this pattern. Or, write Double Mint Dress Pattern Department, 419 Fourth Avenue, New York City.*

5-153



In a race-mad town, the new Hollywood Turf Club offers the last word in track luxury

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

(*Continued from page* 51)

Gable's Private Club

"WHERE did you get that hat?"

The old cry is ringing around the M-G-M lot these days louder than ever since an assistant director, a wardrobe lad, a sound man, an electrician and a bit player all appeared one morning in bright straw hats with flaming hatbands.

"Gable's cupboard," came a simultaneous answer from the five. There was an immediate stampede from all directions to the famous Gable clothes closet.

You see, Clark is a collector of hats. Can't resist buying a half-dozen every time he hits a shop. One look in his studio mirror, however, convinces Clark the hats were never made for him and up on the shelf they go.

Twice each year, when the shelf can hold no more, Clark simply sticks his head out the window and yells: "Come and get them!" and the rush is on. The lucky lads who wear his size haven't bought a hat since Gable became a star.

Oh, about the initial C. G. inside. They merely explain that by calling themselves the "Chapeau Grabbers." What a club to belong to, eh?

Behind the Rainer-Odets Divorce

HOLLYWOOD was torn pro and con when the Rainer-Odets divorce made front-page news. Cal gives you a thumbnail sketch of both principals and you can draw your own conclusions.

Louise: A girl, talented, nervous, unhappy over her career. A stay-at-home who likes to eat only when and if she's hungry. She seldom is. Shy, entertaining notions of genius at bay. A minor Garbo, hiding her face from her fellow workers in public—"No, no, don't speak to me off the set, please. Know me only as an artist."

Odets: A Leftist politically, working at it feverishly. A man impatient with failure. A man shy of illness who doesn't visit sickbeds. A force—a voice crying out—a cause in spectacles.

How could marriage win?

Why Janet Sulked

THE thing that brings on that awkward pause in the romance of a Hollywood star is no different from your own little love spats.

For instance, Hollywood wondered when Tyrone Power and Janet Gaynor were no longer seen in each other's company. It couldn't understand the sudden termination of a romance that had all the earmarks of being a true one—a lasting combination.

But now, since the two have obviously made up their quarrel, the reason for the spat can be told. Janet was miffed at Tyrone's constant praise of the beauty and charm of the star of "Marie Antoinette," Norma Shearer. It seems even after the picture was finished Tyrone continued to sing the praises of the beautiful woman in whose picture he had played.



Barbara Stanwyck, movie star and horsewoman, presents Jockey Basil James with a well-earned trophy on opening day

Feeling Tyrone found her less desirable in contrast, Janet terminated the romance.

An explanation on Tyrone's part soon brought them together again. Love, it seems, is the same the world over from Hollywood to Hicktown.

Those Important Young People

WARNERS are just a mite worried over their giant baby star, Wayne Morris. It seems Wayne has been taking himself a bit big lately and none of his friends like it.

"It's a case of a youngster rattling around in his importance," one lad explained.

"Give the boy time. He'll soon grow up to his success."

"No," another argued, "Wayne hasn't yet realized he's the luckiest guy in the world; that he accidentally possesses a grin that photographs like a million. When Wayne realizes that Lady Luck (and not genius and unusual talent) are responsible for his success, he'll grow humble and maybe a little scared. Then will begin the real career of Wayne Morris."

At least, everyone holds out hope for the likeable kid who has achieved success just a bit too fast.

Joan Bennett Facts:—

THERE are four puppies in Joan's new dog kennels which she started because of her love for blond cocker spaniels.

By a series of elimination she has finally hit on "Bemeldi," a contraction of Bennett and the names of her two children, Melinda and Diddy, as a name for her kennels. Merle Oberon was her very first customer, buying the cutest of the puppies.

Joan has thought out a fashion hint that should interest all blondes.

"I've made the mistake for years," Joan says, "of dressing, more or less, in frilly clothes. Now I realize all blondes should dress in tailored clothes. The lightness of hair and skin becomes too pronounced in frills. It's tailor-mades for me from now on."

Street Scene—Off Screen

THEY met just around the rather abrupt corner of Stage 5 on the M-G-M lot.

They paused a moment and then spoke gently, eyes filled with blessings for each other.

Lionel Barrymore and his former wife, Doris Rankin, now in Hollywood for pictures, looking back together, in one brief moment, over a long span of years to other times and other places.

A Different View of Filmtown

HOLLYWOOD is a condition existing in mind. One's opinion of the town all depends on whose thoughts, ideas, and intents one contacts.

Take Ruby Keeler and you take Hollywood at its beautiful best.

Ruby is one of that rare little band of people who would just as soon not act before a camera. Fate pushed her there and circumstances keep her there.

Circumstances labeled love. Love of a girl for a family. In order that mother, brother, sister may have all the things Ruby, as Al Jolson's wife, has, she continues to act on, though acting makes her nervous and sometimes even frightens her.

Oh, yes, Al Jolson would take all those responsibilities willingly, gladly, but you see Ruby loves Al, too, and feels it's her job, her problem, her privilege.

And there, friends, is a glimpse of Hollywood through the right end of the telescope for a change. How do you like it?

Glamour Is as Glamour Does—Maybe!

GENE RAYMOND is stumped—but definitely. Crestfallen at his sudden comedown off the glamour bench. It came about this way.

A fan from Warren, Pennsylvania, writes the blond star to ask Gene to contribute a bit of money to fatten up a pig for a Ladies' Aid raffle.

"Dear Mr. Raymond," she writes. "I'd just love to be able to get up in meeting and say, 'Mr. Gene Raymond helped fatten my pig.'"

To the hysterical amusement of his wife, Jeanette MacDonald, Gene is fit to be tied.

Garbo Checks Up On Herself

THE cable was delivered to the publicity department at M-G-M Studio by a fresh young studio messenger, cap aslant and a smile on his face.

"Don't tell me we're hearing from Garbo," he joked as he trotted off.

"Boy, if he knew it really was from Garbo wouldn't he grin out of the other side of his face?" one publicist later asked another.

For the cable was from Garbo, asking for a copy of the local trade paper that carried that startling ad that Garbo, Dietrich, Crawford, and a few others were poison at the box office.

"Please send me a copy," the cable read. "I would see it for myself."

Hollywood is beginning to believe the lady is not quite so indifferent as she seems.

"Who knows?" a little stenographer grinned. "Maybe she'll even act human when she gets back. They usually do when they're jolted a good one."

Good for a Chuckle

HERE'S one "fish story" Charles Ruggles is soft pedalling. Seems that, while on location with the "Breaking The Ice" company, Ruggles decided to do a bit of fishing. So, equipped with some $31.00 worth of Izaak Walton odds and ends, he went back to the lovely lake where the company had been working and started to fish. Hours passed (in fact, the entire morning went by)—and suddenly Ruggles was filled with a terrible suspicion. So, taking off his shoes and socks, he started wading—and he kept on wading, all the way across the lake. Sad, but true—it was just another "prop" and Ruggles had been fishing all morning in about eight inches of water!



Sam Goldwyn drops in for a hot tip from Mr. and Mrs. Chairman of the Board (the Jack Warners)

Awaken Romance in YOUR Life with the CHARM of BEAUTY



CHARLES BOYER

Hedy Lamarr & Sigrid Gurie

IN WALTER WANGER'S

"ALGIERS"









Like Hollywood's Screen Stars Discover How Color Harmony Make-Up Gives Beauty Romantic Appeal

BEAUTY'S SECRET of attraction is color...for it is color that has an exciting emotional appeal. This appeal of color has been captured in a new kind of make-up created by Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius. It is called color harmony make-up, and consists of powder, rouge and lipstick in harmonized shades to emphasize the alluring color attraction of each type of blonde, brunette, brownette and redhead.

Now you can accent the attraction of your beauty this Hollywood way...for the luxury of the personal make-up of Hollywood stars is available to you at nominal prices. *Note coupon for special make-up test.*

★*NEW!* MAX FACTOR'S NORMALIZING CLEANSING CREAM

Here's a sensational new kind of cleansing cream originated by Hollywood's make-up genius that will "agree" with your skin whether it is dry, oily or normal. **55¢**

FACE POWDER *is Satin-Smooth*

Screen stars will entrust their beauty only to a face powder that adheres perfectly...so you may be sure Max Factor's Face Powder will create a satin-smooth make-up that clings for hours. In lifelike color harmony shades to enliven the beauty of your skin...one dollar.

ROUGE *Beautifies Naturally*

Actual lifelike colors...that is the secret of Max Factor's color harmony rouge...and you will discover the difference in the natural beauty it brings to your cheeks. Creamy-smooth in texture, it blends easily...fifty cents.

LIP MAKE-UP *Lasts for Hours*

Because it's super-indelible...because it's moisture-proof, Max Factor's Lipstick will keep your lips the same lovely, alluring color for hours and hours. Yes, it's Hollywood's favorite lipstick because it will withstand every test...one dollar.

Max Factor ★ Hollywood

Mail for POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK IN YOUR COLOR HARMONY

MAX FACTOR, Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood:
Send Purse-Size Box of Powder and Rouge Sampler in my color harmony shade; also Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 48-page Illustrated Instruction Book, *"The New Art of Society Make-Up"*.....FREE

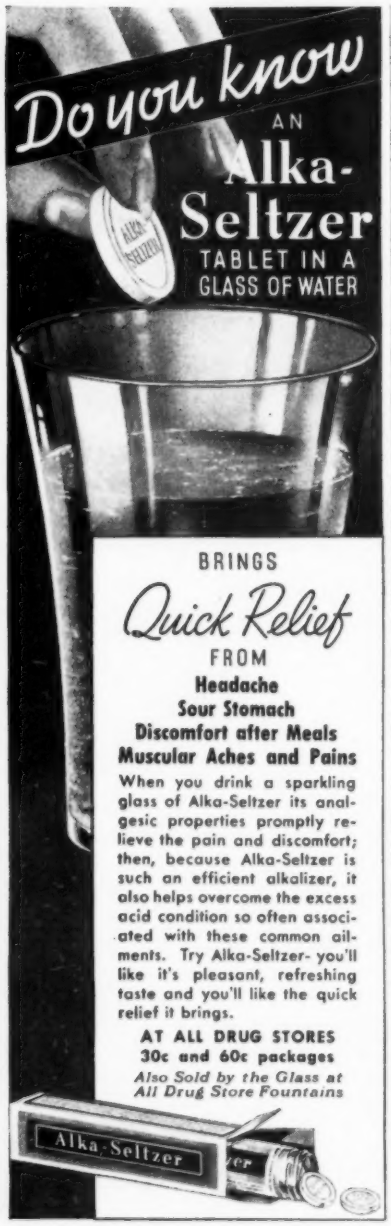
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NAME_____

STREET_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE Light. ☐ Dark. ☐
Fair ☐	Gray ☐	BROWNETTE Light. ☐ Dark. ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BRUNETTE Light. ☐ Dark. ☐
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	REDHEAD Light. ☐ Dark. ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	If Hair is Gray, check right above and here ☐
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Color) Light ☐	
Olive ☐	Dark. ☐	
SKIN Dry ☐ Oily ☐ Normal ☐	AGE	







Born for Romance

(Continued from page 69)

her house a little later, she saw again the tired eyes, the unhappy mouth. Pity caught at her heart. She paused uncertainly, looking at him. "Stephan," she said suddenly, "come in for a little while and have tea with us. I want you to meet Mother. She's an awfully good sort."

For the first time since she had met him, Loretta saw Stephan's grim jaw muscles relax, his eyes light. "I'll bet," he said, grinning. "I mean she'd have to be, to give out with a daughter like you. And—tea is just what I need."

They drank tea. The hour passed easily, marked by Loretta's casual chattering and Mrs. Young's slightly puzzled but steadfast poise and two bursts of sincere laughter from Stephan. This was Loretta's triumph.

When he left, Stephan paused at the door and said, merely, "Thank you," but his smile offered more than gratitude.

In the garden, a few minutes later, Mrs. Young poured herself another cup of tea and regarded Loretta curiously. "He's very charming," she said.

"Yes, isn't he, poor fellow," Loretta answered vaguely. She sat thinking for a moment. Then she looked up. "Why, he *has* charm, loads of it," she said. "I'd never noticed."

THERE was that week, in which Stephan twice drove Loretta home and stayed in the garden for tea; and each time laughter came more easily to him and each time the heartbreak in his eyes was less apparent. In the second week he asked her to dinner and they talked a little about themselves. He mentioned his trouble with his wife once.

"It isn't her fault," he told Loretta, staring intently down at his salad. "It's something within myself that I can't recognize or understand. Something I can't talk about."

In the third week, one morning, Loretta at breakfast spilled a drop of coffee on the belt of her dress. "Oh, darn it," she said, getting up. "Now I'll have to change, and it's so late—"

In her room, as she changed, her personal fad of honesty with herself slowed her movements and sent her mind racing. Why had she insisted on changing?

Because I am going to see Stephan in a little while and I must be perfect. And then she understood. There could be no doubt. She was in love with Stephan and there would be no need to find a way of telling him because he knew, had known from the beginning; and he was in love with her.

On the way to the studio, she let the chaos of thought flow through her mind. Stephan was married and a father. He was of her religion, which meant the idea of marriage, ever, was out. Besides had she the right to love or be loved by this man while there was still the remotest chance that he might one day go back to his wife? What possible result, aside from heartache and tragedy, could come from such a love as this?

Then, overshadowing all else, the sudden picture of a garden in the moonlight came to her—of herself and her promise to herself, spoken aloud. "If there will be great happiness I will take that and if there will be deep sorrow I will take that, too. . . ."

All right, she thought. *This is it, and it's up to me to keep the promise.*

THE summer was a long holiday, with the mornings radiant because she would talk to Stephan over the telephone before breakfast, and the evenings long separate avenues of happiness down which they walked together. So far as both were able, they forgot the circumstances under which their romance must exist: the burden of his marriage, the stern eye of Rome.

Autumn and the polo games in California do not necessarily mean any change in weather. Loretta, sensibly in a sport dress and light coat, sat one afternoon staring through her dark glasses at the hard running ponies and their riders; she felt Stephan's fingers tighten suddenly.

She looked up. Two children, a boy and a girl, had come up to the railing of the box and were holding out their hands to Stephan. He picked them both up, kissed them, spoke a few words to them, sent them away again.

"It was nice of her to let them come over," he said very casually to Loretta. But his face was ash-white and she saw that once again his mouth wore the tight, bitter look of the preceding spring.

"They're beautiful children," she told him softly.

"Let's get out of here," was his answer.

With the motor shut off there was no sound except that of the breakers below and the idle call of gulls. She accepted the cigarette he offered, stretched back in the seat.

"We've got to face it now," she said.

"Yes."

"You want to go back, don't you?"

He snapped a dashboard switch on and off, on and off. "I love you. That's all I know at the moment."

"There's nothing we can do about it," she said, and she was surprised to hear the steady tone of her voice when she had expected it to break. "You can't get a divorce. We couldn't ever be married. You've got to go back, patch it up somehow. We were fools to think we could ever get away with it."

Stephan looked at her steadily. "Were we fools?"

She saw his eyes again. "No. No, not ever!" She forced herself to smile. "Drive me home now."

At the door of her house he touched her hand. "Goodnight, beautiful."

She said, "Good-by," and went inside, listlessly.

THE studio gave her a few months off, because she looked even more tired than she said she was, and she went to Europe with her mother. In England, she read that Stephan had gone back to his wife, and after that she read no more papers since there was nothing further in them that could possibly interest her. She went to Rome and looked at the crumbling arena. She went to Paris and looked at the Mona Lisa. She went to Venice and rode in a gondola. Then she came home.

She was ill, the doctors said, and they sent her to bed. She went, unprotestingly. The weeks slipped into one another, and the gossip columns hinted that she would never work again and that she was broke; she read the columns, tossed them on the floor, picked up a magazine—time stood still.

Until one morning she woke to hear rain whimpering softly against her windows, and she sat up in bed, thinking: *I'd like to go for a long walk in the fields, and then come back for a hot bath and breakfast. I haven't done that in years. The smell of percolating coffee drifted up to her.*

"Bacon and waffles!" she said aloud.

Then, suddenly, she began to laugh delightedly. A sense of sheer well-being tingled through her, so that she crossed her arms and hugged her shoulders. *I am well,* she thought. *And I am happy again.*

* * *

Loretta Young's story is not finished, because it is a love story; and so long as she is beautiful, so long as her heart beats to its romantic rhythm, she will live for the glamour that moons bring and melodies sustain and low intimate laughter completes. With her house in order; with her assured professional rating and unassailable contract; with the little girl, one charming Judith, whom she eventually adopted; with her faith to guide her, Loretta faces her glowing future. She has only begun to live, and to love.

HYMAN FINK SAYS:—



There's a method in this madness of developing "Candids," according to Hyman Fink, whose amazing candid shots can be found on pages 34 and 35.

"After the picture is shot," says Mr. Fink, "the most important work comes—that of properly handling the negative, which must be kept spotlessly clean at all times.

"In developing the negative I find, for my work, where negatives are shot under so many varying conditions, that the time and temperature method is best. After negatives have been developing three minutes, I inspect them under a faint green light, in order to catch an over or underexposed negative.

"It is always best to make enlargements as, by so doing, unwanted parts of the shot can be cut out, and, by "dodging," under or over parts can be held back or darkened in. The print can be softened by using a defusing screen. Softer and rougher grades of paper will enhance an otherwise drab picture."



RICHARD ARLEN
Motion Picture Star, who thoroughly enjoys his lovely home in the Fernando Valley



HOLLYWOOD STARS QUAKER NET



YOUR window curtaining problems are the same as those of Hollywood stars—style and distinction are decorative "musts".

Notice how perfectly the Quaker Sheercord curtains in Richard Arlen's* living room (shown above) veil the window and yet preserve the lovely view.

Cost? Quaker Net curtains are priced from $2.00 to $20.00 a pair.

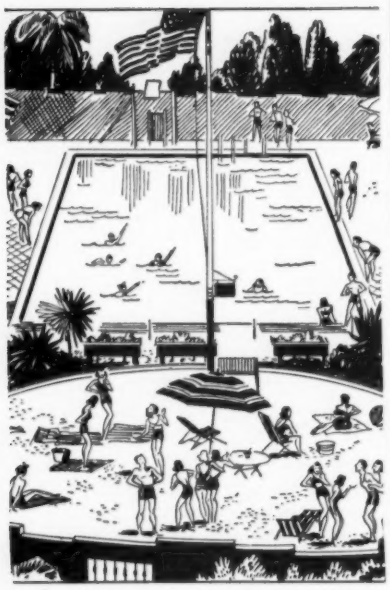
Wear? Combed yarn and three-thread construction make them look like new after each washing.

Booklet of Homes of Hollywood Stars

Glimpses of the exteriors, close-ups of the interiors of six Hollywood stars' homes. Also our "Correct Curtaining" booklet with over 50 window photographs, sent for 10c to cover mailing. Address Dept. H98.

Quaker Lace Company, 330 Fifth Avenue, New York

Also makers of Quaker Silk Stockings



What! IN THE HEART OF A GREAT CITY?

Incredible!..Yet this scene of rest and play was sketched on part of the Ambassador's Twenty-two Acre playground . . . at the hub from which radiates the greatest social and quality merchandising area on the Pacific Coast.

Two minutes from one of the world's busiest traffic corners. . . . Wilshire and Western . . . Eight easy minutes from Los Angeles' financial center . . . and fourteen miles from the blue Pacific.

The Los Angeles

AMBASSADOR

With its great, new flower-lined forecourt and auto patio and highly modernized hotel and bungalows . . . with grounds that provide Tennis . . . Golf . . . Crystal Pool . . . and Cabana-studded Sun-tan Beach.

And the WORLD-FAMOUS

"COCOANUT GROVE"

Presenting more famous orchestras and entertainers . . . and catering to more celebrities . . . than any other center for dining and dancing on earth.

This year Hollywood pays tribute to this rendezvous for leaders of stage, screen and society with the great productions **"Cocoanut Grove"** and **"Garden of the Moon"** . . . but two of a sequence of motion pictures in which "The Grove" and its atmosphere are emphasized.

Come This Summer for an Ideal Vacation

★

3400 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.

Write for rates and Chef's book of Calif. Recipes



The Case of the Hollywood Scandal

(Continued from page 19)

"She has been my secretary for three years," Mr. Foley said, his eyebrows coming down. "She lives in an apartment house on West Center Street with a young woman whose name I don't know. I know nothing of her private life."

"What's her address on West Center Street?"

"I don't know."

"It's funny you don't know nothing about her."

Mr. Foley said acidly, "I fail to see anything funny about it. If you're *quite* finished, I have some dictation."

The detective slid from the edge of the desk, spilled ashes from his cigarette. He said, "I may want to talk with you again after I see her," and barged out of the office.

"I TRIED to keep him out of the private office," I said, "but . . . ."

"Don't mention it," he told me. "One look at the man is enough to gauge his character. Incidentally, notice his voice. The habit he has of drawing out the last word of anything he's saying indicates the bully."

I couldn't restrain my curiosity. "How does it happen," I asked, "that you are so interested in voices?"

"I was a court reporter," he told me, "and, I flatter myself, a good one."

"I can understand how that would give you a thorough knowledge of shorthand," I said, puzzled, "but how does it enable you to judge character from voices?"

He laughed, "A court reporter has to study voices as well as shorthand. Suppose you're reporting a committee hearing with half a dozen people asking questions. You have to get those questions down and list the persons who ask them. You don't have time to look up from your shorthand book to see who's talking. Or suppose you're in a murder case with half a dozen lawyers on each side. Mostly, you're dealing with people who are strangers to you. A few minutes before the trial starts, you ask their names and office addresses. You don't give a hang about what their answers are. You just want to hear and catalogue their voices."

"Coming back to this morning," I said, interested, "you told me Miss Crane was afraid to take a competitive test. How did you know?"

"She was afraid of herself. That means she was afraid of a test. She coughed nervously *before* she started to speak—a half-cough, half throat-clearing. People who have that mannerism lack self-confidence. That's simple."

I said, "It seems uncanny to me. It's as though you had a microphone mind. I wonder if I could develop my own powers of listening."

"You'll have a good chance to try in about twenty minutes," he told me. "Mr. Frank G. Padgham is on his way up here. Notice *his* voice. It's good. And if you really study voices, you'll be surprised at what you learn. A person tries to put his best foot forward with everything except his voice. He neglects that.

"A man will go to a great deal of trouble to improve his general personal appearance. Sometimes it fools people. A man's haircut may make a great deal of difference. So may the shape of a woman's eyebrows. And a good tailor certainly can accomplish wonders. People don't bother to tailor voices."

I didn't want him to think I was trying to take undue advantage of the opening the detective's visit had given me, so I said, "Thanks, I'll try out on Mr. Padgham, and in the meantime I'll get back to my work."

MR. PADGHAM arrived about fifteen minutes later. I placed him at about forty-eight or nine, inclined to flesh and dignity. He carried a cane, and wore an expensive suit. His iron-gray hair had been carefully trimmed, his face had emerged pink and smooth from a barber shop. From the way he looked me over, I knew that he still made passes at women. "I have an appointment with Mr. Foley," he said. "My name is Padgham, Frank G. Padgham."

"Mr. Foley is expecting you, Mr. Padgham. I'll tell him you're here."

I plugged in on Mr. Foley's line, said, "Mr. Frank G. Padgham is here for his appointment," and heard Mr. Foley say, "Send him right in."

I glanced up at Mr. Padgham as I was snapping the switch button and said, "You may go right in, Mr. Padgham."

"I thank you." He made a gravely courteous bow. "You're Mr. Foley's new secretary?"

"Yes. I'm Miss Bell."

"It's a source of gratification to me," he said, "that Mr. Foley has at last secured a secretary whose personal appearance is . . . er . . . ah . . . commensurate with Mr. Foley's position in his profession."

And he walked past me, through the door into Mr. Foley's private office, walking with the short, deliberate steps of a man who carries a little too much weight and takes no exercise.

A few minutes later Mr. Foley sounded the buzzer which called me into his office. "Miss Bell," he said, "I'm afraid I'll have to ask you to work tonight. I'm going to dictate an agreement in shorthand. In typing it, you will take the greatest precautions to prevent anyone's seeing any part of it. I'm going to leave the office as soon as I finish dictating. You will transcribe your notes and bring the finished agreement to an address I will give you, where you will meet Mr. Padgham and me. You will be there with the agreement promptly at eight-thirty tonight . . . Do you have a brief case?"

"No," I said.

He took out his billfold, extracted a twenty-dollar bill, and handed it to me. "Get yourself a brief case, pay for your dinner, and take a taxi to the place where you're to meet me."

I took the money.

"This won't interfere with any of your plans for the evening, Miss Bell?"

As a matter of fact, it *was* going to necessitate postponing a dinner date, but a job's a job, and I could see from Mr. Foley's manner that this was important. I've worked long enough to know that while the boss may become interested in his secretary, he is seldom interested in her personal affairs, particularly when they may interfere with business; so I merely said, "It will be quite convenient, Mr. Foley."

He started to dictate then. Frank G. Padgham was the party of the first part; a Mr. Carter Wright was the party of the second part. Wright agreed to place his dramatic services under the management of Padgham. Padgham, in turn, guaranteed him a sum of five thousand dollars in cash, and to see that he "obtained a position carrying a salary of two hundred and fifty dollars weekly so long as Woodley Page was employed under his present studio contract or any renewal or renewals thereof pursuant to any option clauses therein contained." Moreover, Carter Wright agreed to do everything in his power to further the dramatic career of the said Woodley Page.

I gathered from the agreement that Mr. Padgham was one of those talent promoters who discover talent, develop it, and place it in pictures; that he ran a literary agency on the side. I saw that he was very much concerned about this agreement.

While Mr. Foley dictated, Padgham paced back and forth with his short paddle-footed steps, listening intently to the dictation. On occasion, he'd pause in his pacing as though about to interpose some comment, then, after listening for a moment, would nod and resume his slow, steady pacing of the floor.

There were several peculiar paragraphs couched in legal phraseology which I couldn't exactly understand. As the dictation progressed, I gathered the impression that the agreement was being used in some way as a false "front," a decoy behind which something more sinister might be lurking.

It was nearly three o'clock when Mr. Foley finished.

"When will you have that typed?" he asked.

"Approximately four o'clock," I said.

He wrote an address on a loose-leaf notebook, tore out the page. "Very well. Close up the office at five. Get dinner, and be at this address at eight-thirty on the dot. Take a taxicab. Don't let this document out of your possession. Put it in the brief case, lock the brief case, and keep it in your possession."

I nodded.

"You understand the . . . er . . . ah . . . imperative importance of being discreet?" Padgham asked.

"I'm quite certain I do," I told him, and, turning to Mr. Foley, asked, "What is this address, a private residence, an apartment house, or . . .?"

"Private residence," Mr. Foley said. "You will simply walk up the stairs to the porch and ring the bell. It won't be necessary for you to give your name. You will be expected. I will meet you there. I won't be back to the office this afternoon."

They had been gone less than ten minutes when the detective came back. He seemed to think Mr. Foley had left simply to avoid answering questions. I showed my impatience. The detective decided he'd wait, this time in the outer office. He picked up a magazine and started to read. I propped my notebook on the stand in front of me and began typing.

The detective moved his chair, apparently trying to get better light. I didn't pay any particular attention to him until, on glancing up, I saw his eyes weren't on the magazine, but were resting on my shorthand notebook. I'd been carefully turning the pages of the agreement down as I typed; but, of course, hadn't expected him to be snooping from my shorthand notebook.

I jerked the book out of the holder and slammed it flat on the desk.

The action registered. He put down the magazine, said, "Well, I won't wait any longer," and strolled out.

A GIRL who has to live on her salary and make that salary cover rent, food, clothes, cleaning, and an occasional beauty treatment simply isn't geared to spending money unnecessarily. Despite the fact that I was on an expense ac-

(Continued on page 82)

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to flatter your foot for a tea-date



ROSALIE
to delight your dinner partner

Synchromatic lasts

(Continued from page 80)

count, I saw no reason why I should squander money on a taxicab, so I took a streetcar, and started early enough so I'd be there in plenty of time.

It was a warm night and I sat in the open section, watching traffic stream by, with the half-listless preoccupation of a city dweller who is forced to spend a portion of each day grinding and jolting back and forth to work.

I noticed headlights behind me, which seemed to remain uniformly placed. The streetcar slowed. The automobile slowed. From behind came the raucous blast of horns impatiently demanding that the car move on ahead.

I heard a sound of bumper crashing bumper, and the automobile, struck from behind, shot ahead a few feet so that it was almost under my window. The driver immediately slammed in the gear and stepped on the throttle. As the car shot past, I had a glimpse of a blonde woman seated next to the driver, but it wasn't until the car had whizzed across the intersection that recognition dawned on me. It was Miss Blair, the blonde applicant for the position which I had landed.

It isn't often the paths of people cross casually in a large city. I found myself wondering if perhaps she was telling her boy friend about the unappreciative employer who had picked a secretary without even giving a typing test and . . . .

The streetcar lurched ahead. Over at the curb the automobile was parked. Miss Blair was sitting with her head turned so that all I could see was the tip of one shoulder and the rim of her hat. Somehow, her pose seemed strangely rigid.

The streetcar swayed on past.

I had a three-block walk from the place where I left the car, and took it rather briskly. Two of the blocks slipped past uneventfully. I was halfway across the last intersection when an automobile, running rapidly, and without warning, screamed into a turn. For an agonized split second I saw the twin headlights swooping down on me, the vague outline of the big car. I screamed, tried to jump back and escape.

It was hopeless. The car was coming directly toward me, sliding in a tire-screaming skid. Then, miraculously, I got back out of the way. The glare of the headlights was abruptly eliminated. My light-dazzled eyes saw only the vague shape of a car hurtling past.

Fear gripped me as I started to run.

I remembered what the detective had said. Mr. Foley's secretary had been run down, deliberately. Surely this, too, had been deliberate.

My mouth was dry with shock and apprehension as I sprinted down the sidewalk, counting house numbers. I picked my house, and cut across a well-kept lawn toward the porch, my pulse hammering in my throat.

IT was a big, Spanish-type house. Save for a light in the hallway, it was dark. I dashed up the porch, rang the bell, hammered on the door, and all but screamed.

I looked back, over my shoulder. A car, without lights, was crawling along the curb. In a panic, I tried the door. It opened. I ran across the threshold and banged the door shut behind me.

There were lights down at the end of the hallway. I hardly knew what to do. The menace of the street was behind me; ahead was a strange house. The documents which I carried in my brief case were vital to the people in the house.

I raised my voice and called, "Hello, is anyone home?"

No answer.

I didn't want to stand there in the hallway where anyone could look through the diamond-shaped pane of glass in the door and see me. On the other hand, I didn't exactly feel that I should make myself at home in a strange house, but, in the long run, my sense of loyalty to my job, the desire to safeguard the papers which I held in my brief case, outweighed the polite conventions, and I ran down the hall to a living room.

It was a perfectly huge room. Heavy, black drapes over the windows kept any light from filtering through to the outside. There was a massive table in the center of the room, and the chairs were so deep and heavy that one lost temporarily the feeling of insignificance which would had otherwise been the case. I was having trouble getting my breath. My heart was pounding as though it would tear my chest to pieces. And the silence of that huge house settled down on me like some ominous pall. Then I became conscious of a peculiar *thump . . . thump . . . thump* . . . At first I thought it was my heart, then the sound grew louder and I knew it was coming from somewhere in the house. It was a sinister sound, frantic and desperate, like the beating of clenched hands against the lid of a coffin.

Thump . . . thump . . . thump.

I could almost feel the jar along the timbers . . . it was somewhere above me, probably a room on the second floor.

I felt goose-pimples of cold terror, then I shook off the feeling and decided to investigate. Slowly, I walked back down the corridor to the staircase and climbed to the second floor. For a moment, I lost the ominous sound which had guided me up the stairs. Then I heard it again, *thump . . . thump . . . thump.*

I tiptoed down an upstairs corridor in the general direction of the sound. It was coming from a bedroom. Opening the door, I stood on the threshold, listening. The noise was coming from a closet.

I CROSSED to the closet door, then turned the knob . . . jumped back and screamed at the thing which fell out, a human bundle, wound around with cloth strips that had evidently been torn from a sheet. There was a gag in the mouth, above which wide eyes stared at me, eloquent in helplessness.

The man made gurgling noises from behind the gag. I remember saying, "Just a minute," and splitting a fingernail on the knot, conscious all the time of his eyes. No man should ever have eyes like that—not that they were at all effeminate, but they were so expressive they seemed to be mirrors, reflecting his moods. When I first saw them they were registering helplessness. Then, as I untied the gag, there was gratitude, and then a faint twinkle of humor . . . Those eyes seemed strangely familiar; somehow I had the impression that I'd seen them before, registering love.

It's hard to tell much about a man when the entire lower half of his face is covered, and when his cheeks are pulled back out of shape by a cloth which has been tied around the back of his head . . . and I'll say that cloth was tied. I sacrificed my first fingernail early in the game, and I broke another before the rag came out.



He puffed out his cheeks and blew out a great wad of cloth which had been pushed down his mouth. It's a wonder the man hadn't suffocated. He made little spitting noises, and then managed to smile.

It wasn't much of a smile, what with his dry lips, and his swollen cheeks, but it was enough to tell me all I needed to know. No wonder I'd thought I'd seen him somewhere before. No wonder I had a vague recollection of having seen his eyes register love. My heavens, I'd certainly spent enough time watching him on the screen. He was my favorite heart-throb—and here he was lying on the floor trussed up like a big sausage, with me kneeling beside him.

He tried to say something, but his tongue was too swollen and dry to make words come. He tried it again the second time, and said in a dry, husky voice, "Knife in my pants pocket."

"Which one?" I asked.

"Hip," he said.

I found the knife. Thank heavens, it was one of the kind which snaps open a blade when you press a button with the tip of your thumb—I'd sacrificed enough fingernails to Bruce Eaton.

I cut the cloth bonds which circled him. He sat up, pushing out stray pieces of lint with his tongue. He grinned at me. It was an amiable, friendly grin, and then suddenly, right in the middle of the grin it stopped, as though someone had abruptly changed the record. He lowered his head and put his hands up in front of his face. "Lord, how my jaw hurts," he said.

I tried to think of something to say, and couldn't, for the life of me. I don't, as a general rule, get stage fright, and, while I'm sometimes at a loss for words, I usually know what I'd say if I could find the right words with which to clothe the thought. But this time, I just didn't seem to have any ideas, or words either. My mind was stalled. What in the world *does* a young woman say to her favorite picture star when she's just finished getting a gag out of his mouth . . . Hanged if I knew, and I didn't think Emily Post did either.

With his face in his hands, he said, "I heard you come in and heard you call, asking if anyone was home. I found I could pound my knees against the closet door by doubling up my body . . . I'll bet my knees are sore for a week."

I stood there watching him. Bruce Eaton didn't impress me as being a man who'd sit with his face in his hands bemoaning the fact that his chin was sore. I felt that peculiar sensation which comes when someone you've always admired turns out to be a heel . . . And then the explanation suddenly occurred to me—the man didn't want me to recognize him.

As soon as I realized that, I lost all chance of making any sensible contribution to the conversation. I stood there feeling as animate as a fence post.

He turned his face so it was half toward me. Apprehensive eyes stared upward and over the tips of his fingers. He laughed, and the laugh sounded peculiarly muffled behind his hands. "Good Lord," he said, "you're white as a sheet. You look as though you'd seen a ghost."

"You'd be white, too," I told him, "if you'd been through what I have."

He twisted his dry, cracked lips into a grin. "Maybe you think I haven't," he said drily. "How about a drink?"

"A drink," I told him, with heartfelt enthusiasm, "would be simply swell!"

"Okay," he said, "I'll get you one. You wait here." He jumped nimbly to his feet, then almost fell. He twisted his face into a grimace and said, "All the circulation's out of my legs," and started for the door, walking with a peculiar wooden-legged gait.

AFTER he had gone, the silence of the house descended on me like a blanket. Once I thought I heard a door closing somewhere on the lower floor. Like a ninny, I sat there, waiting. It must have been fully five minutes before I realized that Bruce Eaton had no intention of coming back. That business of getting me a drink had been simply a stall to enable him to slip away.

I was sick with disappointment. Surely he'd. . . .

And then it suddenly occurred to me that probably Bruce Eaton didn't own the house at all. It was huge enough, and well enough equipped to belong to a picture star, but, if Bruce Eaton had owned it, he wouldn't have thought he could avoid recognition simply by running out and leaving me alone in the place. After all, I was bound to find out who owned the place—sooner or later.

Obviously, my best move was to go back to the living room and wait. I didn't want to be found upstairs when Mr. Foley came, and the menace of that dark street was enough to make me shiver—just thinking about it. My brief case was where I'd dropped it. I picked it up and started for the door. I was three or four steps away from the closet, when the light reflected from a metal object on the floor. I stooped and picked it up. It was a long, flat key. It certainly didn't look like a key to any door, it was either a key to a safe or lockbox of some sort, or . . . That was it, a safe deposit box somewhere in a bank.

Bruce Eaton must have dropped it. I remembered that I had read somewhere about him being very conservative and keeping a large sum of money, as well as quickly negotiable securities, in safe deposit boxes. The key, then, was undoubtedly valuable.

I picked it up and dropped it into my purse. My split nail snagged on the lining. There was a nail file in my purse and I went to work on those fingers. I didn't do such a good job, but, at least, I rounded them off enough so they wouldn't snag into every bit of cloth I touched.

"Is anyone home?" I called.

No answer; the house was deadly silent. This time there was no *thump . . . thump . . . thump.*

I walked out into a corridor, and decided I'd go back downstairs. Then was when I saw the open door at the far end of the corridor. I must have overlooked it when I came up the stairs.

I stood there, conscious that a man was seated at a big desk, his back toward me. His head was slumped over on his chest at a peculiar twisted angle.

It was a funny way for a man to sleep . . . it was . . . it was. . . .

Good Lord, the man was dead!

I stood there, my feet rooted to the floor, absolutely unable to move. I couldn't scream, I couldn't turn and run, I couldn't go forward. I just ceased to be an animate creature, and became completely inanimate.

I was sufficiently startled so the scene etched itself on my mind: the long corridor, brilliantly lighted; the open door just back of the staircase; the man still seated at his desk, his body slumped back in a tilted swivel office chair.

The desk in front of him was littered with a confusion of papers. A desk light beat down on them.

I was just ready to take a step forward when, without even a warning click, every light in the place went out.

Why did Bruce Eaton slip away? Who extinguished the lights? Why did Mr. Foley fail to keep his appointment? Next month—another thrilling installment by that master of mystery—

Erle Stanley Gardner



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Behavior by Bogart

(Continued from page 22)

some picture or director or writer or producer is no good. I don't get it. If he or it isn't any good, why can't you say so? If more people would mention it, pretty soon it might have some effect. This local idea that anyone making a thousand dollars a week is sacred and beyond the realm of criticism never strikes me as particularly sound reasoning."

A COLUMNIST recently stated that Bogey "refuses to conform to Hollywood standards of behavior." Which didn't make him mad, exactly, but it did put him in a mood. A mood of cool, superior, analytical reasoning, which moved him to inquire, "Why can't you be yourself, do your job, be your rôle at the studio and yourself at home, and not have to belong to the glitter-and-glamour group?" The answer is to be found, where most Hollywood answers are found, in the box office, where fans are pouring in now to see Bogey in Warners' "Unlawful." Perhaps as many fans as the columnist has readers.

Every now and then, the Bogart gets himself into a sanctimonious frame of mind and does a little off-screen acting. He dresses up and goes out of an evening, reminding himself all the while, "Now this is a nice party and I'm going to be a little gentleman tonight. Going to remember my manners, and agree with everybody."

So he tries, but things seem to go wrong. If he pulls out the lady's chair, he forgets to light her cigarette, and when he bounds gracefully ahead to open a door, he manages to get his arm in such a position that she has to fold up and duck under it, or knock him down. The awful consciousness of being a gentleman weighs upon him.

He holds up under it for about half an hour. Then, the first thing *he* knows, he is backed against a wall and eleven people are shaking their fingers in his face and demanding to know what he "means by that."

He says people bristle at a certain set look in his face, just the way animals bristle on the backs of their necks at the sight of the enemy. He has the maddening habit of arguing things he doesn't know beans about. He makes broad statements and won't back down on them. He just can't help it.

Friends who have known Bogey for a long time are aware that he is simply the old-fashioned garden-variety tease and kidder, as his father was. But he has the most desperately accurate marksmanship toward the most irritating weakness of his victim, and can exasperate and annoy people into a choleric froth, under the fond impression that it is all just good-natured kidding in a spirit of g.c.f. I wonder the man has lived as long as he has. . . .

HE was doing that at twenty, when I first knew him.

Our first meeting took place in Greenwich Village, longer ago than either of us cares to remember with much accuracy. Bogey was spread out like sandwich - filling all over a sidewalk. He could still talk (he can always talk), and he asked us to take him to Dr. Bogart at an uptown address. We did. Dr. Bogart, not too surprised, sewed him up. It seems Bogey was doing the Village on his own, and, when a lady in a doorway yelled for help, he responded. But the gentleman with her didn't think she needed any help. . . .

What promised to be the battle of the century almost took place when Bogey first arrived in Hollywood. He was playing in a picture called "Body and Soul" with Charlie Farrell, and how they hated each other!

The talkies were just starting, and every little punk who ever had a line in a Broadway show had rushed out to Hollywood to displace the silent-picture actors who he was sure didn't know how to talk. This hardly applied to Bogey, who had a number of important Broadway successes back of him. But it was the general opinion of Hollywood.

The Broadway actors resented these big-shot movie stars, too, and if all the chips on all the shoulders had been stacked up, they would have made quite a fire.

TO assist matters to a climax, Bogart and Farrell had two weeks of night work, during which they were packed together in the cockpit of a plane. The crew helped out the general atmosphere by throwing oil on them and firing machine guns.

It began with "Move over"; "Keep on your own side, there"; and worked up to, "If you think I'm going to take that offa *you* any more—!" from Bogey. When the scene was finished that night, Bogey extended an invitation to Farrell to take a walk in the alley.

Outside, Charlie turned and calmly asked, "Can you fight?"

"What d'you mean, can I fight? I can lick *you!*" Bogey informed him.

"Yeah, but can you *fight?*" Charlie persisted. This kept up awhile. Finally, Charlie said, "I just wanted to know, because it's only fair to tell you I was boxing champion in college, and I know how to fight."

This stopped Bogey. He knew how to *scrap*. He began to see Farrell in another light—besides having size on him, Charlie also had technique.

They decided to talk it over. Pretty soon they decided to go for a vacation on Charlie's boat, as soon as the picture was finished. They went—and right away got in a whale of an argument about who was going to sail the boat.

This was settled by the skipper, who wouldn't let either of them sail it. They are very good friends now, as long as they keep out of boats and airplanes.

EVEN Bogey's romances begin that way. Mayo Methot, who will be Mrs. Bogart in August, used to have wonderful sessions with Helen Menken, putting Bogey on the pan. The two of them fried him to a crisp, fluted the edges, garnished it all with a decoration of spirited invective, and decided unanimously that the result wasn't their dish. . . .

At that time, Helen had just ceased being the first Mrs. Bogart. When Mayo's approaching marriage was announced, the first wire of congratulation came from—Helen Menken.

Helen is married to Bogey's favorite optometrist, to whom he introduced her. Mary Phillips, from whom he was recently divorced, will soon marry Kenneth MacKenna, who was a good friend of Bogey's in the New York days, and still is. So is Mary.

You see how it is: one has to learn to love him, and he makes it as difficult as possible. But once you're over the hurdle, he's rather a good egg who wears well, and people can't hold things against him, not even his ex-wives.

BOGEY tries to tell me some sort of fancy fiction about how there is an "old Bogart" and a "new Bogart."

This new one, he says, is a mellow lad, thoroughly seasoned and full of sweetness and light. A householder (he just bought a house, with chintz and dogs and birds and flowers all over the place), who just loves humanity and wouldn't fight with it for anything.

But don't give it a thought, children. He happens to be in love, and isn't quite himself. He'll revert to type, in time.

In fact, when I saw him, we got in a political argument before the afternoon was over, and were roaring at each other, just like old times.

Bogey says he would rather be hard to like—after looking around Hollywood and seeing the gang of sycophants and hangers-on surrounding the boys who are too easy to like. Thinks what he has is a form of protective coloration every actor could cultivate to his better advantage.

Says he is a little worse now with strangers than he used to be, if possible, because picture success makes you mistrust people. They all want something from you.

"It puts you on the defensive, times when you needn't be. But how do you know that? So you develop a certain manner of approach, and everybody immediately says you are conceited or a first-class heel.

"Well, okay. I have confidence in myself, if that's conceit. Too few people have, in this business. They think front and bluff make confidence.

"However, I need to get my ears beaten down every so often. And anyone who tells me I am a damn fool in a louder voice than I tell him, I believe him!"

So you see, Bogey's behavior may be pretty awful; but he isn't entirely hopeless. He can still be told—if you can outshout him.

HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW YOUR HOLLYWOOD?

Check your answers to the statements on page 10 with these correct ones:

1. Pat O'Brien
2. Gary Cooper
3. Margaret Lindsay
4. Ronald Reagan
5. John Barrymore
6. Franciska Gaal
7. Arthur Treacher
8. Franchot Tone
9. Bing Crosby
10. Hugh Herbert
11. Carole Lombard
12. Lionel Barrymore
13. Minnie Dupree
14. Clark Gable
15. Bette Davis
16. Alan Mowbray
17. Tyrone Power
18. Jean Hersholt
19. Joel McCrea
20. James Cagney, Pat O'Brien, Allen Jenkins

The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 53)

ALWAYS GOODBYE—20th Century-Fox

MOST women will go for this sentimental picture which accents heavily Mother Love and sacrifice—a remake of one in which Clive Brook and Ann Harding appeared in 1924, titled "Gallant Lady." This time it's Barbara Stanwyck who's gallant in the rôle of a girl whose fiance is killed on the eve of her wedding. She has his baby, gives the child up for adoption, goes to work in a gown shop as a model. When her work takes her to Paris, she finds her child again in the care of a rich foster parent. Her mother love awakens. In the end she must choose between Herbert Marshall, the doctor who saved her from despair, and Ian Hunter, the man who adopted her little son.

Barbara Stanwyck manages to make her mental sufferings quite believable; Cesar Romero is swell as the French and amorous count; Binnie Barnes is like a fresh breeze in a small rôle. John Russell, the child, steals the show entirely.

MY BILL—Warners

THERE is little enough story here. Kay Francis, widowed mother of four children, finds she has let her love for them cause her to spend all her money. Then in comes the husband's sister to take all the children except the youngest, Dickie Moore. He befriends a rich old lady, she dies, leaves him a fortune, and back come the rest of the children. That Director John Farrow and his cast, working together, have made sympathetic entertainment from this is a small cinema miracle.

Bonita Granville, Anita Louise, Bobby Jordan and Helena Phillips Evans (who is magnificent in her rôle)—all form good background for the nice performance of Miss Francis.

ROMANCE OF THE LIMBERLOST—Monogram

SINCERITY and simplicity give fresh charm to this unpretentious little Gene Stratton-Porter story of "poor white trash" in 1905. Jean Parker stars—deservedly—as the idealistic young swamp-girl whose aunt forces her into a brutal marriage, although she loves Eric Linden. There's particularly fine work from Marjorie Main as the aunt, Hollis Jewell as a pathetic farm slave, and Betty Blythe, the silent picture queen.

LADIES IN DISTRESS—Republic

IMAGINE Alison Skipworth as Mayor of a racketeer-ridden city! Imagine Polly Moran as her sister-secretary. And then, finally, imagine what happens to the racketeers. There's much hair-pulling, with plenty of credit going to Robert Livingston, as the town's former bad boy who aids the two lady politicians in their round-up of social enemies. Virginia Grey is very pretty as the girl in this roundelay of good fun.

SPEED TO BURN—20th Century-Fox

IF you're up to another race-track picture, definitely in the C class and not outstanding in any particular, catch this on a Screeno night. Marvin Stephens plays the jockey whose pet animal is sold to the mounted police; Mike Whalen is a cop and Lynn Bari struggles along as the innocent foil of a bunch of crooks, chieftained by Sidney Blackmer. Oh, yes, surprise. The horse wins.

WIVES UNDER SUSPICION—Universal

WHEN hardhearted District Attorney Warren William discovers in his own home an exact parallel of a situation that has driven Ralph Morgan to murder, he softens considerably and even begins to understand human nature. Gail Patrick is splendid as William's wife. Constance Moore and William Lundigan add some slight freshness to the play and Cecil Cunningham, as William's secretary, can always be counted on for a chuckle. But it's pretty stodgy material for a movie.

MERIDIAN 7—1212—20th Century-Fox

WITH the catchy title taken from the New York telephone number of the information office that gives the correct time, this first in a series dealing with a New York reporter, and featuring Michael Whalen and Gloria Stuart, gets off to a flying start. Whalen, with the aid of Miss Stuart and Cameraman Chick Chandler, succeeds in proving innocent a young man accused of murder by the police. It's average but interesting entertainment; and, after all, Mr. Zanuck's *Jones Family* series is keeping the studio coffers full.

PASSPORT HUSBAND—20th Century-Fox

STUART ERWIN plays his usual bewildered self as the husband of Joan Woodbury, tempestuous Latin dancer, who marries him to escape deportation and imprisonment. Harold Huber is the gang leader who engineers the marriage, then attempts, with the help of Edward S. Brophy, to annihilate Erwin and win Miss Woodbury for himself. If you enjoy comedy and suspense, well seasoned with slapstick, you'll find this one to your liking.

FAST COMPANY—M-G-M

HEREWITH a weak imitation of a Thin-Mannish murder mystery, with Melvyn Douglas, an authority on rare books, and his fun-loving wife, Florence Rice, tracing down the murderer of a fence for stolen first editions. Claire Dodd looks too lovely to be roaming among musty volumes. Do you join Hollywood fans in their protest against the utter waste of Douglas in such trivial nonsense?

CITY STREETS—Columbia

A LITTLE laugh, a little tear, are the ingredients of this hokum-laden story of a crippled orphan (Edith Fellows) who is befriended by the local grocer. Leo Carrillo impoverishes himself to help Edith get an operation to regain use of her legs, is rewarded when Edith rises from her wheel chair and totters to his sickbed—the picture's a little sick, too.

YOUR HOPE OF HOLLYWOOD
By Marjorie Hillis

Do you have What it Takes?

The author of "Live Alone and Like It" gives you some fancy facts and figures on your chances in the movies

October PHOTOPLAY

Freshness
is the special charm
of Old Golds, too!



Binnie Barnes has the fresh beauty so often found in her native Britain. After London stage successes with Charlot's Revue, Noel Coward's "Cavalcade", etc., movie roles under Alexander Korda's direction led to a Hollywood contract in 1934. (*See her in the Samuel Goldwyn production, "Marco Polo".*)

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Who's Hollywood's Smartest Hostess?

(Continued from page 25)

FOR many years now, the Magic City has been without someone upon whom to hitch its star wagon. Doug and Mary used to occupy that unique post in the early twenties and Clara Ray ran them close second. For a while, hostesses thought that Carole Lombard showed signs of such talent, but her parties have become more of the feminine-bachelor type. At one time, Ouida Bergere Rathbone blossomed forth as the town's most potent party queen. Gladys Robinson used to throw some bang-up affairs, but Eddie Robinson is a sensitive musician, whether you know it or not, and he objected so strenuously to this social life that she took to putting her energies into writing instead. Thus, a great change has come upon an otherwise hail-fellow-well-met lady.

CARMEN CONSIDINE I would rank as Hollywood's 1938 hostess No. 2. Her Beverly Hills town house is the pride of the city. When she and Johnny were building it, I remember a delightfully simple party Carmen got together on the spur of the moment. Friends had dropped by on their way home from work to see how the mortar, the chicken wire and the cement were getting together. This was just a bit too much for Carmen. In less time than it takes to dash off these lines, she had the makings of a swell get-together. Once, when J. F. T. O'Connor, the former U. S. Controller of the Currency, was in town on a hurried, harried visit, Carmen was able to disentangle him from his dull, heavy work on complex figures and inject into his naïve bachelor soul other kind of figures, which changed his point of view for life. Now he is running as one of the candidates for Governor of California.

Carmen is Hollywood's sprightliest hostess, and she has quite taken the place held so long and ably by Marion Davies. Rating her as per our chart I would give her: A—19%; B—17% C—17% D—19%; E—19%. Total: 91%.

MRS. HARRY LACHMAN probably runs Mrs. Johnny Considine a close third. The famed director's wife is Chinese and very beautiful. Her make-up is so effective that many Chinese people are spellbound by her. For years she lived in Europe and she knows "everybody." No matter who the visiting fireman in the Hollywood sector, he will eventually find himself Tai Lachman's guest at some new and amazingly conceived party.

Her dinners are Chinese and American and she usually invites more than two hundred. Once her guests come, they stay until dawn, and she sees to it that their every want is fulfilled. She is one of the few Hollywood hostesses who is fully equipped with her own service—silver, napery, plates and so on.

Some years ago, after I had motored across country for the umtieth time, my Beverly Hills hosts insisted on taking me "as I was" to a garden party Mrs. Lachman was giving for I've forgotten whom. I came as I would go to a Newport, R. I., garden party, in turtle-neck sweater and old tweeds. Arriving, I was amazed to find almost everyone clad in togs of the nineties. Gentlemen wore cutaways and ascot foulards and their ladies had on trailing lace party gowns and big Gibson girl picture hats. I afterwards was told that this party corresponded to anything that Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish (or her equal) might give back East. And, believe me, I don't think my hosts exaggerated one iota. Nevertheless, Tai Lachman is a very charming person, and I think I make no error in giving her A—15%; B—20%; C—18%; D—18%; E—18%. Total: 89%.

ELLEN MACKAY BERLIN takes my fourth place, for here is a quiet sweet soul who will do anything within reason to help her talented husband, Irving, achieve the success he has made of his life.

To Ellen, who is always the fair, understanding woman, I would give: A—16%; B—15%; C—16%; D—18%; E—20%. Total: 85%.

Lucile Gleason (with Jimmy as host, of course), gives the biggest and the best of all the outdoor Hollywood gatherings. These two entertain principally for the character actors and sometimes a friend who happens to be a star. They're not so particular about their guests as some hostesses are, yet you never seem to have undesirables trying to crash in. Sometimes, in the most carefully guarded Palm Beach parties I've run into one-eyed Connolly, but I've never seen him at the Gleasons, though I feel sure if he wanted to come they'd welcome him gladly. Furthermore, Jimmy would make him feel a lot more at home than a certain group of American sportsmen did when he crashed a big affair during the Kentucky Derby in Louisville last spring.

To Mrs. Gleason I would give: A—18%; B—14%; C—16%; D—17%; E—19%. Total: 84%. The Gleasons' is an evenly balanced household, with guests who appreciate each invitation. There is nothing swank or corney about their way of entertainment. It might take place in Keokuk, Iowa, just as well as in Pacific Padisades, California, for all they seem to care. It *is* the American party supreme, the unaffected way our forefathers would have entertained the successful people all about them.

The Fred Astaires are climbing rapidly up the party-giver ladder. She is the niece of an Eastern stock-jobber, who has long been identified with horse-racing circles there. And Fred needs no introduction to anybody. As they become more and more accustomed to the odd hours of Hollywood, both the Astaires seem to feel the need of Hollywood people for additional relaxation. For, while Hollywoodians are funny when you see them in pictures, many of them spend weeks thinking up the cracks which you watch them pull off in that many seconds on the screen. They have no place to go, except the restaurants and night clubs, where they can try those cracks out. In public places they are constantly on parade. It isn't fun being watched and mimicked everywhere you go. So, in their large and roomy house, veritably sprawling over one of Beverly's seven hills, the Astaires give relaxation—and entertainment—to their guests. Give Mrs. Astaire then: A—14%; B—20%; C—16%; D—15%; E—18%. Total: 83%. If I were writing these lines five years hence, I think Mrs. Astaire might head this list.

From time to time, the Countess di Frasso used to have a bang-up blowout party for some friend from the East. To it, she hand-picked her own movie preferences, and her invitation, usually by telephone, was like another kind of command performance for a certain Hollywood group. But time marched on and, with Gary Cooper's marriage to Sandra Shaw, the Countess' popularity gradually began to dim.

Sandra Cooper, Gary's wife, though she doesn't look it, is somewhat temperamental and her man is *her* man. In that, she had something in common with Fanny Brice.

Sandra's social tastes ran more to the Cedric Gibbons and she didn't give a Continental damn who knew it. Thus Dolores Del Rio and her handsome husband (who, incidentally, is related to Sandra) soon popped upon the party horizon, where they still remain. To be invited to the Coopers' house is an honor indeed, for few of the movie colony get beyond the great Dane at the gates.

Let's give Mrs. Cooper: A—15%; B—15%; C—16%; D—17%; E—18%. Total: 81%.

Mrs. Jesse Lasky is one of the few wives of producers who does any entertaining. Mrs. Lasky paints and Jesse, Jr. is a poet. Jesse, Sr. is a sensitive person. Occasionally, all three of them get together and invite their friends in. Most of their guests come from the Los Angeles social cliques in the West Adams section of the city. At their house you meet all sorts of people who seem to have been rolled out of moth balls just for the occasion. For Mrs. Lasky let's say: A—12%; B—20%; C—14%; D—15%; E—16%. Total: 77%.

ADMITTEDLY, this next item is beside the point since I am dealing with the social ratings of the fair ladies of Hollywood (and their husbands, incidentally); nevertheless, no article on party-giving in Hollywood can possibly be complete without mention of Charlie Chaplin, for he still gives the most exclusive parties for the really bigwigs in the visiting contingents. Six or eight is the limit of his guests, and he hand-picks them all. It is considered a great honor to be invited to Charlie's Italian hilltop manor in Beverly. All of the important scientists, bankers, raconteurs and painters pay him homage.

There is no showing off, no ostentation, no formal entertaining, no big brawls. His Japanese servants, who have been in his employ more than a decade, know by instinct, it seems, just whom to receive and whom to pass over. If Freud comes to California you can bet your last cartwheel it will be Charlie who will entertain him. H. G. Wells, Aldous Huxley, Masefield, Emil Ludwig, Mrs. Pat Campbell, Chief Justice Hughes, Frank Shields, or even Franklin D. Roosevelt would be Chaplin guests; but never, never, never would you find him putting himself out for the glamour boys and girls who congest café society and make it the sappy society it is in America today. Paste Charlie with A—20%; B—20%; C—16%; D—16%; E—20%. Total: 92%.

I regret to say that I do not know Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone well enough to report here upon their party inclinations, though I have it on good authority that they enjoy entertaining people as much as Katharine Hepburn, Ginger Rogers, the Hal Roaches and a half-dozen other couples do. I hope their parties are half as good as they are supposed to be; and I trust that Jimmie Fidler and a lot of other fellows who I hear it said give good jamborees get away with them as they ought.

Life for the Hollywoodian is short at best. May their party lives be a lot longer! That is the wish of an old cynic who himself enjoys very much seeing people having a good time, especially in that famous city of Hollywood.

It's Easy to Act

(Continued from page 23)

rôle was that it gave me no "clinches" with her. Not even one embrace did I get—and me fairly bursting with Casanova-ness. If I were going to make a lifetime profession of acting, I would insist on being the "great lover" type—and hang the overtime!

ONE phase of my labor in "Garden of the Moon" was very fatiguing. On the stage adjoining ours, a filmusical was being dished up—a typical extravaganza which ran into plenty of figures, all gorgeous. The costumes on that set were a revelation. Being an enthusiastic employee, I felt that if, by any chance, the director of that filmusical wanted to ask my opinion about anything, I should be on hand to deliver. It was effort wasted, but no one can accuse me of shirking my duty. I made so many trips to this set, between scenes on my own, that by the end of the day, I was worn to a frazzle. Overworked!

The studio executives, I must admit, do everything in their power to save their stars from fatigue. One morning, I remember, it sprinkled a few drops of rain. Just as I was congratulating myself on a chance to be a Garbo, someone knocked at my dressing-room door. It was a studio chauffeur, come to drive me, in a studio limousine, to the stage door, which was all of fifty feet away.

Back in my pre-Barrymore days, when I was a mere radio commentator, I used to be impressed by the complaints of stars who cited as one of their principal tribulations the long waits between scenes. I really appreciated those beefs when I reported for work on my first day. The call was for nine o'clock and I was Johnny on the spot. The assistant director came to my dressing room and told me that he would notify me when I was wanted on the set. At noon, he came again and, after waking me, said it was time for lunch.

"Be back on the set at one, we'll use you then," he added.

I nervously bolted a light lunch—lamb chops smothered in sautéd mushrooms and served with bright chatter by Miss Lindsay—and dashed pell-mell back to the job. The set was deserted.

To soothe my jumping nerves, I tried to read. Two o'clock . . . three . . . four . . . and, finally, five. The assistant knocked at my door just as I finished my book. "That's all for today," said he. "We'll start shooting at nine tomorrow!"

I was dreadfully annoyed—until I reflected that I had actually been paid better than a hundred dollars an hour for absorbing a book that I had been trying to find time to read for more than a year. No wonder so many actors are well-read—or are they?

HAVE you ever combed your own hair? If so, you know what a tiresome, enervating task it is, and how easily you can be overworked by doing it. Give proper credit, then, to the understanding of our studio czars, for they supply a man to comb their actors' hair. And to pat his tired cheeks with a powder puff. And to hold a mirror while he matches his left profile with his right.

They also supply a stand-in. I had one. He got something like forty dollars every week. And not once did I hear him complain of being overworked. But then, of course, he is just a stand-in and lacks the real artistic temperament, the fierce emotional tension which characterizes such thespians as Gable, Garbo, Crawford and Fidler. He didn't have to "give." All *he* had to do in his humble capacity was to stand for hours under the hot lights and pose and sweat, while the camera crew set up for another shot and I lolled on the side lines laughing at Pat O'Brien's wit. (Remind me to tell you that one about the Irishman, the Swede and the American—it's a honey.)

I don't think I would care to be a stand-in. I would rather be a real actor—and be overworked!

Odd, too, that the electricians, the property men and the "grips" never complain. They start their jobs about an hour before the cast arrives and their only time out is taken for lunch. They wrestle with heavy equipment, stand on their feet all day, worry about technical problems and fill in their odd moments by mentally trying to match their wages with their expenses. The fact that they are such a cheerful, industrious lot merely proves, I suppose, that they lack the finer sensibilities which distinguish us mimes.

There is still another man on the set to whom I would doff my hat were it not for the fact that I have become so inert through overwork. I mean the director. In particular, I mean Busby Berkeley, who directed "Garden of the Moon." Mr. Berkeley did the gardening—the rest of us just mooned around. He co-ordinated everything; dictated the lighting, the camera angles, the "business" of each actor. He rehearsed our dialogue, and he determined our action. And before each scene he demonstrated exactly what he wanted. He was Edgar Bergen; we were Charlie McCarthys.

Once, when I was a youngster in Tennessee, I went swimming with the big boys and succeeded in falling into a deep hole. I would be there yet if a man on the bank had not whipped off his belt and used it to pull me out. My estimable friend, Mr. Berkeley, is like that belt whipper-offer. Whenever I felt myself sinking, he was always on hand to pull me out. Personally, I'm in favor of paying actors bigger money—and then giving half of their pay checks to the directors.

I HAVE an idea that there are stars in Hollywood who will not approve of the general tenor of this article. Perhaps some of them will even make nasty remarks about me and to me. But I have my defense all prepared. I will simply say that it is unfair to hold me accountable. I will cite the long, long hours that I spent on the set, listening to Pat O'Brien's jokes and moping because I had no clinches with Margaret Lindsay. And I will excuse my follies with just one word—the one word that always excuses the follies of any actor. The word is—OVERWORKED!

Jane Lyons - -

is still going places and doing things—and what things! The witty and wise little heroine of "Sincerely Yours," the most hysterical autobiography since "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," discovers that the woman always pays—but boy, does she get a lot for her money! Another chapter in Jane's autobiography in October PHOTOPLAY



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How I Saved My Marriage

(Continued from page 21)

anything but work. The studio had decided to make me a glamour girl, and they went about it with a grim intensity that floored me at first. Herb and I had agreed to keep our marriage a secret because it was understood the public preferred its heroines to be single. I didn't like the idea but everyone insisted.

The dangers my marriage must face started with that, however. Part of the glamour build-up was romance, and when the press could find nothing definite they made it up. I was eternally on the phone to Chicago apologizing to Herb for things that had never happened. He was sweet and understanding about the whole thing, but I realized I couldn't ask him to keep that attitude forever. Here was the first test of my ability to save my marriage.

Was I strong enough to take a chance with my career, just as it was starting? Did I dare oppose the studio and everyone else in Hollywood just to save a little unpleasantness between Herb and myself? I remembered my decision: *If any sacrifices were to be made, I would make them.*

I announced my marriage.

Now, I thought. That will stop them. They'll lay off now.

OF course, the attack was merely shifted. Whereas before it was "Lamour was seen with Thus-and-Who. Will this romance lead to marriage?" the theme was now: "Lamour and What's-His-Name are going around town. Reports are that she will soon seek a divorce from husband Herbie Kay."

He and I talked it over one night at Catalina when he had an engagement there last summer. "I don't know that it's worth it," I said then. "Just these few days together have made me realize I'd rather be with you now than be the biggest star in the industry. And I'd rather live in a shanty than let my career be the cause of a crack-up between us."

"Maybe you'd better give it up," Herb told me. "We'd be happier together."

That was a mad mood. In a moment it was over and we were discussing ways and means intelligently. "I can't stay home every night," I said, "and you don't want me to. There are things I have to do, previews to go to, parties I should attend for political reasons. But every time I go out with a friend, you read in the next morning's paper an implication that I've been unfaithful to you. I'll tell you what—each night, when I'm getting ready to go out, I'll dress half an hour early and then I'll sit down and write you an outline of what I plan to do that evening. Where I'm going, with whom, what I'm wearing, how late I expect to stay out. Sometimes I'll just be going to a party or a night club for fun, and sometimes it'll be business. But, anyway, when some busybody or the papers report to you later you can always stall them by saying that you know all about it."

"Good idea," Herb said. "I'll do the same."

We sat for a while in silence, thinking.

Somehow I couldn't get back to my cheerful mood about the situation; it seemed bleak and a little hopeless.

"It's that the future we plan is so intangible," I said suddenly. "We know it's going to be swell, but we can't dream of it in any terms of reality. It's all hazy."

"Then we'd better start making it real as soon as we can. Where do you want to live? Personally, I think this California is the land of the gods."

"I've fallen in love with it myself."

"So we'll build our house here. Immediately. We'll start it as soon as we can get the plans together—up in the hills somewhere, with a view and crickets at night."

"I'll spend every free minute on it!" I yelled excitedy. "I'll take a vacation—"

"Hey," Herb interrupted, looking solemn. "You be careful. I'll not have you blasting that career just because of a moment of enthusiasm. We've plenty of time."

"We've no time."

He didn't protest any more. He knew I was right.

THAT was a year ago. Our house is finished now, completely, and already it represents home to me.

Thus, in the coming years while I continue to work in Hollywood and Herb continues to play in Eastern hotels, both of us will have at least the foundation for our future. I can keep my house and that will content me. Herb will always have the consciousness of a home and family that belong to him, even though they may be living far across a continent.

He will be able to spend more time in California. Carefully he is building a reputation here so that, in season, he can make engagements to appear in good clubs and live at home.

We have both kept faithfully our promise to write details of our evenings to each other before garbled stories can appear.

We have, I think, saved our marriage by intelligent and honest thinking, in the face of pretty big odds.

The course I've taken must be right, because my career is still sound when everyone predicted my actions would ruin it, and because Herb and I are as happy as it's possible to be under the circumstances.

It's still true that if anything—anything at all—turns up that looks dangerous to the thing Herb and I have, I'll leave the screen before I'll let it destroy my marriage.

WHOSE SHOES?

Here are the answers to the roto spread found on pages 44 and 45:

1. Eleanor Powell
2. Charlie McCarthy
3. Jane Withers
4. Gene Autry
5. Adolphe Menjou
6. Charlie Chaplin
7. Greta Garbo
8. Vera Zorina
9. Clark Gable
10. Deanna Durbin
11. Joan Crawford

Rover Boy in Hollywood

(Continued from page 67)

far away—until we could go to sea, maybe. Ah, *there* was the life!

Well, he found out just what kind of a life when, fifteen years old and a student at King's College, he ran away and got a job on an English potato boat called the *Emily May*, which usually voyaged only among the channel islands but that coming summer was to venture into the Mediterranean as far east as Port Said.

No, he wasn't exactly a sailor. He was a scullery boy and quite appropriately on this potato boat spent most of his time peeling potatoes. Still, it was fun, at first, to dock at Guernsey and Jersey and Islay, places he had never seen before, and it was fun, too, to hear a surly: "A bit of all right, lad," from the cook when he had made an especially good potato-peeling record.

Ultimately, however, he realized that this sort of seafaring was turning out to be as commonplace as the other side of the hill at Neath—that it offered no "dragons to slay" at all.

So, headed around Gibraltar and southeast through the Mediterranean on the promised voyage to the Suez Canal, he made his plans. He would jump ship at Port Said, the "port of missing men," the "crossroads of the world." Here, surely, he would meet adventure face to face!

Instead he found that, apart from the strange languages, costumes and smells, this place was much like any "hick town" at home.

"Port of missing men?" he asked himself, disgustedly. "Crossroads of the world? Sure—so what?"

The next day, he began looking for a job. "Figured I might as well have something to do," he told me, recounting the situation.

And, although he'd have liked it better otherwise, such was that British perverseness of his, that he found himself snapped up right away as clerk in a dry-goods store, the main emporium of the Port.

So for five solid, boring weeks he sold yard goods and topees and shorts and soap and shaving lotion and tack hammers to the British clientele—successfully, he admits.

OF course, being Ray Milland, he promptly and thoroughly hated it all and endured it only until he had gathered together some money. Then he took himself out of there double-quick, heading homeward.

Back in England, with his father pretty well "heated" at him, to borrow his own adjective, Ray went to work on his uncle's stock farm where for a while he found contentment for the reason that, also, he found Luke.

Luke was a horse sometimes nicknamed "Fractious" because he was that kind of a horse. A fine-blooded animal, he gave promise of being excellent steeplechase material, only he couldn't be handled . . . which was an immediate challenge to Ray.

"Let me take him over," he said.

Whereupon ensued a three months' duel of wills between young, headstrong Ray and the young and equally headstrong piece of horseflesh known as Luke.

At last, though, came the day when Ray and Luke actually won an important steeplechase. Which meant that Ray had made a success of his job and that immediately and characteristically he again became bored.

"I was a restless cuss, all right," he says, "insufferably restless. It was a great relief to my uncle when I left him and joined the Cheshire Yeomanry."

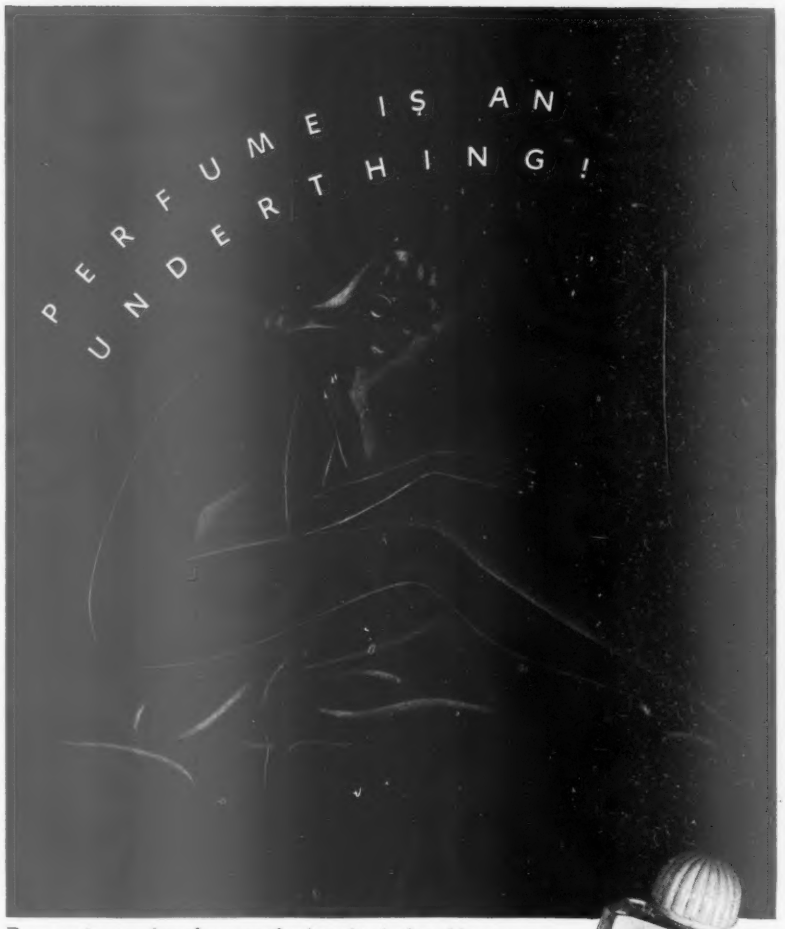
Yes, the army was his next venture and, talented young devil that he is, he soldiered so efficiently that he was finally appointed to the British Household Cavalry, His Majesty's personal bodyguard.

He found army life pretty interesting for a while, too. Then, like someone out of a story-book, he inherited thirty-five hundred pounds!

YOU can guess what a young chap, scarcely in his twenties, would do about that. He resigned from the army and set himself to having what he describes as a "good time de luxe," which lasted



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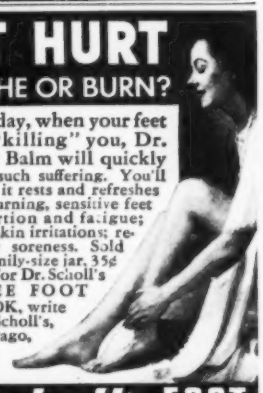
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exactly as long as his money did—fourteen months.

There were Cannes and Nice and also Monte Carlo (but not for gambling, Ray says; he wanted to get something for his money). There were Lake Como in warm weather; Biarritz in cold weather; Venice in April; Capri in May; Salzburg for the music festival; Munich for the opera season; Oberammergau for the Passion Play. There were the famous night spots of the world, on the Riviera, in Montmartre. There was—

"One hell of a swell time," he says. "I never regretted a day of it, even when the money was all gone. In fact, I was kind of glad when that happened because I was beginning to be—"

Yes, you've guessed it. He was beginning to be bored. And then, back in London with only ten pounds left to his name, he was introduced to Estelle Brody, the famous English actress; he took her to dinner with these last ten pounds, and she said to him, "Why don't you try the movies? You look just the type. I'll introduce you to the right people . . ." Thus casually, but nonetheless successfully, Ray Milland was launched upon a screen career and ultimately came to Hollywood.

At first, being a screen actor looked like all other adventures of his life to date—"too darned easy." After playing several minor rôles, he got good parts in such pictures as "Bought," "The Man Who Played God," "Bolero" and "We're Not Dressing" and finally was given what he and everybody else considered a sure-fire rôle in "The Gilded Lily" with Claudette Colbert and Fred MacMurray.

"I thought I was all set," he told me, frankly. "I thought I was going to be a wow."

BUT instead came the "jolt" which has Ray Milland, to use his own term, "still vibrating." Although he got excellent reviews, although fan mail poured in until it seemed just a matter of time until he would be seeing his name in lights, a suddenly perverse Lady Luck precipitated one of those inexplicable situations known as "one of those things." Maybe he didn't have his fingers crossed. Maybe he had tempted fate too long. Anyway, after "The Gilded Lily" he couldn't get another job!

At first he scouted around casually. Nothing happened. Then he went after a job good and hard. Still nothing happened. He got down to his last fifty dollars; his last five dollars; his last fifty cents. He could have written home for money, but with that stubborn pride of his he decided he would rather starve, first.

Well, he almost did, before Fate or what-have-you decided he had had enough, and he got a rôle in "Four Hours to Kill." After that, as had happened at first, his stock as an actor zoomed. He went into "Next Time We Love"; into "Three Smart Girls"; into "The Big Broadcast of 1937." He was given a long-term contract by Paramount. He has a starring rôle in Paramount's "Men with Wings." He seems all set.

But, this time, there is a difference in the way he feels about it—a great big difference. This time, Ray Milland is not taking any of the good breaks for granted. He has had his lesson. He has crossed his fingers for good. Never again will he say: "It's too easy." Instead, he says this:

"It's hard! It's devilish hard! You never know what will happen. You make one good picture and think you're set and the next may be a stinkeroo which takes you years to live down. You may think you're Number One Man at your studio and some young punk will come along and steal your thunder. You may do your darndest to be a success and find your darndest not good enough! You may slip out of the running for no apparent reason at all!

"In other words, you can never kid yourself about this picture business, nor put your fists down, thinking you have it licked. If you do, you'll find it sneaking up from behind and knocking you for a loop!"

He looked very stern and handsome as he described the snare and the delusion which is Hollywood . . . like a young man who could lick it into shape if anyone could.

Also, he did not look like a young man who is bored, and he won't be for a while, I'll bet. Which means that he won't be looking "over the hill" away from Hollywood for a while, either, wanting to get away.

Victorian . . . with Variations

(Continued from page 27)

that she have the "grande passion" that will make the Haley comet look like a burnt-out skyrocket.

What they don't know—and what is bound to be a shock to Messieurs Rathbone and Aherne—is that Olivia has locked away in her memory book an Experience. She knows Love. As she says, quite reasonably, "When I can duplicate the emotions I felt for my first boyhood sweetheart, I'll know that the big moment has arrived. Until then, it's only fun. . . ."

It was back in Saratoga, before Hollywood, that Olivia found Love. Then she went into films and he went East and when they met again, sweet memories of summer moonlit nights notwithstanding, she found him changed.

"Not married," Olivia explained. "Just changed. I saw him as he was, not as I thought he was. And you can't call it 'childhood romance' because it was more than that to me and it still is."

The big trouble, as Olivia points out, with all her well-wishing friends is that they will never agree on the right person for her. So it looks as if, Rathbone and Aherne to the contrary, when the time comes, Olivia's got to take matters in her own hands.

LIFE, however, is not all introspection for Olivia Mary. There are concerts, plays, the Russian Ballet when it's in town.

Good music she dotes on, though she is frank to confess she knows little about it. Heifetz is a "poet" of the violin. Menuhin "needs maturity."

She lives in a three-bedroomed, two-bathed house with mother and sister, has one maid . . . "and you can't miss the house because there are six pigeons that sit on the roof."

When gentlemen callers come, Olivia begs her sister to stay and help the conversation.

"I don't like to talk," she confesses, although you may not think so from the beginning of this story. "I listen better." Score another point for *Maid* Olivia's Victorianism.

She has four evening frocks, uses "Bimi" shade nail polish, likes "Night Flight" perfume, Richard Hughes' "Enchanted Voyage," and wears slacks frequently because she likes to climb fences—a variation on the Victorian theme.

She flashed a dark look at us, chocolate-brown eyes sable in their passion: "I came to Hollywood much, much too early," she said. "If I had only known then what I know now I would have stayed in the North and gone to Mills College. I had a scholarship, and all that, but I thought the theater and a career and a chance to work with Max Reinhardt were the only things. I wish now it had all been different. If I could only have seen what I see now, I would have known the advantages of an education. It isn't so much what you learn from textbooks but the chance of slowly maturing that it gives you. This way, I was rushed into being an adult.

"Of course, textbook standards are not those of a big modern city or a huge industry, but at least they prepare you to make adjustments," Olivia continued, still bent on self-revelation. "I came into films absolutely without any preparation for life. It doesn't seem that anyone could be as incredibly childish and naïve as I was. I couldn't believe that people could live the worldly sort of lives that I had read about in books. I thought they existed only in the author's imagination. To meet such people in real life—to make friends and discover that they were 'unconventional,' according to my strict provincial standards—you can imagine the adjustments that I had to make!

"The first year in Hollywood was perfect. We had fun. Mother, my sister and I. We made our fun. Made our adventures." Olivia's eyes flamed with thoughts. "On Sundays we took long motor trips and explored little canyons and backroads. We went to movies and read books together. Sometimes we'd save up and see a good play. Our life was little changed from the life we lived up North on the Peninsula.

"Next year it was different. It has been increasingly different every year since," she continued. "The next year we made many new acquaintances, and we didn't realize at first that they weren't the kind of people, simple and uncomplicated, that we knew up North. They thought differently. More than ever we missed our old associates.

"My sister decided to become an actress, too. That ruined the close-knittedness of our family life. It was bad enough, at first, to have me an actress, with hours upset and schedules changed. Now, it seems if I have a moment to rest she is working at her studio, and the sweet closeness of our relationship has slipped away. Today it is all gone. None of us is foolish enough to ignore the compensations—money and success—but something is lacking."

"Within fifty feet of me lay the body of a murdered man . . ."

One of a dozen tense, thrill-packed moments in the next installment of ERLE STANLEY GARDNER'S amazing mystery, "The Case of the Hollywood Scandal." Turn to page 17 and begin this serial today!

Portrait in Bordeaux Red

(Continued from page 32)

spoke English until she came to the United States, six months prior to making "The Rage of Paris." She made slang history in that picture by saying unexpectedly, "I can took it!"

She has a passion for any kind of seafood, gets a kick out of reading the American funny papers, and takes one hour to dress for dinner.

Her husband calls her "Ma Pougne," which she says has no meaning. She has no rules for keeping a good figure, and she likes beer.

Danielle Darrieux is glad to see the passing of the screwball era in American pictures.

Her favorite apéritif is dry martini.

She is five feet five inches tall.

She wants to learn how to play poker.

She is a very bad cook.

She likes to sleep on her stomach, and has an excellent memory for names and faces. She cannot make crêpes Suzette.

She likes to buy hats and seldom wears any. She considers Friday, the thirteenth, her lucky day. Her grandmother was Polish.

She never wears girdles.

She celebrated her twenty-first birthday on May first, 1938. Her husband is Henri Decoin, French director and playwright. She is an inveterate sleeper, often slumbering for fourteen hours.

She is a poor businesswoman, likes to spend money, and is only a fair swimmer. Her father was a famous French eye specialist.

Her hair is naturally ash blonde. Her favorite city is Paris, and she does not think there will be another world war.

She likes to knit but never finishes what she starts.

She disapproves of short socks for street wear. She has been on the screen for seven years. She thinks it is possible for two professionals to be happily married provided they are equally successful. She likes gambling.

She has been married three years, and she has never seen a cowboy picture. She thinks there is really no essential difference at all between Frenchmen and American men.

She is very fond of dancing the rhumba and the tango.

Her attitude towards interviewers is one of tolerance.

Her mother was a singing teacher.

Danielle Darrieux' last name has no special meaning. She does not like hamburgers, and she never gets seasick. She likes to wear slacks. Her favorite poets are Verlaine and Rambaud.

She is strongly intuitive and "feels" the rightness or wrongness of things. She has no hobbies, and is a good judge of her own screen stories.

She is very disorderly with her personal things, and her skin is highly sensitive to heat rashes. She is marked with a definite self-assurance and poise. She prefers making herself up, and her director, Henry Koster, calls her "Frenchy."

She has temperament but no temper. She has fantastic dreams every night, and her only pet is a black Scottie.

She admires her husband's frankness. She never liked water until she came here.

She knows practically nothing about politics, and likes to wear small earrings. She abhors artificial flowers. Her radio tastes run to music.

She was startled by the bigness of Hollywood, expecting it to be one main street lined on either side by studios. She does not think costume parties are very funny, and she is fond of picnicking.

She is a coffee addict.

She never likes herself on the screen.

She thinks a woman playing a cello looks silly.

She thinks the Big Apple is "not very beautiful."

Her eyes are troubled with itching.

She has a keen sense of humor and a ready wit.

She dislikes wearing ribbons or jewelry in her hair, and she likes gangster films. She takes only sugar in her coffee.

She acts on the impulse rather than on reason. She is the answer to a director's dream of an amenable actress. She has only coffee and buttered toast for breakfast.

She will never forget her impression of Manhattan's bigness when she first saw it.

She is very lucky at gambling, and she made her screen debut when she was fourteen.

Her great-grandmother was born in the United States. She has never worn glasses.

Her brand of reading runs to novels and biographies. She is adept at tennis and Ping-pong.

She generally prefers the company of men, and she thinks Rockefeller Center the most beautiful place she has ever seen. Her first American picture was finished on Friday the thirteenth.

She hates posing for still pictures. She likes walking in the mountains, and has no faith in palmistry or in psychics.

She likes most the extremes in weather, hot or cold. She is fond of skiing and likes to change the color of her hair often.

She has a seven-room house of Basque architecture near Bordeaux. She does not care much for night clubs, and her singing voice is mezzo-soprano.

She shattered all traditions created by foreign stars by never complaining. She likes living in apartments, and she was educated in a convent.

She thinks American cities should adopt the French type of boulevard rest station.

She prefers wild flowers to the florist varieties, and she is a devoted reader of François Mauriac and Colette. She is a rabid movie fan.

She is extremely shy among people, and prefers traveling by boat or motorcar.

She has never known stage fright. She enjoys reading publicity about herself. She is very punctual.

HER favorite cheese is Camembert, which she prefers with white French bread and red Bordeaux wine.

She was not disappointed in America, and her favorite jewels are emeralds. She is a curious mixture of the realist and the sentimentalist.

She changes her perfume every month.

She enjoys the opera and concerts.

She never drinks tea, and she is stimulated by the American love of speed which she says is "gay and optimistic."

She was considered her most remarkable pupil by Mrs. Mary Lait Salemson, famous English coach.

She has a matter-of-fact attitude toward life minus any illusions or delusions.

She disapproves of women's wearing slacks when shopping or dining. She and her husband spend many hours playing belote, a French card game. She likes modernistic design in architecture and interiors.

She has appeared in only one legitimate play, her husband's, and was an immediate success.

She likes the smell of a delicatessen.

She thinks American ice cream — especially sodas—unequaled.

She attends every possible appearance of Serge Lifar, the ballet dancer, and Fred Astaire's pictures. Her idea of relaxation between pictures is to go away from the town in which she has been working.

She is doing precisely what she always wanted to do.

She plans to do a play occasionally after she retires from pictures.

She was born in Bordeaux.

Danielle Darrieux wishes her husband would not use oil to keep down his hair.



He's an English importation . . . a cross between Tyrone Power and Robert Taylor . . . his pre-Hollywood career in films consisted of an almost microscopic rôle in a Gracie Fields picture . . . he's headed for stardom. She's Hollywood's brightest Cinderella . . . less than a year ago she was an unknown, a manicurist . . . you saw her opposite Warner Baxter in "Kidnapped." They're movieland's most exciting romance item — Richard Greene and Arleen Whelan

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Casts of Current Pictures

"ALGIERS" —, WALTER WANGER - UNITED ARTISTS.—Screen play by John Howard Lawson. Story by Detective Ashelbe. Directed by John Cromwell. The Cast: *Pepe Le Moko*, Charles Boyer; *Ines*, Sigrid Gurie; *Gaby*, Hedy Lamarr; *Slimane*, Joseph Calleia; *Regis*, Gene Lockhart; *Pierrot*, Johnny Downs; *Grandpere*, Alan Hale; *Tania*, Mme. Nina Koshetz; *Aicha*, Joan Woodbury; *Marie*, Claudia Dell; *Giroux*, Robert Greig; *Carlos*, Stanley Fields; *Max*, Charles D. Brown; *Gil*, Ben Hall; *Sergeant of French Police*, Armand Kaliz; *L'Arbi*, Leonid Kinsky; *Louvain*, Walter Kingsford; *Janvier*, Paul Harvey; *Berlier*, Bert Roach; *Native Waitress*, Luana Walters.

"ALWAYS GOODBYE"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Based on a story by Gilbert Emery and Douglas Doty. Screen play by Kathryn Scola and Edith Skouras. Directed by Sidney Lanfield. The Cast: *Margot Weston*, Barbara Stanwyck; *Jim Howard*, Herbert Marshall; *Phillip Marshall*, Ian Hunter; *Count Giovani Corini*, Cesar Romero; *Jessica Reid*, Lynn Bari; *Harriet Martin*, Binnie Barnes; *Roddy*, John Russell; *Martha Marshdll*, Mary Forbes; *Benoit*, Albert Conti; *Nurse*, Marcelle Corday; *Bicycle Salesman*, Franklyn Pangborn; *Taxi Drivers*, George Davis and Ben Welden.

"AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE, THE"—WARNERS.—Screen play by John Wexley and John Huston. From the play by Barre Lyndon. Directed by Anatole Litvak. The Cast: *Dr. Clitterhouse*, Edward G. Robinson; *Jo Keller*, Claire Trevor; *"Rocks" Valentine*, Humphrey Bogart; *"Okay,"* Allen Jenkins; *Inspector Lane*, Donald Crisp; *Nurse Randolph*, Gale Page; *Judge*, Henry O'Neill; *Prosecuting Att'y*, John Litel; *Grant*, Thurston Hall; *Butch*, Maxie Rosenbloom; *Pal*, Bert Hanlon; *Rabbit*, Curt Bois; *Tug*, Ward Bond; *Popus*, Vladimir Sokoloff; *Candy*, Billy Wayne; *Lt. Johnson*, Robert Homans; *Foreman of the Jury*, Irving Bacon.

"CITY STREETS"—COLUMBIA.—Story by I. Bernstein. Screen play by Fred Niblo, Jr., and Lou Breslow. Directed by Albert S. Rogell. The Cast: *Winnie Brady*, Edith Fellows; *Joe Carmine*, Leo Carrillo; *Tommy Devlin*, Tommy Bond; *Mrs. Devlin*, Mary Gordon; *Miss North*, Helen Jerome Eddy; *Mike Shanahan*, Joseph King; *Father Ryan*, Frank Sheridan; *Dr. Goodman*, Arthur Loft; *Lupo*, George Humbert; *Dr. Fernac Waller*, Frank Reicher; *Mrs. Graham*, Grace Goodall.

"FAST COMPANY"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Marco Page and Harold Tarshis. From the book by Marco Page. Directed by Edward Buzzell. The Cast: *Joel Sloane*, Melvyn Douglas; *Garda Sloane*, Florence Rice; *Julia Thorne*, Claire Dodd; *Ned Morgan*, Shepperd Strudwick; *Elias Z. Bannerman*, Louis Calhern; *Paul Terison*, Nat Pendleton; *Arnold Stamper*, Douglas Dumbrille; *Leah Brockler*, George Zucco; *Steve Langner*, Minor Watson; *Lieut. James Flanner*, Donald Douglas; *Sidney Z. Wheeler*, Dwight Frye; *District Attorney MacMillen*, Thurston Hall; *Danny Scoaldo*, Horace MacMahon.

"HAVING WONDERFUL TIME"—RKO-RADIO.—Original play by Arthur Kober. Screen play by Arthur Kober. Directed by Alfred Santell. The Cast: *Teddy Shaw*, Ginger Rogers; *Chick Kirkland*, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; *Fay Coleman*, Peggy Conklin; *Itchy Faulkner*, Richard "Red" Skelton; *Miriam*, Lucille Ball; *Henrietta*, Eve Arden; *P. U. Rogers*, Donald Meek; *Gus*, Grady Sutton; *Buzzy Armbruster*, Lee Bowman; *Mamma Shaw*, Leona Roberts; *Dad Shaw*, Harlan Briggs; *Emma Shaw*, Inez Courtney; *Charlie Shaw*, Dean Jagger; *Mabel Shaw*, Juanita Quigley; *Vivian Branner*, Ann Miller; *Henry Branner*, Kirk Windsor; *Maxine*, Dorothea Kent; *Emil Beatty*, Charles Lane; *Mac Pangborn*, Allan Lane; *Mr. G.*, Clarence Wilson; *Mrs. G.*, Margaret McWade; *Shrimpo*, Shimen Ruskin; *Waiters*, Russell Gleason, Gaylord Pendleton, Jack Chapin, Wesley Barry and Ben Hall; *Harvest Moon Kids*, Walter Cosden, Agnes Melcoll and The Vagabonds; *Grace*, Mary Bovard; *Singer*, Jane Rhodes; *Frances*, Dorothy Tree; *Mrs. Tannenbaum*, Vera Gordon; *Mrs. Gubbins*, Katherine Kenworthy; *Mr. Gubbins*, Billy Franey; *Tradesman*, Solly Ward; *Vinegar Face*, Arthur Aylesworth; *Handy Man*, George Cooper.

"KEEP SMILING"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Frances Hyland and Albert Ray. Original idea by Frank Fenton and Lynn Root. Directed by Herbert I. Leeds. The Cast: *Jane Rand*, Jane Withers; *Carol Walters*, Gloria Stuart; *Jonathan Rand*, Henry Wilcoxon; *Mrs. Willoughby*, Helen Westley; *Jerome Lawson*, Jed Prouty; *Cedric Hunt*, Douglas Fowley; *Stanley Harper*, Robert Allen; *J. Howard Travers*, Pedro de Cordoba; *Mrs. Bowman*, Claudia Coleman; *Bettina Bowman*, Paula Rae Wright; *The Three Nelsons*, Themselves; *Violet*, Etta McDaniel; *Brutus*, Carmencita Johnson; *Froggy*, Mary McCarthy; *Casting Director*, Hal K. Dawson.

"LADIES IN DISTRESS" — REPUBLIC. — Screen play by Dorrell and Stuart McGowan from story idea by Dore Schary. Directed by Gus Meins. The Cast: *Josephine Bonney*, Alison Skipworth; *Lydia Bonney*, Polly Moran; *Braddock*, Robert Livingston; *Sally*, Virginia Grey; *Dave Evans*, Max Terhune; *Morgan*, Berton Churchill; *Roman*, Leonard Penn; *Second Thug*, Horace MacMahon; *Spade*, Allen Vincent; *First Thug*, Eddie Acuff; *Lieutenant*, Anthony Hughes; *Policeman*, Jack Carr; *Duncan*, Walter Sande; *Brown*, Billy Wayne.

"LITTLE MISS BROADWAY"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Original screen play by Harry Tugend and Jack Yellen. Directed by Irving Cummings. The Cast: *Betsy Brown*, Shirley Temple; *Roger Wendling*, George Murphy; *Jimmy Clayton*, Jimmy Durante; *Barbara Shea*, Phyllis Brooks; *Sarah Wendling*, Edna Mae Oliver; *Fiske*, George Barbier; *Pop Shea*, Edward Ellis; *Miss Hutchins*, Jane Darwell; *Ole*, El Brendel; *Willoughby Wendling*, Donald Meek; *Flossie*, Patricia Wilder; *Judge*, Claude Gillingwater, Sr.; *George and Olive Brasno*, Themselves; *Mike Brody*, Charles Williams; *Simmons*, Charles Coleman; *Perry*, Russell Hicks; *Specialty*, Brian Sisters; *Guests*, Brewster Twins; *Miss Blodgett*, Claire DuBrey; *Detective*, Robert Gleckler; *Miles*, C. Montague Shaw; *Pool*, Frank Dae; *Scully*, Clarence Hummel Wilson; *Members of the Band*, Eddie Collins, Syd Saylor, Jerry Colonna, Heinie Conklin; *Taxi Driver*, Ben Weldon.

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"LITTLE TOUGH GUY" — UNIVERSAL. — Original story by Brenda Weisberg. Screen play by Gilson Brown and Brenda Weisberg. Directed by Harold Young. The Cast: *Paul Wilson*, Robert Wilcox; *Kay Boylan*, Helen Parrish; *Johnny Boylan*, Billy Halop; *Mrs. Boylan*, Marjorie Main; *Cyril Gerrard*, Jackie Searl; *Rita Belle*, Peggy Stewart; *"The Pie Alley Kids"* ("The Dead End Kids"), Huntz Hall, Gabriel Dell, Bernard Punsley, David Gorcey, Hally Chester.

"MERIDIAN 7—1212"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Jerry Cady. Based on an original story by Irving Reis. Directed by H. Bruce Humberstone. The Cast: *Margie Ross*, Gloria Stuart; *Barney*, Michael Whalen; *Dutch Moran*, Douglas Fowley; *Johnny Martin*, Robert Kellard; *Snapper*, Chick Chandler; *Polly*, Jane Darwell; *Helen Thomas*, Jean Rogers; *Muriel*, June Gale; *Peggy Norton*, Ruth Hussey; *Capt. Collins*, Cliff Clark; *Blackie*, Peter Lynn; *Eddie*, Edward Marr; *Phillip Gregory*, Lester Matthews.

"MY BILL"—WARNERS.—Screen play by Vincent Sherman and Robertson White. From the play "Courage," by Tom Barry. Directed by John Farrow. The Cast: *Mary Colbrook*, Kay Francis; *Gwen Colbrook*, Bonita Granville; *Muriel Colbrook*, Anita Louise; *Reginald Colbrook*, Bobby Jordon; *Mr. Rudlin*, John Litel; *Bill Colbrook*, Dickie Moore; *Beulah*, Bernice Pilot; *Lynn Willard*, Maurice Murphy; *Aunt Caroline*, Elizabeth Risdon; *Mrs. Crosby*, Helena Phillips Evans; *Florist*, John Ridgely; *Secretary*, Jan Holm; *Jenner*, Sidney Bracy.

"PASSPORT HUSBAND"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Based on an original story by Hilda Stone. Screen play by Karen De Wolf and Robert Chapin. Directed by James Tinling. The Cast: *Henry Cabot*, Stuart Erwin; *Mary Jane Clayton*, Pauline Moore; *Tiger Martin*, Douglas Fowley; *Conchita Montes*, Joan Woodbury; *Ted Markson*, Robert Lowery; *Blackie Bennet*, Harold Huber; *Spike*, Edward S. Brophy; *H. C. Walton*, Paul McVey; *Bull*, Lon Chaney, Jr.; *Duke Selton*, Joseph Sawyer.

"PROFESSOR, BEWARE"—HAROLD LLOYD-PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by Delmer Daves and Jack Cunningham. Original story by Crampton Harris, Francis M. and Marian B. Cockrell. Directed by Elliott Nugent. The Cast: *Professor Dean Lambert*, Harold Lloyd; *Jane Van Buren*, Phyllis Welch; *Judge Marshall*, Raymond Walburn; *Groom*, Sterling Halloway; *Jerry*, Lionel Stander; *"Snoop" Donlan*, William Frawley; *Bride*, Mary Lou Lender; *Penn. Cop No. 1*, Guinn (Big Boy) Williams; *Penn. Cop No. 2*, Ward Bond; *Sheriff*, Spencer Charters; *Landlady*, Clara Blandick; *Mr. Van Buren*, Thurston Hall; *Mrs. Pitts*, Cora Witherspoon.

"ROMANCE OF THE LIMBERLOST" — MONOGRAM.—Screen play by Marian Orth. From an original story, "Her Father's Daughter," by Gene Stratton-Porter. Directed by William Nigh. The Cast: *Laurie*, Jean Parker; *Wayne*, Eric Linden; *Chris*, Hollis Jewell; *Nora*, Marjorie Main; *Corson*, Edward Pawley; *Mrs. Parker*, Betty Blythe; *Nathan*, George Cleveland; *Sarah*, Sarah Padden; *Judge*, Guy Usher; *Abner*, Jack Kennedy; *Ruth*, Jean O'Neill; *Jones*, Harry Harvey.

"SHOPWORN ANGEL, THE"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Waldo Salt. From a story by Dana Burnet. Directed by H. C. Potter. The Cast: *Daisy Heath*, Margaret Sullavan; *Bill Pettigrew*, James Stewart; *Sam Bailey*, Walter Pidgeon; *Martha*, Hattie McDaniel; *"Dice,"* Nat Pendleton; *"Thin Lips,"* Alan Curtis; *"Leer,"* Sam Levene; *Wilson*, Charley Grapewin; *Sally*, Eleanor Lynn; *McGonigle*, Charles D. Brown.

"SOUTH RIDING"—KORDA-UNITED ARTISTS.—Adapted by Ian Dalrymple from the novel by Winifred Holtby. Directed by Victor Saville. The Cast: *Sarah Burton*, Edna Best; *Robert Carne*, Ralph Richardson; *Huggins*, Edmund Gwenn; *Madge Carne*, Ann Todd; *Mrs. Beddows*, Marie Lohr; *Alderman Snaith*, Milton Rosmer; *Astell*, John Clements; *Mr. Holly*, Edward Lexy; *Mrs. Holly*, Josephine Wilson; *Lydia Holly*, Joan Ellum; *Tadman*, Gus McNaughton; *Midge Carne*, Glynis Johns; *Castle*, Herbert Lomas; *Bessie Warbuckle*, Peggy Novak; *Lord Sedgmire*, Lewis Casson.

"SPEED TO BURN"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Robert Ellis and Helen Logan. Based on an original story by Edwin Dial Torgerson. Directed by Otto Brower. The Cast: *Matt Kerry*, Michael Whalen; *Marion Clark*, Lynn Bari; *Tim Turner*, Marvin Stephens; *Papa Gambini*, Henry Armetta; *Sport Fields*, Chick Chandler; *Hastings*, Sidney Blackmer; *Tony Gambini*, Johnnie Pirrone; *Pop Williams*, Charles D. Brown; *Mrs. Gambini*, Inez Palange.

"WIVES UNDER SUSPICION"—UNIVERSAL.—Screen play by Myles Connolly. Original story idea by Ladislas Fodor. Directed by James Whale. The Cast: *Jim Stowell*, Warren William; *Lucy Stowell*, Gail Patrick; *Phil*, William Lundigan; *Elizabeth*, Constance Moore; *Sharpy*, Cecil Cunningham; *Shaw MacAllen*, Ralph Morgan; *Dave Marrow*, Samuel S. Hinds; *Creola*, Lillian Yarbo; *Kirk*, Milburn Stone; *Jenks*, James Flavin; *Judge Johnson*, Edward Stanley.

"WOMAN AGAINST WOMAN"—M-G-M.—Screen play and produced by Edward Chodorov. From the story "Enemy Territory" by Margaret Culkin Banning. Directed by Robert B. Sinclair. The Cast: *Stephen Holland*, Herbert Marshall; *Maris Kent*, Virginia Bruce; *Cynthia Holland*, Mary Astor; *Mrs. Holland*, Janet Beecher; *Mrs. Kingsley*, Marjorie Rambeau; *Ellen*, Juanita Quigley; *Grandma*, Zeffie Tilbury; *Dora*, Sarah Padden; *Alice*, Betty Ross Clarke; *Mrs. Morton*, Dorothy Christy; *Morton*, Morgan Wallace; *Senator Kingsley*, Joseph Creehan.

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